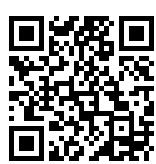
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FRIENDS' QUARTERLY EXAMINER

First Month, 1916

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FRIENDS' QUARTERLY EXAMINER.

No. 197. First Month, 1916.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Government by Coalition.

THERE is no chapter in the Parliamentary annals of Great Britain comparable with the story of the recently completed War Session. The conditions were altogether abnormal, and it is only by the recital of a few outstanding events that the vastness of the scale on which Parliament exercised its constitutional functions can be realized at all. In these 14½ months, Parliament sanctioned the addition of nearly 3,000,000 men to the small voluntary Army of Great Britain. Its financial operations were prodigious. The House of Commons passed Votes of Credit amounting in all to £1,562,000,000. The national expenditure, which amounted roughly to £2,000,000 a day when the Session began, had risen to £5,000,000 a day before the end. A great landmark in the Session was the substitution of a Coalition Government for the purely Liberal Administration which had governed the country for nine and a half years. Before the coming of the Coalition there had been relatively little criticism of the Executive. The Unionist leaders had loyally observed the party truce, and Mr. Asquith's undivided Liberal Ministry had as free a hand as any Government in our history. But the formation of the Coalition Government

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from the Liberal, Unionist, and Labour parties was quickly followed by a revival of criticism, which increased as the Session advanced. English politicians do not love coalition government. The nation as a whole, however, was well satisfied, and, in any event, greatly preferred a Coalition Ministry to a general election. Through all the changes the Prime Minister retained his supreme place in the nation. He is patient, steadfast, and imperturbable. History will declare how great is our debt to him.

In face of the European War which has now raged over the world for eighteen months, the legislative output of the Session was almost entirely concerned with the "mobilization" of the three chief weapons in the national armoury—men, munitions, and money. The two chief measures affecting the supply of men were the National Registration Act, passed in July, and the Military Service Act, which received the Royal Assent at the end of January, 1916. By the former the Government were enabled to ascertain the exact resources in men; by the latter, they were able to ensure recruits to the Army by taking compulsorily the residue of unmarried men who had not attested under Lord Derby's voluntary recruiting scheme. Both these measures were opposed by a small, zealous, and high-minded section in the House of Commons, and the debates on the Service Bill, which inevitably raised principles of great national importance, reached a very high level. England has, in modern times, been very jealous of her freedom in regard to "voluntaryism," and both from the industrial point of view and on grounds of conscientious objection to bearing arms there is a solid and substantial public opinion against anything in the nature of compulsory

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military service. These two fundamental objections were represented in Parliament by the Labour Party and by the Quaker Members, and with such good effect that the Government were persuaded to make substantial concessions, concessions which in our judgment have widened the bounds of freedom. It is true we have a limited and temporary form of compulsory military service, a legislative step we greatly regret from all points of view. But it is also true that the conscientious objector has been recognised by statute as never before. The ultimate issues depend in large degree upon the administration of the Act. Patience, forbearance, appreciation, and reasonableness will be needed both on the side of the Government and the objector.

The Quaker Position.

THE opportunity of the Society of Friends seems to us to be a wonderful one. Its great testimony to peace and against military service and the bearing of arms has found a scope and a sphere alike remarkable. In Parliament and in the market place the Quaker witness is now declared, and though it be not immediately followed by the nation its time will come. The two speeches by T. Edmund Harvey in the House of Commons and the speech of his brother-in-law, Arnold S. Rowntree, have well represented the Quaker position. The former appealed for consideration of the conscientious objector to bearing arms—

> I am not making this appeal so that under the cloak of conscientious conviction men may shirk doing their duty to the State. I recognise, and I believe those who share my views do so to the full, the immense claim the State has upon the lives of all citizens. We owe so much to the community, and our lives are so wrapt up with the life of the community that we cannot consider the life of the individual apart from the life of the community. I know and recognise

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that. But I do not agree with the statement of the right hon. gentleman, the Member for Dublin University, that it is the elementary duty of the citizen to fight for the State. It is the elementary duty of the citizen in an elementary State, but I believe we have reached already, even in this imperfect state of civilisation, a higher conception of the State and of the duties of the citizen. I believe that it is possible for citizens to serve the State without transgressing the higher claims in which they believe conscientiously. When religion and conscience tell a man that he must not take human life, I believe the State ought to recognise that and ought to allow him freedom to find other forms of service which may be of the truest value to the community, not merely in the time of war, but throughout the whole course of national life.

It is a matter of the profoundest conviction. We are prepared if need be, I believe, to lay down life itself in the cause of our fellow countrymen, but we cannot take life even at the call of the State, and that because we recognise a higher call even than that of the State itself. It is not divided loyalty, although it may seem so—the loyalty that we owe to the eternal State, the eternal city of God, and the loyalty that we owe to the State of to-day. We would do our utmost in so far as it is possible to serve that State in accordance with the light that we have been given, but we cannot disobey the clear command of our conscience; we cannot disobey what we believe to be the eternal law of God.

Arnold S. Rowntree, speaking in the House on January 12, defined the Quaker position as follows:—

May I just say what the Quakers feel? We claim that no man can be called upon compulsorily to fight when the dictates of his conscience convince him that it is morally wrong to do so. Secondly, we claim that to require every man to be a soldier is to hand over every individual's freedom to the miliatry authorities, and to make the nation essentially a military Power, dependent on material force. We have taken that view from the early days. It is felt that war is essentially contrary to the spirit of Christianity, and, naturally, when a war like this breaks out the Quakers find themselves in a position of peculiar difficulty. Though they hold back, and though their view is felt by thousands of others, yet a large body of these conscientious objectors want to serve their

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country in a time of trial like this in the most effective way they can.

Again on January 19 T. Edmund Harvey appealed in Parliament for the conscientious objector who is not a Friend. He said :—

Our position broadly is this : not that we condemn the soldier who does his duty ; we admire the nobility of his sacrifice and the manly virtues he displays, but we profoundly believe that the soldier and the military system belong to a stage of society which has to be transcended, and that we are working towards a state of society in which war will be a thing of the past. We believe that if there are men who feel the importance of this, and who feel, above all, that if they are obedient to the dictates of religion, and to all that which is dearest and best in life, they are bound to follow what they believe to be not only the letter but the spirit of the teaching of Christ, they must, having accepted that point of view, endeavour to live up to the principle that they believe He laid down, and not return evil for evil, but endeavour even to love their enemies. Hon. Members may say that that is a counsel of perfection. But we honestly believe that, and we have to do our utmost to bring that principle into our daily life and into the national life ; and, unless there are men who are prepared to stand out always for these principles, we cannot hope that human society will ever reach that higher stage that we all long to see it reach some day. The State may rightly say—we must admit it—that we must sacrifice in consequence of our views.

* * * * *

These are men who in the great labour movement have been brought into touch with the great forces of progress, not only in this country but elsewhere. They believe that the very highest and best in their lives is represented by the forces which make for drawing the nations together, and for the prevention of war. These men believe with the profoundest conviction that their highest service to their country is to work still for drawing together the nations, and taking that view, they cannot themselves take part in war, even though they may believe, as many do, that in the main our country is championing a righteous cause, and even though they believe, as a great number do believe, that it would be a great disaster for their country to be defeated. There is only one thing greater to them than such a disaster, and that

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is that the whole progress of humanity should be delayed, as I believe it would be, if these men are false to their convictions under the stress of an unjust law.

That, then, is the position of the Conscientious Objector as it has been placed before Parliament. It has won, and will continue to win, sympathy in so far as it is represented, not by shirking duty and adopting an idle, selfish, and negative attitude, but by self-denial, by devotion to duty, and by an ample and generous service for the good of others. The peril of the conscientious objector is spiritual pride, humbug, isolated superiority, and the lazy acceptance of the rewards of the toil and sacrifice of others. Quakers must not suppose they have a monopoly of conscience. Happily, many young men of enlistable age in the Society of Friends have recognised that their exemption from fighting did not absolve them from service for others, and in the Friends' Ambulance Unit, in the relief of the victims of war in France, and in manifold social duties at home, they have found a sphere in which they can pay their debt to their fellow-men. Some remarkable figures were recently published in the *Friend* shewing some of the results of fifteen months' work in the Ambulance Unit. The field and hospital service have between them been able to bring succour to many thousands of soldiers and civilians. There are now 480 men working under the Unit. In order to consider the situation of Friends under the Military Service Act—which passed Parliament by an overwhelming majority and after very full discussion—an adjourned Yearly Meeting was held on January 28, 29, and 30. It was very largely attended, and proved a time of much interchange of view. There was evident among the young men present a strong desire to be faithful to the dictates of their conscience.

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Industrial and Social Changes.

ALONGSIDE its preparations for and conduct of the war, Parliament has had to give very anxious consideration to labour and social questions. The drink evil was tackled by a drastic Defence of the Realm Act, and various committees have been formed for supervising commercial and civic undertakings, but by far the most important step which the Government took in the industrial field was the passing of Mr. Lloyd George's Munitions Acts. A determined attempt was made in this legislation to make strikes and lock-outs illegal for the period of the war, to abolish trade-union restrictions which hampered output, and to limit the profits of employers. The Government had already secured power to take over and control works in which war material was produced, and it exercised these powers to the full. Indeed, one of the necessary conditions of the war has been a reorganisation of the social life. And there is more to follow. The Central Control (Liquor Traffic) Board has now "scheduled" all the large industrial centres of the country (with the exception of South Wales), and brought 25 millions of people within its restrictions in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquor. In all these areas the open hours for licensed premises are reduced to five and a half daily, "treating" is prohibited, and the off-sale of liquor restricted. In certain areas public houses have been taken over and placed under public control, and in hundreds of districts industrial canteens have been established for the adequate feeding of munition and other workers. The results of this action it is impossible to measure, but it appears that there has been a marked reduction in the number of cases of drunkenness and petty crime due to alcoholic

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excess, amounting in many areas to over fifty per centage of the normal.

Another direction in which substantial advance has occurred is in the consideration given to the health and well-being of munition workers themselves. In September, 1915, the Minister of Munitions and the Home Secretary appointed a Committee to deal with such questions, which has been issuing its Report in the form of special memoranda. Five such documents have been issued on

1. Sunday Labour.
2. Welfare Supervision.
3. Industrial Canteens.
4. Employment of Women.
5. Hours of Work.

and others are, we understand, about to be published on Industrial Fatigue, Sickness and Injury, Industrial Diseases, and the Ventilation of the Workshop. The fact is that hitherto the State has given attention to the external environment of the worker rather than his personal health and welfare. The time is coming when the real daily life of the worker will be a matter of national concern, and to compel him to labour twelve hours a day for a seven-day week will not be tolerated. Sunday labour has received, let us hope, its death blow. The problem of Sunday labour, though materially affected by various industrial questions and the established custom of Sunday rest, is—as regards Munition Works—primarily a question of the extent to which workers actually require weekly or periodic rests if they are to maintain their health and energy over long periods. Intervals of rest are needed to overcome mental as well as physical fatigue. In this connection account has to be taken not only of the

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hours of labour (overtime, 12-hour shifts, 8-hour shifts), the environment of the work and the physical strain involved, but also the mental fatigue or boredom resulting from continuous attention to work. It is the monotony of the work which kills. The great majority of the employers consulted by the Committee were unfavourably disposed to Sunday labour, but it has been widely adopted, (*a*) on account of heavy demands for output, or (*b*) because employers have been forced into it by the desire of their workpeople to obtain the double or at least increased pay. The Committee recommended a weekly period of rest on economic, social, and religious grounds, and showed how it could be provided for, and action has been taken in this direction. The Committee have also urged the Government to provide a suitable system of Welfare Supervision in munition works where women and girls are employed, and the establishment of industrial canteens in all Works. Action is being taken in these respects also, and our friend B. Seebohm Rowntree has been appointed Director of Welfare Supervision.

Mary Slessor, of Calabar.

WE have received the following note from Caroline W. Pumphrey on the remarkable missionary biography which is being so widely read :—

"*Foreign Missions at their best stop war.* That is perhaps the first lesson to be learnt from the biography of a remarkable woman just published, *Mary Slessor of Calabar.* (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d. net.) A frail woman went alone among warring tribes and brought peace to thousands of square miles in West Africa.

"*Foreign Missions are an efficient agent in social service.* When she went there not only was tribal warfare almost universal, but also cannibalism, slavery, infanticide, witchcraft, terrorism, human sacrifice, trial by murderous ordeals,

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drunkenness, theft, treachery. In little more than a dozen years, through the work of this solitary woman-magistrate, missionary, etc., 'everybody's mother,' 'the old order of heathenism had been broken up, the business of life was no longer fighting and killing, women were free from outrage and the death menace, slaves had begun to realise that they were human beings with human rights, industry and trade were established, peace reigned, people were openly living the Christian life, and many were actively engaged in Church work.'

"*Foreign missionary work is powerful in drawing out what there is in a man,* and in building up fine Christian character. At eleven years old, the future lady vice-consul was a factory girl working at the mill from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., and finding time before and after to help her mother in all household duties, add to her scanty stock of book-learning, and, as years went on, do a large amount of night school and other work among the wildest lads of Dundee. Years after, in an appeal to the home church, she thus described the ideal missionary that not only Africa but the world needs:—'Consecrated, affectionate women who are not afraid of work or filth of any kind, moral or material. Women who can nurse a baby, or teach a child to wash and cook as well as to read and write, women who can tactfully smooth over a roughness, and for Christ's sake bear a snub, and take any place which may open. Women who can take everything to Jesus and there get strength to smile and persevere and pull on under any circumstances. If they can play Beethoven, and paint, and draw, and speak French and German, so much the better, but we can want all these latter accomplishments if they have only a loving heart, willing hands, and common sense. Surely such women are not out of our reach. Help them to come forward.'"

NOTE.—The *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* will not now be published by Messrs. West, Newman and Co.—who have been the publishers for 25 years. Subscribers are asked to notice that all correspondence should in future be sent to Ernest E. Taylor, Bannisdale, Malton, Yorks. The *Quarterly Examiner* is issued about the end of first, fourth, seventh, and tenth months.

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THOMAS PRICHARD NEWMAN.

(1846-1915.)

A Chapter of Memories.

THERE lie on the table before me some of the old family letters of George and Ann Newman, of Godalming, and afterwards of Leominster. Ninety years have left the ink somewhat faded upon them. But they tell the sweet story of a mother's love and faith and of a father's solicitude for the integrity and welfare of his sons. George Newman was born at Worcester in 1774, and he married Ann Prichard, a descendant of the Prichards of Almeley, when he was twenty-three years old. They first lived in Holborn Hill; then at Hampstead, where their son Edward was born in 1801; then in Kensington, subsequently moving to Godalming in Surrey, and in 1826 to Leominster. In London George Newman had been a manufacturer of morocco leather, though at Godalming he set up a wool-stapling business for the benefit, as it appears, of his son. But Edward was to become a naturalist, and the ten happy years in the old home at Godalming were spent in the study of nature.

"When the lengthening days give the first impulse to the feathered tribes to bend their course northward for the breeding season, it is here," he writes, "that I listen for the first notes of the chiff-chaff; here I watch for the black cap, the nightingale, the willow wrens, the garden warblers, the whitethroat; here, hour after hour, have I hunted for their nests, my object not being plunder, but information. . . . How well was I repaid if I discovered but one point in the

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history of a species. Eggs strung on bents are rife in all country places; old nests are easy to be seen when the leaves are gone; birds are plentiful in every hedge-row, and their song is the burthen of the passing breeze; but to connect with certainty each bird with its mate; to assign it the proper nest and proper eggs; to learn the exact time of its arrival and its departure—all this is a study, a labour, rarely undertaken, and affords a pleasure akin to that which must be felt by a traveller exploring countries where man has not before trodden."

A country home and enthusiasm, observation and industry in the study of Nature's ways had their effect, and when Edward was thirty-one he published his first scientific paper. His account of his purchase of the magazine in which it was to appear and of its ultimate appearance is very entertaining. Three years later came *The Grammar of Entomology*. It is a small book of 300 pages dealing with the history, physiology, classification, and preservation of insects, beautifully illustrated by the author's own hand. It made its mark and had its day, and though Edward Newman followed it by a number of large and elaborate books on ferns, insects, and butterflies, the little book of 1835 began his fame as a naturalist. Little wonder that his son, Thomas Prichard Newman, possessed the instincts and heredity of his father's tastes.

* * * *

A little boy is seen taking his younger sister to school. They are both so small that when they have mounted the doorstep, they cannot reach the bell. But these things can be done; they just wait till someone goes by, and ask him to ring. Earlier still, a child running out after his father, in Hanover Street, Peckham. The father is on his way to Meeting; he picks up the little boy, and takes him too. It was a first appearance

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at Meeting, and alas, in a crumpled pinafore; hence arose reproaches at home, which probably impressed the event on the child's mind. He was not a Friend, for his father had married out and been disassociated, after the reckless manner of those days. The mother never joined Friends, but the father claimed his membership later as a right, and was re-instated. The son did not actually become a member till he was thirty-two, when, as he has recorded in the Family Bible, he "applied for membership to Southwark Mo. Mtg. 12-xi.-'78, and was admitted at same time without any visit." Not to be visited was rather a disappointment to him at the time.

Peckham was comparatively countrified in those days. There were apple-orchards and fields, pleasant walks and open spaces. Denmark Hill and Camberwell Grove were as Ruskin has described them in *Præterita:* one could go by fieldpaths to the Crystal Palace and Sydenham, and the hills were still green as well as steep. The first home of Edward and Maria Newman was at Deptford; then they moved to Hanover Street, Peckham, near the Meeting-House, and finally settled, in 1849, at 7, York Grove. The road had small semi-detached houses all down one side, with long slips of garden, and trees in front, and an open field opposite, which was a market garden or orchard when Edward Newman first went there. It was a contrast; spreading sheets of apple and plum blossom, and the busy thoroughfare of Queen's Road close by; the station too, for daily journeys to town. From Deptford days almost continuously, the Friday evenings in eight months of the year were set apart as "At Home to Entomologists"; books and collections could be seen, specimens named, beginners and scientists

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of standing were welcomed equally. In a short life of Edward Newman by his son, we are told that his love for Natural History was developed at school: a boarding school at Painswick in Gloucestershire, conducted by a Friend named Oade Roberts. He left school at sixteen and joined his father in the wool-stapler business at Godalming for some nine years. He then took a rope-walk at Deptford, of which the chief attraction seems to have been that it had a large garden, where everything grew as it liked, and the masses of red valerian were very attractive to insects. His work as an author and editor finally drew him to the printing trade; he entered into partnership with Mr. Luxford, a botanist-printer, who was bought out the following year. For twenty years he printed in Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate, and then retired from business in favour of his son. Whether wool-stapler or printer he was always naturalist.

Thomas Newman was born then at Peckham in 1846. Those were not days of prolonged schooling, and the boy was certainly not over sixteen, probably under, when he went to work as a printer under his father, beginning as office boy, and gradually learning it all by hard practice. For some reason he had not been sent to boarding school; fortunately there was a good boys' day school at Peckham. He had the advantage, later, of six months' education in printing under John Bellows at Gloucester. It was a time he often spoke of, and only last year he went down by the river at Gloucester and hunted up the old lodgings, still much the same, though other landmarks were changed. At Gloucester he was within touch of his relatives at Leominster in Herefordshire, a place always dear to all the family branches,

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where the Peckham children learned riding and other country delights, and always felt that they had a home even though no longer children. From Godalming the grandfather and grandmother had retired to Leominster in 1826; and there they died in 1845 and 1849 respectively. Here for many years lived Edward Newman's younger brothers, Josiah and Henry, with their wives and families, and other relatives. There is magic still about the name. Leominster was a Home.

Thomas Newman was only twenty-four when he took over his father's business, after some nine or ten years' work in it. Six years later his father died. There had been five in the family. The eldest son, brilliantly clever, had died of cholera in India; the little girl who went to school had died when only twelve. Two sisters were married; Thomas Newman and his mother were left alone at York Grove. They sympathised especially in music and in gardening; both had a good ear, she played agreeably and his voice was a pleasant baritone. Cricket he and his father had both loved; and it was always a pleasure to see how in later years, with all the responsibilities of Clerkships upon him, and the sedateness expected of an elderly Friend—it was always a pleasure to see how even then, his eye naturally turned first to the cricket columns in the evening paper!

The garden at Peckham was a surprise. It was just the usual long suburban slip, with a lawn behind the house, and a wall round. But below the lawn, the other half of the garden was all a lovely bit of copse. Slips of willow had been brought home at odd times, and had grown up into trees. The ground was covered with bluebells, blue, pink, and white, of the Spanish kind; here were Solomon's seals, periwinkles, great

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clumps of small Iris Sibirica. It was a charming bit in spring, large enough for a little path to meander through; and if it did get caterpillars in August, there was another spring coming. There had been a greenhouse full of ferns, and an aviary of small birds; in 1879 there were only white fantail pigeons, which had a home all along the house, under the dining-room window, and were very tame. It was in that year that Thomas Newman married Jane Elizabeth Hutchinson, the daughter of the late Jonathan Hutchinson.

Looking back to those days, it comes with a shock of surprise to realise that a Friend was not always an abstainer from alcoholic beverages. There is more credit by far in giving up what one enjoys and feels better for, than in never having to give up. Light wines are pleasant and possibly beneficial to a tired man coming home from business in the evening. But one of Thomas Newman's best workmen was ruining his own life by drink. His master joined him and his wife in signing the pledge. He has not invariably kept his part of the contract, but to some extent, so that in 1915, after thirty-five years, he was still working for the firm. And his master did keep it.

It was not very easy work, growing roses at Peckham; and it was a great joy, in 1881, to move to Reigate, and be really in the country. Eight years later, the call of family circumstances and old associations tempted to another move, still farther into the wilds of Surrey, though in the same Monthly Meeting as Reigate. It is interesting to note that Edward Newman, in his Godalming book, *The Letters of Rusticus*, describes rambles over Hindhead and in all that country familiar to him as a boy. It was his early home, and for quite a different reason, his son's later

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one. The old timbered house from which Edward Newman's mother married is still standing at Godalming, and picturesque. And Godalming—Godlyman as old-fashioned people called it—is within a long walk of Haslemere.

* * * *

When in 1888 Thomas Newman settled down to make his garden under the slopes of Hindhead, he was in the prime of life. Those twenty-seven years were happy ones, and filled with widening interests. Gardening and meteorology and the love of Nature; happy days of travel; educational work of all sorts at Haslemere; the advancement of Quakerism; peace and foreign missions—all were entered into with the zest of life, and each part was in harmony with the rest. Even under the clouds of war, a quiet garden is a refuge, a chapter of the Golden Age. We think of the sights and scents of spring, those great fat rosebuds and those splendid full-blown roses in the long summer days, the fragrance coming in through the open window, the colours of the autumn, the rambles on Hindhead, the long walk to the woods of Tennyson's home at Aldworth, the "heckling" by the great surgeon at the museum or up at the Library, the calm and peace in the cool of the evening when Thomas Newman read the grand old words of the Bible—they are happy memories to look back to. At Haslemere there was a subtle intonation of the word "Leominster," but at Leominster there was something of a thrill in the word "Haslemere." And though Thomas Newman was not the entire explanation of its fascination, he had much to do with its origin. He liked his friends to find peace in his own haven of rest.

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Education in a variety of forms drew and attracted this man all his life. He was always learning and always with reverence, and when he had won something he soon set about multiplying it. In London it was the Institute Reading Society or the Portfolio or the Peckham Debating Society which claimed him. He was a good reader, and the poems of Tennyson and Browning entered deeply into his mind. Browning's "Saul" especially appealed to one so fond of cold baths, plain living, high thinking, and the open air—

> "the cool silver shock
> Of the plunge in a pool's living water."

Then at Haslemere he was chairman of the Technical Education Committee, and for eighteen years he did his best to make the evening classes popular, instructive, and useful. He used to invite the students to his house and was always their encourager. In 1902 he founded the Haslemere and District Gardeners' Mutual Improvement Association. A regular Adult School spirit came out in this enterprise. Evening meetings were held once or twice a month; in winter, papers were read and discussed, in summer gardens were visited; small shows were held, and specimens brought to the meetings, where books from a library could be borrowed. The Society was fortunate in having just the right hon. secretary from the very start, a genial and capable working gardener; and in Thomas Newman it had a president whom it always re-elected, and who thoroughly enjoyed the meetings and the friendships with gardeners that they brought him. It was delightful to see how all talk of "trade secrets" vanished, and "mutual improvement" really took its place. The numbers rose to one hundred or so, and employers often spoke of the

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good done, both in actual instruction and in a pleasanter spirit between them and their men. Prizes were hardly ever given at the shows, unless some kind friend insisted on presenting one. They often lead to ill-feeling, and a simple Award of Merit card was printed instead, honour being the real reward. Meteorology often came into the president's addresses, for he knew more about that than about gardening, technically. Now and then, on coming home, he would say, "Oh, I talked about peace, and they seemed quite interested," "We got on to it somehow." Peace did come into Thomas Newman's thoughts and words quite naturally—in the train, at table d'hote, in hotel smoking rooms, anywhere, and at almost any time. It was not dragged forward or pressed discourteously, but sprang up like a new idea and was taken up and discussed. He was a keen politician in the Liberal interest, and he would say: "If you have to work hard for Parliamentary elections, to support your candidate by going long distances and keeping the audience quiet till he can arrive, may you not talk about your own favourite subject?—especially if the candidate is likely to leave it out!" And so it came about that quite unlikely audiences became gradually interested; at first surprised, then listening, then asking questions, and then sympathetic. So few people have really thought much about international relations. "It was a great opportunity," he would add, and then slyly—"and the candidate got in all the same." His work on behalf of international peace took him far from Haslemere, and he devoted much time to Peace Committees and International Congresses, both in connection with the Society of Friends and outside its borders.

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Two of the principal ways in which he served the Society of Friends in later years were as publisher and general instigator of the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* and as a warm supporter of the Friends' Foreign Mission Association. In 1890 he took over the publication of the *Examiner*, and for twenty-five years was its mainstay. W. C. Westlake and his brother Richard were the editors until 1900, when Thomas Newman persuaded his cousin to undertake the task provisionally, a temporary arrangement which has lasted fifteen years. The publisher was much more than printer and publisher. He not only contributed twenty-five papers to its pages (thirteen of them on subjects connected with Peace), but he was general adviser, manager, proprietor, and captain of the ship, and when once a year, at the Re-unions, the editor was made to take the lead, his embarrassment and Thomas Newman's delight were equally obvious. His zeal for the *Examiner* knew no abatement and his steady and never-failing support knew no discouragement. His other particular contribution to the Society was in connection with foreign missions. For thirty years he was on the India Committee of the F.F.M.A., and during the last half of that time he was its chairman. He not only believed that the evangelisation of India should be through native instrumentality, but that industry and education were twin handmaids of religious progress. He had a large share in the business-like organisation of foreign mission work. Apart from these two particular services, Thomas Newman was Clerk of his own Quarterly Meeting, and worked for the Society in many and various ways.

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Thomas Newman lived a very happy and an exceptionally useful life. He inherited strong traits of character and certain well-defined faculties of mind. He was diligent, fervent, humble. He belonged to his ancestry and yet lived his own life. He remained staunch and faithful to his principles all through his life—without wavering, faltering, or going back. Though seriously minded and a hard worker, he drank deeply of life's enjoyment. His holidays were not long, nor very far afield,—a month had to suffice ; but by careful planning out, and sticking to his arrangements, he was wonderfully successful in getting a great deal into them. He had always been fond of walking : starting from Leominster he would tramp over the Welsh hills. Then after a time of much worry and ill-health, following his father's death, he was advised to try Switzerland, and lost his heart to the dear playground. He persuaded a reluctant wife that it was a good place for honeymoons ; although they resolved to go abroad in alternate years only, it was a resolution not long kept. For a mind prone to worry there is nothing like the sight of the calmness of a great mountain. Nothing gave the same change of atmosphere, and change from business life was needed. In all that we look back upon in life, is there anything to be treasured more than those long tramps with just the right companion ? The cool morning start through hoar-frosted flowers, the unknown ways, the adventurous path, the open road, the wandering on ; the hot midday pause for lunch, and to put one's feet in the mountain stream ; the gradual reversing up or down, of all one's labour, and coming home hungry and tired to the restful wayside inn. In spring-time there were the cherry trees, whose white blossoms stood out

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against blue skies, there was pear and apple blossom, there were crocuses and cowslips; in summer there was a carpet of Alpine flowers; in autumn there were fine days and glorious sunsets. And so to Switzerland and Germany, to Austria and Italy, on the top of happy hours. On the Lake of Lucerne these joyful travels began—and there they ended.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

* * * * *

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

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TO LOVE.

BREATHE O breath of Joy ! breathe
Upon this earthly mind,
Till from its pale embers rise
Flowers of immortality, to bind
For Love divine a wreath
Of loyal praise.
Breathe ! breathe O Wind !

O Thou who of love art the Spirit-substance !
Though nor craft may image, nor all
Time's breath prevail to voice Thine excellence,
Yet do Thou guide we pray our reason, drawing
Its spiring tendrils to the utmost goal
Of faith, till Man achieve a song—
A pæan of the body, mind and soul
Perfected, like to that high rhythm
Of praise, the glory of the Cherubim !

Love ! The very Act of Being
Thou ! sole Art of all excellence !
Impulse, attraction infinite, clue
Of all knowledge : of all virtue
Peace and joy the one fount and sustenance,
Heaven's sleepless Eremite,
Earth's Intercessor, aye reconciling
Seen with unseen, flesh with spirit,
Thou the pivot art of all existence,
The Lode-Star through eternity !
Of justice, mercy, and patience,
Law ultimate Force ineffable : Key
Alone of the End as of the Beginning !

To Man, unhappy sojourner,
The sweet perfume of an abode
Beyond life's uncharted Sea,
Not perilous—in Eden lost awhile
But found on Calvary—.
The sign as of a god upon him, the seal
Of a last, a dread Passover.
Forth from the gates of Death and Hell his guide
And shield and cherisher in good.—
His only Saviour !

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The flower of faith is love, and hath
No fear, yet but with its own may dwell,
Nor of aught else be seen,
In hope tireless love visiteth,
Haunting things beautiful,
Seeking perfection, losing to gain.

Spirit of the Holy!
As Thou art given shrine
Pride and lusts flee,
Force hath nor weight nor sanction,
But bowed before Thee must fall
At length, to lie with every idol
As the shards in the House of Dagon—
Shattered and prone.

So in the end, without rest, without haste,
By evil and by good
Thy judgments upon Earth shall manifest
A City of God,
A Bride apparelled, an Age renewed.

And in that Sabbath the world shall see
A Temple to Thy Name arise
Wrought out of fellowship, a Fane
Of souls, a new Humanity!
The living Christ its corner-stone!
Yea all the blind with a dread amaze,
Till lifted up secure and free,
Forever the trump of Peace is blown,
Flung wide of Joy the Gates of Praise!

Alas! false the lyre, a vain noise the song,
But now in the hearing ear Love hath sung.

H. C. B.

Jamaica, January, 1916.

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JOHN BRIGHT AND WAR.

War is the grave of all good.—

John Bright, "Journal," August 9th, 1855.

After the year 1756, when the Quaker deputies retired from the Assembly of Pennsylvania, for almost a century the Society of Friends had little representation in the political world. It is true that the agitation against the slave-trade, both in England and America, originated with them, but their interest in it was primarily philanthropic, and the actual political leadership of the movement was in other hands. William Penn and John Bright,—the list of Quaker statesmen is short but noteworthy. Of the two it is the modern Friend for whom the higher place must be claimed, on the ground of a complete and consistent life. He was not, like Penn, the ruler of a great territory or the adviser of a king but his empire was in the hearts of the working people, and his highest reward was their unbounded trust in him. Palmerston could say, during the Crimean War fever, that he did not "reckon Cobden, Bright, and Co. for anything," and in 1859 the Queen refused a suggestion that Bright should be given a Privy Councillorship, on the ground that "it would be impossible to allege any service Mr. Bright has rendered." This fourteen years after the Repeal of the Corn Laws! Yet in the

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Home Rule crisis of 1886-7 his influence, more even than his arguments, told heavily against the Government. "Every word," wrote Lord Morley, "seemed to weigh a pound"*.

This is not the place in which to retrace Bright's career, the touching and romantic comradeship with Cobden in so many righteous causes, the struggle for the enfranchisement of the people, the attacks on privilege and tyranny. But his work for peace was so much a part of his life that biographical detail will occasionally be necessary.

Of late years, when the great peace advocate is no longer here to answer for himself, some critics have tried to prove that his opposition to war would have given way before the circumstances of some particular war (waged since his death), and that he would have supported and approved the arbitrament of force in such a case. In this argument they rely on the admitted fact that Bright carefully and explicitly met the advocates of each war on their own ground, and showed that even on their principles it was to be condemned. In two instances, as will be seen, he admitted that on those principles one party to the struggle was justified in meeting war by war, but even so, he was unsparing in his condemnation of the crimes and errors which had plunged the combatants into so terrible a catastrophe. However honestly he believed that his opposition was confined to the circumstances of each case, there is scarcely a speech in which his personal abhorrence to war is not manifest, and more than once he alludes specifically to the principles of Friends. For example, in his great speech in the House of Commons on the declara-

*Morley, *Life of Gladstone*, II., 582.

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tion of war against Russia (March 31st, 1854), he declines to discuss the war, "on the abstract principle of peace at any price, as it is termed, which is held by a small minority of persons in this country, founded on religious opinions which are not generally received." Many years later, at Manchester (October 2nd, 1876), he definitely attributed his opposition to the Crimean War to his Quaker upbringing.

"I do not know why I differed from other people so much, but sometimes I have thought it happened from the education I had received in the religious sect with which I am connected. We have no creed which monarchs and statesmen and high priests have written out for us. Our creed, so far as we comprehend it, comes pure and direct from the New Testament. We have no thirty-seventh Article to declare that it is lawful for Christian men, at the command of the civil magistrate, to wear weapons and to serve in wars —which means, of course, and was intended to mean, that it is lawful for Christian men to engage in any part of the world, in any cause, at the command of a monarch, or of a Prime Minister, or of a Parliament, or of a commander-in-chief, in the slaughter of his fellow-men, whom he might never have seen before, and from whom he had no reason to feel the smallest touch of anger or resentment. Now, my having been brought up as I was would lead me naturally to think that . . . the war with Russia in the Crimea was a matter that required very distinct evidence to show that it was lawful, or that it was in any way politic or reasonable."

In the great speech for peace at Edinburgh, in October, 1853, Bright defined war in no uncertain terms.

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"What is war? I believe that half the people that talk about war have not the slightest idea of what it is. In a short sentence it may be summed up to be the combination and concentration of all the horrors, crimes, and sufferings of which human nature is capable."

In 1879 a Mr. Urquhart, of Manchester, was moved by Bright's strenuous opposition to the war policy of the Conservative Government to write to him with the question whether he was prepared to condemn all war and abolish all means of military defence. Bright made the following reply:*

"I have not time to write fully upon the question. It is one on which men should make up their minds as to their own personal duty. So far men have defended war as if it were a natural condition of things which must always continue. It might be true that war could not always be avoided, and that in some cases it might be justifiable, and yet, granting this, it might be shown that nineteen out of every twenty wars which have been waged ought to have been avoided, and were criminal in the highest degree. I believe that all our wars since the time and accession of William III. might have been avoided on principles which do not require the absolute condemnation of war in every possible case that may be suggested or imagined. We need not discuss the question as you put it. We shall change the policy and the aspect of our country and of the world, if we leave the demon of war to the cases in which there seems to Christian and rational men no escape from the miseries he inflicts upon mankind. I would advise you not to trouble yourself with the abstract question. The practical

**Public Addresses*, p. 238.

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question is the one which presses, and when we have settled that, there will remain very little of the mischief to contend about or to get rid of. If you wish to know the best argument against war, I would recommend you to read Jonathan Dymond's 'Essays on the Principles of Morality' or his 'Essay on War'."

The recommendation of Dymond's uncompromisingly Quaker Essay shows plainly where Bright's own opinion rested, in spite of the careful phrasing of the letter.* A few months before, at Manchester,† he had described the essentially un-Christian character of war in language which may have inspired Mr. Urquhart's question.

"We may differ upon many points of articles in Churches, but we are all agreed on this: that if there be anything definite and distinct in the teachings of the New Testament it is that which would lead to amity among people and to love and justice and mercy and peace on the whole of God's earth upon which His sun shines. If, then, we are agreed upon this, let us, if it be possible to throw off the hypocrite in this matter—let us get rid of our Christianity, or get rid of our tendency and willingness to go to war. War is a game which, if their subjects were wise, kings would not be able to play at; and be they kings or queens, be they statesmen of this or that colour or party, never let any man go headlong into any policy that points direct for war until he has thoroughly

*The one specific case in which Bright thought arbitration impossible was that of the issue between the Turkish Government of 1876 and its persecuted Christian dependencies. (Speech at Birmingham, 4th December, 1876.)

†April 30th, 1878, Robertson, *Life of John Bright*, Vol. II., p. 201.

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examined the question by his own best intellect, brought it to bear on his own Christian conscience, and decided it for himself as if he were asked to pull the trigger or to use the sword."

Such was the careful and considered language of John Bright, both in the maturity of his political life and in later years. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that his opponents were right in their belief that his opposition to war was primarily based on moral and religious convictions, though they were wholly wrong in seizing upon this fact as an excuse for neglecting the weighty political arguments which he marshalled against each war or project of war in its turn.

A brief account of these particular episodes may complete this study of Bright as a man of peace. He won his spurs as an orator in scenes which fitly illustrate the favourite thesis of Friends, that peace is an active virtue different in quality from the passiveness of non-resistance, and that wrong may be effectively resisted without resort to physical force. The struggle against Church rates in Rochdale was only the preliminary to the greater struggle against the Corn Laws. And it must not be forgotten that both in the Corn Law agitation and in the longer agitation, not yet ended, for reform of the franchise and the land laws, Bright was attacking evils which he believed in each case to be largely the result of our last great Continental war.

"The knowledge of what that war had meant to the mass of the people while it lasted, and the legacy of misery and degradation that it left behind, was burnt into the soul of Bright, and re-inforced by its modern example the faith of his peace-loving forefathers. His view of the unnecessary character of the war begun in 1793 may

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be wrong—or it may be right; but his grasp on the fact that war though sometimes sport to the rich, is always death to the poor, was to stand England in good stead in coming years."* The repeal of the Corn Laws and the introduction of Free Trade was at once the triumph and the justification of the peaceful agitation of the League with its weapons of argument and persuasion. Later generations have forgotten the strong tide of discontent and disorder which surged through the working classes during the thirty years of misery and hunger after Waterloo, finding vent in the abortive Chartist movement and in many serious local riots. It was the considered judgment of careful observers that England's stability during the revolutionary upheaval which shook down the Continental thrones in the year 1848 was very largely due to the improvement in the condition and temper of the people brought about by Free Trade.

The next campaign of Cobden and Bright (the two Great Twin Brethren) was one in which, instead of acting as the leaders of strong and enthusiastic forces, they were to find themselves more and more isolated in what was, at the time, a losing battle. Yet in their firm advocacy of peace and their opposition to that darling of Lord Palmerston, "a spirited foreign policy," they at first had powerful support among the Peelites. It was no thanks to Palmerston that England was not continuously at war during the two decades before his death in 1865. In his spirited foreign policy he employed a dual method, treating all strong Powers as our natural enemies, to be met by large armaments and bullying diplomacy, and the weaker powers as our natural inferiors, to be

*Trevelyan, *Life of John Bright*, p. 47.

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reformed and scolded and generally set in their proper places. This intervention and admonition was often on behalf of the oppressed (although they seldom gained much benefit from their champion), but sometimes, as in the famous case of Don Pacifico and the mischievous Chinese War of 1857, for less worthy objects.

When Kossuth visited England, Bright, while joining warmly in the popular welcome, made clear his distrust of any movement for intervention abroad. He wrote to Cobden (November 4th, 1851), "I am expected to be at the meeting in the Free Trade Hall [Manchester], and to speak. I am in a desperate puzzle what to do, but certainly if I speak I shall go against any notion of *fighting* for Hungary or any other country. . . . I am very apprehensive that this Hungarian sympathy will breed a spirit which we have hoped was subsiding, and will tend to fill the people's heart with pride and self-conceit, and with a notion that it is our mission to become knight errants in the cause of freedom to other nations, whilst we are forgetting how much we have to do at home." In his speech (November 11th, 1851), he emphasised the moral forces of public opinion as opposed to the material pressure of armament.

But the star of Lord Palmerston was in the ascendant. In 1852, dismissed from office by the influence of the Court, he regained power by the defeat of Lord John Russell's Militia Bill, and at the beginning of 1853 there broke out one of those mysterious "panics"—or agitations for larger armaments—which attack the political world with apparently the same periodicity as those which shake the financial world. An ill-defined distrust of Napoleon III., which Palmerston shared with a large number of his country-men, blossomed, under

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careful nurture by press and politicians into a full-blown "invasion" panic. Cobden and Bright used all the resources of eloquence and satire to show the baseless nature of such fears, and Bright added a picture of the disastrous results of a war between two great and civilised nations, undeterred by the readiness of his enemies to declare that he judged all things by the touchstone of commercial interest.

"I draw no picture," he said,* "of blood and crime, of battles by sea and land; they are common to every war, and nature shudders at the enormities of man; but I see before me a vast commerce collapsed, a mighty industry paralysed, and a people impoverished and exhausted, with ever-increasing burdens and a gathering discontent."

In the autumn he repeated the picture: "War will brutalise our people, increase our taxes, destroy our industry, postpone the promised Parliamentary reform, it may be many years."† But threatened war of October, 1853, was not the threatened war of the previous January. France was no longer the enemy waiting to invade our coasts, but the Ally with whom we were to rescue the helpless Turk from Russian intrigue. At Edinburgh, in that month, a Peace Congress was held, at which Admiral Sir Charles Napier vigorously expressed the views of the war party. Bright's reply has become a classic, which may be found in any collection of his speeches and read with profit to-day. In it he alluded to the objection that the time was inopportune to speak of peace.

*Manchester, Jan. 27th, 1853. *Robertson, II.*, p. 14.

†Letter to a public meeting at the Manchester Athenæum, October 6th, 1853, *Robertson, II.*, p. 27.

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"The right time to oppose the errors and prejudices of the people never comes in the eyes of those writers in the public press who pander to those prejudices. They say: 'We must not do so and so, we shall embarrass the Government.' . . . We wish to protest against the maintenance of great armaments in time of peace. We wish to protest against the spirit which is not only willing for war, but eager for war; and we wish to protest, with all the emphasis of which we are capable, against the mischievous policy pursued so long by this country of interfering with the internal affairs of other countries, and thereby leading to disputes, and often to disastrous wars."

After the exposure of the folly of the anti-Russian agitation, he gave the famous definition of war already quoted, and uttered a solemn warning against "withering up" the prosperity of England in a mad continental enterprise. The peroration of the speech was not merely a masterpiece of eloquence, but an appeal to the moral sense of his country-men.

". . . You profess to be a Christian nation. You make it your boast even—though boasting is somewhat out of place in such questions—you make it your boast that you are a Protestant people, and that you draw your rule of doctrine and pratice, as from a well pure and undefiled, from the living oracles of God and from the direct revelation of the Omnipotent. . . .

". . . Is this a reality? or is your Christianity a romance? is your profession a dream? No, I am sure that your Christianity is not a romance, and I am equally sure that your profession is not a dream. It is because I believe this that I appeal to you with confidence, and that I have hope and faith in the future. I believe that we

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shall see, and at no very distant time, sound economic principles spreading much more widely amongst the people; a sense of justice growing up in a soil which hitherto has been deemed unfruitful; and which will be better than all—the Churches of the United Kingdom—the Churches of Britain awaking, as it were, from their slumbers, and girding up their loins to more glorious work, when they shall not only accept and believe in the prophecy, but labour earnestly for its fulfilment, that there shall come a time—a blessed time—a time that shall last forever—when 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more'."

The hope at the moment was doomed to disappointment, for the Churches gave no help to the small but weighty minority which opposed the Crimean War.* Bright and Cobden were left almost alone, branded as traitors and refused a hearing in the country, though never in the House of Commons. The eloquence of Bright's speeches and letters upon the war was even then frankly admitted, and few are now prepared to controvert his arguments, but eloquence and reason could not save him from execration and defeat. As Mr. Gladstone† finely said of him, at that crisis he laid his popularity as a sacrifice upon the altar of his duty. The chapters upon the war in Mr. Trevelyan's *Life* deal fully with the political side of his opposition. Here there is only space for

*Many, of course, recognised the folly and futility of the war, but had not the courage to be unpopular. Walter, proprietor of the *Times*, said to Bright, "When the country would go to war, it was not worth while to oppose it, hurting themselves, and doing no good." Sir James Graham said in later years, "You were entirely right about the Crimean War; we were entirely wrong."

†At Birmingham, June 1st, 1877.

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some quotations which characteristically reveal the moral impulse which urged him to that opposition. It is true that, as Mr. Trevelyan says, Bright definitely claimed to oppose the war as "contrary to the national interests and the principles professed and avowed by the nation, and on no other ground,"* but it is equally true that his opponents disregarded the claim, and branded him as a "peace-at-any-price" man. Their policy was unfair in itself, and cowardly, inasmuch as on this plea they escaped the necessity of answering his unanswerable attacks, but their instinctive feeling that whole moral continents divided his view of any war from theirs was well-founded. Even Palmerston's ill-bred taunt to "the honourable and reverend gentleman" serves to remind us of the moral indignation which linked Bright's speeches with the utterances of the Hebrew prophets. As Dr. Johnson's old friend confided to him that he had tried in his time to be a philosopher, but "cheerfulness was always breaking in," so we may say of Bright's speeches that he tried to be a politician, but Christianity was always breaking in. In the very speech (March 31st, 1854), in which he claimed to discuss the war on admitted principles of English policy are two passages which reveal the distance which separated him from many of his country-men. He had sympathy, he said, for the oppressed everywhere, "but it is not on a question of sympathy that I dare involve this country, or any country in a war which must cost an incalculable amount of treasure and of blood. It is not my duty to make this country the knight-errant of the human race." And, as was his wont, he

*Letter to Joseph Sturge, September, 1857; see also speech in House of Commons, March, 31st, 1854.

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translated the cost of war into terms of individual and national happiness, a calculation which, half-a-century later, would have drawn upon him the name of "Little Englander."

". . . I believe if this country, seventy years ago, had adopted the principle of non-intervention in every case where her interests were not directly and obviously assailed, that she would have been saved from much of the pauperism and brutal crimes by which our Government and people have alike been disgraced. This country might have been a garden, every dwelling might have been of marble, and every person who treads its soil might have been sufficiently educated. We should, indeed, have had less of military glory. We might have had neither Trafalgar nor Waterloo; but we should have set the high example of a Christian nation, free in its institutions, courteous and just in its policy towards all foreign states, and resting its policy on the unchangeable foundation of Christian morality."

The famous peroration of December 22nd, 1854, opening, "I am not, nor did I ever pretend to be a statesman," closes with the hope of maintaining "to the last moment of my existence the priceless consolation that no word of mine has tended to promote the squandering of my country's treasure, or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood." Palmerston and his followers were ready enough to label such an aspiration as "peace-at-any-price." Part of the price of war Bright described in his grave rebuke to Palmerston in the debate on the Vote of Censure in July, 1855. "The noble Lord seems to me to be insensible to the fact that clouds are gathering round the horizon of this country; he appears not to know that his policy is the doom of death to thousands

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upon thousands, carrying desolation to millions of hearts. He may perchance never see that which comes often to my vision—the interminable ghastly procession of our slaughtered country-men, to which every day fresh lists of victims are added."

It was this sense of the desolation and destruction of war, far more than any pain arising from isolation or misunderstanding, that finally broke down Bright's strength and endurance and withdrew him in 1856 from public life. He had in especial measure the emotion Wordsworth described as

> "due abhorrence of their guilt
> For whose dire ends tears flow and blood is spilt."

While seeking health abroad, there came in February, 1857, the dramatic overthrow of Palmerston by Cobden's Vote of Censure on the Chinese War. Bright heartily rejoiced at the retribution, but his own turn was to come. At the General Election Palmerston swept the country on a wave of jingoism, and every member of the "Manchester"—or peace—party lost his seat. Bright heard in Italy that he was placed at the foot of the poll in Manchester, on the express ground of his opposition to the Crimean and Chinese Wars. In the wise and courageous letter which he sent to Cobden* he made two prophecies, both fulfilled more rapidly than he foretold.

"Ten years hence, those who live so long may see a complete change on the questions on which the public mind has recently been so active and so much mistaken. . . . We have taught what is true in our 'school,' but the discipline was a little too severe for the scholars. Disraeli will say he was right; we are hardly of the English type, and success, political and personal success, cannot

*April 10th, 1857.

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afford to reject the use which may be made of ignorance and prejudice among a people. This is his doctrine, and with his views, it is true; but, as we did not seek for personal objects, it is not true of us. If we are rejected for peace and for truth, we stand higher before the world and for the future than if we mingled with the patient mediocrities which compose the present Cabinet."

In August, 1857, a movement was set on foot among Birmingham Radicals to secure Bright for their vacant seat. The one question in doubt was his attitude to the Indian Mutiny, news of which was just then filling England with horror and panic. An urgent telegram to Scotland received a satisfactory reply, which he expanded in his election address. In the latter (August 8th, 1857), he said :—

"The success of the insurrection would involve anarchy in India unless some great man, emerging from the chaos, should build up a new empire based on and defended by military power. I am not prepared to defend the steps by which England has obtained dominion in the East, but, looking to the interests of India and of England, I cannot oppose such measures as may be deemed necessary to suppress the existing disorder. To restore order to India is mercy to India, but heavy will be the guilt of our countrymen should we neglect hereafter any measures which would contribute to the welfare of its hundred millions of population. I hope the acts of the Government will be free from that vindictive and sanguinary spirit which is shewn in many of the letters which appear in the newspapers, and that when the present crisis is over, all that exists of statesmanship an England will combine to work what good is possible out of so much evil."

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To this position he steadily adhered. As Mr. Trevelyan comments, his Quaker training freed him from the colour prejudice so deeply rooted amongst Englishmen, and he condemned in unsparing terms the blind passion of revenge which found vent in barbaric acts in India and wild words at home. Some Friends felt that even this pronouncement was in some degree a surrender to the war spirit, and it was to meet their objection that Bright wrote to Joseph Sturge (in the letter already quoted) :—

"Does our friend Southall think our Government should rest quiet and allow every Englishman in India to be murdered ? I don't think so. They must act on their principles, seeing they admit no others. I have never advocated the extreme non-resistance principle in public or in private. I don't know whether I would logically maintain it." "Extreme non-resistance" must not, of course, be identified with the peace testimony of the Society of Friends, which is not a mere Tolstoyan withdrawal from evil, but may include a very definite effort to overcome evil with good. But whether Bright exposed himself to criticism from pacificist or from militarist, Birmingham welcomed him gladly and returned him unopposed, even though for some months more he could take no active part in politics. It was not until the autumn of 1858 that he was able to deliver the first of his great addresses to his constituents, which were to be the pride and delight of the city for many years to come. This speech on Foreign Policy, made on October 29th, is throughout entirely characteristic in its moral fervour, its passionate earnestness, and its touches of homely humour. In the opening sentences he met the charge of want of patriotism.

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"How, indeed, can I, any more than any of you, be un-English and anti-national? Was I not born upon the same soil? Do I not come of the same English stock?" and after a scathing description of the confused policy which led to our past war for the "balance of power" and of the tangle of treaties which still hampered our international relations, he uttered the magnificent *apologia* for his own attitude, which, familiar as it is, must be quoted once more here.

"I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. There is no man in England who is less likely to speak irreverently of the Crown and Monarchy of England than I am; but crowns, coronets, mitres, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies and a huge Empire, are, in my view, all trifles light as air and not worth considering unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment, and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage; and unless the light of your Constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feeling and condition of the people, rely upon it you have yet to learn the duties of Government.

"I have not, as you have observed, pleaded that this country should remain without adequate and scientific means of defence. I acknowledge it to be the duty of your statesmen, acting upon the known opinions and principles of ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in the country, at all

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times, with all possible moderation, but with all possible efficiency, to take steps which shall preserve order within and on the confines of your kingdom. But I shall repudiate and denounce the expenditure of every shilling, the engagement of every man, the employment of every ship, which has no object but inter-meddling in the affairs of other countries, and endeavouring to extend the boundaries of an Empire which is already large enough to satisfy the greatest ambition, and I fear is much too large for the highest statesmanship to which any man has yet attained."

It was in this very speech that Bright emphasised the solemn sense of responsibility which should weigh upon all political orators, and it is surely his right that this careful statement of his peace position should be accepted at its full value.

In the next summer Bright would only give his support to the Palmerston-Russell Government, then in process of formation, in return for a pledge of non-intervention in the war raging in Northern Italy. Russell gave it readily, for, as he said, the chief fear was lest distrust of Napoleon III. should lead us to intervene on the Austrian side, and his and Palmerston's Italian sympathies were directed to the preservation of an attitude of benevolent neutrality. This was the first-fruits of Bright's teaching, a greater triumph was secured when we remained at peace through the American and Danish Wars, and by that time we had learnt the lesson sufficiently well to pass through the Austro-Prussian and Franco-Prussian Wars without a hint that our interests were involved or our intervention necessary. Yet distrust of the Emperor of the French swept Palmerston and the hotter heads of the nation into a "French panic" in the years 1859

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to 1861. Cobden and Bright strove, in speeches and writings, to dissipate the atmosphere of mutual mistrust and suspicion. At this time, Bright was much exercised by the rapid growth of armaments in Europe. He wrote to Cobden*, (October 10th, 1860) :—" The greatest mechanical intellects of our time are absorbed in the question how to complete instruments of defence and destruction, and there seems no limit to their discoveries or projects, so long as France and England shall lead in great armaments and in the attempt to dominate over the world."

In January, 1861, he even proposed to Gladstone that the Government should allow Cobden to supplement his Commercial Treaty success of the previous year by negotiating with the French Emperor for a mutual reduction of armaments. " At least fifteen millions a year might be saved to the two countries at once by such an arrangement as I speak of, besides the increasing peril of war from these frightful preparations and this incessant military excitement." Bright had reason to believe that the Emperor (who, as President, had made such a suggestion in 1849, only for it to be rejected by Palmerston) would favour the plan, while in England it had the support of Disraeli as leader of the Opposition but it was not taken up by the Palmerston Government, which thus threw away a precious opportunity. Within five years the rivalry in armaments was transferred to Prussia and France, and the dreaded conflagration soon followed.

Before that time Bright had to pass through a crisis which tried him more keenly than any other episode of his life, excepting the dark years of the Crimean War. In the summer of 1861 the

**Trevelyan*, p. 292.

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smouldering trouble between North and South in the United States burst into flame, and for four years the great Republic was torn by civil war. Bright, in his private business life, suffered severely from the cotton famine induced by the Northern blockade, but his sympathies never wavered. To him the cause of the North was the cause of freedom against slavery, and of constitutional order against rebellion.* He steadfastly opposed the attempts made in England to recognise the Confederate Government as an independent state, and his great speeches did much to instruct public opinion on the merits of the struggle. Even at the opening of the war he defended the Federal Government, with a significant proviso. He said :

"No man is more in favour of peace than I am ; no man has denounced war more than I have, probably, in this country ; few men in their public life have suffered more obloquy—I had almost said more indignity—in consequence of it. But I cannot for the life of me see upon any of those principles upon which States are governed now—I say nothing of the literal words of the New Testament—I cannot see how the state of affairs in America with regard to the United States Government could have been different from what it is at this moment."

In his private letters to Sumner he expressed himself more freely, blaming the North for mistakes of policy in the past and for their "foolish tariff" which alienated English opinion. Indeed, while denouncing the Southern leaders as "traitors to human nature itself," he was at first doubtful whether the war could be brought to a successful issue and feared the brutalising effects of the

*For another view, *v.* Goldwin Smith, *United States*, p. 249.

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struggle on the America which he loved and admired. In the autumn of 1861 he wrote to Sumner, "Many who cavil at you now say, 'If the war were for liberating the slave, then we could see something worth fighting for, and we could sympathise with the North.' I cannot urge you to such a course, the remedy for slavery would be almost worse than the disease, and yet how can such a disease be got rid of without some desperate remedy?"

During the *Trent* crisis of 1861, Bright was one of the most strenuous workers for peace;* his letters to Sumner urging moderation on the American side were read in the Lincoln Cabinet, and received the more attention because at the same time Bright was making some of his most effective speeches on behalf of the Northern cause. In the *Alabama* difficulty he was equally earnest that England should be ready to submit the case to arbitration. At Rochdale (December 4th, 1861), he pleaded for the same benevolent neutrality towards the North that we had exercised towards Italy in 1859, and a few days later, in the same town (December 21st), he spoke out boldly against the criticisms that the *Times* directed against the North. "I hope it [the *Times*] is equally averse to fratricidal strife in other districts; for if it be true that God has made of one blood all the families of man to dwell on the face of all the earth, it must be fratricidal strife whether we are slaughtering Russians in the Crimea, or bombarding towns on the sea-coast of the United States."

*On December 9th, when war seemed imminent, he wrote to Cobden, 'I look for a retirement from Parliament if war actually takes place. I will not kill myself with proving it wicked, as I nearly did seven years ago."

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Next year, at Birmingham (December 18th, 1862, he expressed the opinion that only a miracle could have averted this "measureless calamity" of war, and brought about the abolition of slavery by peaceful means. "Is not this war the penalty which inexorable justice exacts from America, North and South, for the enormous guilt of cherishing that frightful iniquity of slavery for the last eighty years?"

In a similar strain he wrote to Whittier,* "It seems as if a peaceable termination of the great evil of slavery was impossible—the blindness, the pride and the passion of men have made it impossible. War was, and is, the only way out of the desperate difficulty of your country, and fearful as the path is, it cannot be escaped. I only hope there may be virtue enough in the North, notwithstanding the terrible working of the poison of slavery, to throw off the coil and to permit of a renovated and restored nation."

It is an amazing fact that this letter has been described recently as one "in support of the American Civil War." A recruiting meeting would not gain much impetus from such gloomy submission to a terrible evil. That Bright supported the *ideals* represented by the North against those of the South is indisputable, and, when Lincoln had once made Emancipation a plain issue, he felt that no peace could be admitted which involved any recognition of slavery. Perhaps his most emphatic expression of this is found in a letter to Villiers (August 5th, 1863):—

"I want no end of the war, and no compromise, and no re-union till the negro is made free beyond all chance of failure."

*February 27th, 1863, Pickard, *Life of Whittier*, Vo. II., p. 451.

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This language is strong enough, but it must be remembered that it was used by a neutral to a neutral. His other letters of the time show that he feared the North was winning too easily and had not yet paid her share of the "penalty" for maintaining slavery. A week before he had written, also to Villiers (July 29th, 1863):—"It needs as many plagues as Pharaoh suffered to force the corrupt portion of the Northern people to let the negro go."

Mr. Trevelyan, in his praise of Bright's attitude, describes him as "swallowing" the peace formula by such a declaration, but unless the peace "formula" includes a desire for the victory of the worse cause and the lower civilisation, it is difficult to see any justification for the statement. Bright deliberately refrained from urging the North into war on behalf of the slave,* but when that battle-cry had been adopted, he naturally desired that it should prove no false claim. Peace principles do not involve a neutrality which apportions equal condemnation to every belligerent, any more than religious toleration involves the Gibbonian view that all doctrines are equally false.†

When the war ended, he wrote in his journal, "The friends of freedom everywhere should thank God and take courage."

The twenty years from the Peace of Paris in 1856 to the fall of Mr. Gladstone's Government in

*V. *ante*, to Sumner.

†It may perhaps be noted that Bright seldom spent his eloquence in denouncing the actual conduct of hostilities by a belligerent, as distinct from the policy which led to war and the moral and economic evils which resulted from it. In 1861 he dissociated himself from Cobden's objection to the methods of the Northern Blockade. "*War* is *barbarous*, and this is but an act of war" (to Sumner, December 21st, 1861).

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1874 were, as Mr. Trevelyan says,* a time in which Bright's principles of foreign policy gradually won their way in England, until even in the Cabinet itself they supplanted the evil old superstition of the "balance of power" so long honoured by statesmen at the expense of the peoples of Europe. In 1864 a dangerous crisis arose over the question of Schleswig-Holstein. Palmerston and Russell had expressed their sympathy for Denmark in terms which were interpreted by the Danes as pledges of intervention on their behalf. But the Cabinet and the Country were resolutely against a new continental war, and the "two aged Ministers, as Bright called them, had to retreat with considerable loss of prestige from their original position. Bright, of course, spoke against intervention,† pointing out that England had no concern in the question of the Duchies, and adding, "If there be a Government possible in our day that will plunge this country into war under the pretence of maintaining the balance of power in Europe and sustaining any kingdom there, be it little or great, I say that Government not only is not worthy of the confidence of the people of England, but deserves our execration and abhorrence."

But for the time the lesson had been learnt. We were content to remain spectators in the duel between Austria and Prussia in 1866,‡ and in the

Trevelyan, Life, p. 417.

†In 1858 (October 29th) Bright had protested against the "networks and complications of our Treaty system," including the Treaty which "invites us, enables us, and perhaps, if we acted fully up to our duty with regard to it, would compel us to interfere in the question between Denmark and the Duchies."

‡"Even the *Times*, in reviewing the events of that year, spoke of "the recent English policy of withdrawing as much as possible from foreign complications" as being "common ground to both parties." *Trevelyan, Life*, p. 417.

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greater and more sanguinary duel of France and Germany in 1870. In 1873 we swallowed the somewhat nauseous medicine of the *Alabama* award without excessive complaint. Bright's influence had had some effect in inducing American statesmen to modify the less tenable of the claims for compensation. This period, though saddened by the death of Cobden, must have been, politically, the most serene of Bright's life. Both in home and foreign policy, Conservative and Liberal Governments alike bore witness to the impress of his teaching.* In December, 1868, with much searching of heart, he joined the Gladstone Government, fourteen years after he had been burnt in effigy by jingoes, and nine years after he had been excluded, by Court and aristocratic influence, from the Whig Government of 1859.

In the same year he received the freedom of Edinburgh, and at his visit† delivered two fine speeches, one of which, to a deputation of workingmen, condensed into a few pungent paragraphs his teaching and his aspirations. After telling them that past wars had saddled the country with a debt on which they were then paying out of taxation £26,000,000 as interest, and that they were spending a similar sum on military and naval preparations, in spite of the discredit under which "the ancient theory of the balance of power" then laboured, he continued :—

"I do not know whether it is a dream, or a vision, or the foresight of a future reality that sometimes passes across my mind—I like to dwell upon it—but I frequently think the time may

*E.g., in Franchise, Land, and Irish legislation.

†November 5th 1868.

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come when the maritime nations of Europe—this renowned country of which we are citizens, France, Prussia, Russia, resuscitated Spain, Italy, and the United States of America—may see that those vast fleets are of no use; that they are grand inventions by which the blood is withdrawn from the veins of the people to feed their ulcers; and that they may come to this wise conclusion—they will combine at their joint expense, and under some joint management, to supply the sea with a sufficient sailing and armed police, which may be necessary to keep the peace on all parts of the watery surface of the globe, and that those great instruments of war and oppression shall no longer be upheld. This, of course, by many will be thought to be a dream or a vision, not the foresight of what they call a statesman. Still, I have faith that it will not be forever that we shall read of what Wilberforce called the noxious race of heroes and conquerors; that what Christianity points to will one day be achieved, and that the nations throughout the world will live in peace with one another." So in the dark days of the American War, he had cherished the hope of a great North American Confederation with "freedom everywhere, equality everywhere, law everywhere, and peace everywhere."*

When the catastrophe of the Franco-Prussian War convulsed Europe in July, 1870, Bright was suffering from serious illness, and unable to take his share in Cabinet deliberations. He roused himself, however, sufficiently to protest against the Government's action in regard to Belgium. The secret draft treaty suggested by France to

*Rochdale, December 4th, 1861, and also Birmingham December 16th, 1862.

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Prussia in 1867, under which France was to annex Belgium, had just been published by the *Times*. Mr. Gladstone wrote to Bright (August 1st, 1870), that this revelation "has thrown upon us the necessity either of doing something fresh to secure Belgium, or else of saying that under no circumstances would we take any step to secure her from absorption. . . . Neither do we think it would be right, even if it were safe, to announce that we would in any case stand by with folded arms, and see actions done which would amount to a total extinction of public right in Europe."* The step taken was a treaty, by which England engaged to join with either belligerent in the defence of Belgium, should the other violate its neutrality. Bright was alarmed, and replied (August 3rd), "I differ from the Cabinet, and cannot sanction our entering into any new engagement for the military defence of Belgium, nor can I consent to ask Parliament to raise men and money for supporting the independence of any foreign state. To adopt the policy of the Cabinet would be for me to abandon principles which I have held and advocated during all my public life."† Accordingly, though with great regret, he pressed his resignation upon his chief: "I am consoled by the belief that I have never taken a step more clearly loyal to the Sovereign, and more faithful to the true interests of the people. I cannot consent to spend English blood and treasure for purposes which I do not deem to be English." Bright's objection was, in fact, primarily to the original treaty of 1831, as it is usually interpreted,

*Morley, *Life of Gladstone, I.*, p. .

†For the quotations from these letters and those on later pages, I am indebted to the kindness of Mrs. W. S. Clark and Mr. John Albert Bright.

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and then to its renewal or re-emphasis under very different conditions.*

Mr. Gladstone replied with an assurance that the step had been taken in the interests of peace, and that the annexation of Belgium by France would be a public crime, which might be averted by such a warning as the renewal of the treaty. He urged his colleagues not to act hastily, but to await events, and this suggestion Bright adopted, being "very anxious to do no harm at so critical a time."

He wrote more than once to Gladstone during the autumn, expressing grave misgivings over the question of Alsace-Lorraine. "We ought strongly to urge" (September 11th, 1870), "the folly of retaining French territory, for to annex any part of France would be to sow the seeds of another war at no distant date. Europe has a right, at least by argument and advice, to endeavour to bring about such a settlement as shall leave no needless grievance in the minds of the French people." Again (October 3rd) while considering Gladstone's proposal for a plebiscite of the provinces impracticable, he wrote: "The true objection is that peace will be less secure in future if territory be taken from France and should Prussia be at war with Austria or Russia, she may calculate on an attack from the country she is now seeking to despoil. . . . I had hoped that Germany would have been content with the demolition of the frontier fortresses and the payment of the expenses of the war—but the conqueror is seldom

*In 1858, in his criticism of the multifarious treaties which hampered our foreign policy, he said, "If I mistake not, we have a treaty which binds us down to the maintenance of the little kingdom of Belgium, as established after its separation from Holland."

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generous or just—and if the temper of the Germans is like that of the English during the Crimean War, there is no hope of good from any appeal to them. I suspect neither Russia nor Austria would quite approve of a protest on the ground of the indisposition of the population to the transfer to Germany. They have not been accustomed to pay much attention to the popular will. The more broad objection, which I call European, would perhaps suit them better, and I think it would have quite as much weight with Germany. . . . France, under her military government, has been a constant source of disquiet to Europe, and she will now suffer the more on that account. I grieve over the troubles of her people—yet from the standpoint of Germany, I am not surprised at the determination of the Germans to disable her for the future."

In the previous letter he had described the triumph of Germany and the downfall of France as "a great gain for liberty and peace"—words which seem now unduly hopeful, but which have some justification, if we compare the condition of Europe during the twenty years of the Third Empire with the twenty years from the siege of Paris to the cession of Heligoland.

When in November, 1870, Russia took advantage of the change in the European situation to shake off the restrictions imposed on her in the Black Sea by the Treaty of Paris, Bright again urged the Government to exercise restraint. "Forgive me," he wrote to Gladstone (November 18th), "for supposing there was danger of your becoming too much involved in the Russian question. But there are people who seem always to hunger for war, and Governments are too often moved by them, and drift on to positions from which there

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seems no honourable retreat. . . . When I remember the treatment of Russia by England and France in 1854, I am not much surprised that, when France is *down*, and England almost helpless in the matter, Russia should speak in uncivil tones."

The peaceful settlement of the *Alabama* question by the award of 1873 gave much satisfaction to Bright. He wrote to Granville :—

"I believe if the English Government had shewn the same wise and just disposition in times past, almost all wars with European powers since the days of William III. might have been avoided."

In 1874 the Gladstone Government had been succeeded by that of Disraeli, the first to adopt deliberately the watchword of "Imperialism" and the policy of aggression on the borders of the British Empire. This, and the threat of intervention in the Russo-Turkish quarrel, involved the country in wars and dangers of war which finally led to a reaction in favour of peace and a change of ministry.

Bright did much, though less indeed than Gladstone, to bring about the change. In 1870 he had expressed the hope that, on the question of foreign policy, "I may yet have strength given me to speak at least one speech to my countrymen—for their blindness upon it has been their bane, and it may be their ruin."* The wish was more than fulfilled. In 1877-8 he was able to make several strong and strongly-reasoned speeches against the threatened Russian War. One of the best, delivered at Birmingham on January 13th, 1878, has several passages of historical interest even then, which have now gained a fresh significance. He reminded his hearers that in 1839 "some

*To Gladstone, December 14th, 1870.

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people had really so nearly approached a condition fit for Bedlam that they believed the Russians were likely to come through the Baltic and invade the east coast of England," and then he went no to draw a parallel between conditions in 1854-5 and 1877-8.

" But still, we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that there is something of a war party in this country, and that it has free access to some, and indeed to not a few, of the newspapers of the London press. If there is any man here who thinks the question of our policy doubtful, if there is any man in the country who shall read what I say now who is in doubt, I ask him to look back to the policy of twenty-three years ago, and to see how it was then tried, and how it succeeded or how it failed. The arguments were the same then exactly as they are now. The falsehoods were the same. The screechings and howlings of a portion of the press were just about the same. But the nation now—and if nations learned nothing, how long could they be sustained ?—has learned something, and it has risen above this. I am persuaded that there is a great difference of opinion as to Russian policy in the main, or Turkish policy in this war, and men may pity especially the suffering on the one side or the suffering on the other—for my share I pity the sufferings on both sides—and whatever may be our differences of opinion, I think it is conclusively proved that the vast bulk of all the opinion that is influential in this country upon this question leads to this—that the nation is for a strict and rigid neutrality throughout this war.

" It is a painful and terrible thing to think how easy it is to stir up a nation to war. Take up any decent history of this country from the time

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of William III. until now—for two centuries, or nearly so—and you will find that wars are always supported by a class of arguments which, after the war is over, people find were arguments they should not have listened to. It is just so now, for, unfortunately, there still remains the disposition to be excited on these questions. Some poet, I forget which it is, has said :—

> " Religion, freedom, vengeance, what you will,
> A word's enough to raise mankind to kill ;
> Some cunning phrase by faction caught and spread,
> That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed."

" Some cunning phrase by faction caught and spread," like the cunning phrase of the " balance of power," which has been described as the ghastly phantom which the Government of this country has been pursuing for more than two centuries, and has never yet overtaken. " Some cunning phrase " like that we have now of " British interests." Lord Derby has said the wisest thing that has been uttered by any member of the Administration during the discussion on this war, when he said that the greatest of British interests is peace. And a hundred, far more than a hundred public meetings have lately said the same, and millions of households of men and women have thought the same. To-night we shall say amen to this wise declaration."

Happily the war-party of 1878 had less power than its forerunner of 1855. But its passions were as easily inflamed and as reckless. A jingo mob broke Mr. Gladstone's windows. Bright was attacked and roughly handled on leaving a peace-meeting at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on April 30th. A fortnight later his wife died, and he took no further active part in the peace campaign, although he watched its progress anxiously.

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Next year, in his annual speech to his constituents* he denounced "this unpleasant business" of the Afghan War then in progress, as one "deformed by falseness and dishonour." This judgment he re-iterated in the following year, with fuller information.†

"It was a war begun in the dark, carried on in secret by a diplomacy which was denied in both Houses of Parliament, and falsely denied. It was begun against the evidence and opinion . . . of all the sensible and just men who have heretofore been thought the greatest authorities upon Indian matters. . . . Our Government, by its policy, has carried anarchy, and war, and slaughter, and fire throughout the whole of that country."

Again (January 22nd) he said:—"You hear of the hanging of scores of men, you hear of villages burnt, of women and children turned out into the snow and the cold of this inclement season, and all done at the command of a Government and a people professing to be wiser, more intelligent, more humane, and more Christian than those upon whom those attacks are made. . . . Take down, at any rate, your Ten Commandments from inside your churches, and say no longer that you read, or believe in, or regard, the Sermon on the Mount. Abandon your Christian pretensions, or else abandon your savage and heathen practices."

These wars upon native races always aroused Bright's deep indignation, and in this election campaign of 1880 he had for text not only the Afghan, but the Zulu war. In allusion to both, he said,‡ "I believe all wars are savage and cruel,

*Birmingham, April 16th, 1879. †March 28th, 1880.
‡January 22nd, 1880.

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—but I mean harsh and cruel wars on uncivilized or half-civilized men. When I read of transactions of that kind something always puts to me this question, What is it that makes, if anything makes, this needless and terrible slaughter different in its nature from those transactions which we call murder ? . . . At most, in regard to either of these people, the case was one of suspicion ; but was it right, upon a mere suspicion, that a country like this should send in the one case 20,000, and in the other 40,000 troops, to invade territories, and to put to death not less, perhaps, than 20,000 men engaged in the defence of their own country, which in our case we considered honourable and needful ? " He had the courage on a later occasion to describe the Zulu warriors as men " who, if they had been of our nation, would have had songs written in their honour, and magnificent orations delivered in their praise, and their leading men who fell would have found, no doubt, a home for their bones and a tablet in Westminster Abbey."*

In this same speech one passage is peculiarly characteristic of the tenderness which always underlay his abhorrence of war and oppression. It may be compared with the description of his little children which occurs in the midst of his great speech on America (June 30th, 1863). Next to children, Bright loved animals,and his eloquence made the sufferings of the army camels an item in the indictment of the Disraeli Government.

" You know something of the untold miseries which war brings upon men and women and little children ; but there is one point that nobody, so far as I know, has ever touched upon, that which

*Birmingham, March 28th, 1880.

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has always had a certain interest for me, and which has excited my sympathy. I have seen in some of the narratives of the Afghan war that all the region round had been swept for camels as beasts of burden for the forces. What became of the camels? The least number I have heard it put at was 30,000—it has been reckoned as high as 40,000 or 50,000 camels, who have perished in these expeditions. One of our greatest poets in a beautiful stanza, has one line where he says, "Mute the camel labours with the heaviest load," and though the camel is not able by any voice of his to make protest or complaint, yet the burdened, overdriven, exhausted, dying beast—I cannot but believe that even the cruelties inflicted on him will be found written upon imperishable tablets by the recording angel."

The General Election of 1880, marked by Mr. Gladstone's great Midlothian campaign, ended in a decisive victory for the Liberals. Bright again entered the Cabinet, but his tenure of office was not to be long. With his colleagues he became involved in the deplorable South African policy, and cannot be acquitted of a share of responsibility for the errors and delays which culminated in the disaster of Majuba Hill. But when he awoke to the facts, he was one of the strongest influences for peace and conciliation. Indeed, if hostilities had been continued, the Cabinet would in all probability have lost both Bright and Chamberlain. The discoveries of the mistakes of this year had probably aroused his vigilance, for he became a strong opponent of the Cabinet's Egyptian policy, although in this struggle he stood alone. When the bombardment of Alexandria took place, he resigned. The only wonder is that he delayed so long, but Gladstone had repeatedly assured him

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that the negotiations would have a peaceful end, and he was very reluctant to embarrass a Government, to some of whose members he was bound by ties of old and intimate friendship. On July 12th he wrote to Gladstone, announcing his resignation and explaining it by "the doctrines connected with foreign policy which I have preached and defended during forty years of my public life." Gladstone urged reconsideration, but Bright was inflexible. "I cannot allow the country" (he wrote next day) "to assume that I have supported, or do support, a policy the results of which are so dreadful, and to which I have been opposed." Again, on July 15th :—

"I should ruin myself in the estimation of all those who have been influenced by my teaching on what should be our foreign policy, and on the moral code by which we ought to be, and by which I feel myself bound. There is nothing the world can offer me which would make amends for the remorse I should feel if I were associated with the policy in which the Cabinet is involved, and from which I fear it is not willing or able to free itself. I told Lord Hartington some time ago that I thought what was advocated, and what was being done, would destroy the Gover ment and break up the Party. I fear that misfortune is before us, for to me the prospect is very dark. From your conversation to-day, and from your letter or memorandum, I am driven to the conclusion that there is a wide gulf, wider than I had supposed, between your views and mine."

Mr. Gladstone, in the letter, had addressed him "as one whom I suppose not to believe all use whatever of military force to be unlawful, as one who detests war in general and believes most wars to have been sad errors (in which I greatly agree

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with you), but who in regard to any particular use of force would look upon it for a justifying cause, and after it would endeavour to appreciate its actual effect." Then, after a careful statement of the case, he added, "I feel that in being party to this work I have been a labourer in the cause of peace."*

Bright, as we have seen, was not convinced, and although he refrained from a campaign against the Egyptian War on the lines of his speeches in the Crimean War, his condemnation of it never wavered. In his short speech to the House of Commons explaining his resignation, he described the bombardment as "a manifest breach not only of international law, but also of the moral law." His other public utterance at the time took the form of a reply† to the Reverend Thomas Rippon, who had drawn his attention to a criticism by the *Spectator*.

"The *Spectator* and other supporters of this war answer me by saying that I oppose the war because I condemn all war. The same thing was said during the Crimean War.

"I have not opposed any war on the ground that all war is unlawful and immoral. I have never expressed such an opinion. I have discussed these questions of war, Chinese, Crimean, Afghan, Zulu, Egyptian, on grounds common to and admitted by all thoughtful men, and have condemned them with arguments which I believe have never been answered.

"I will not discuss the abstract question. I shall be content when we reach the point at which all Christian men will condemn war when it is unnecessary, unjust, and leading to no useful or

*Morley, *Life of Gladstone, II.*, pp. 324-5.
†*Public Letters*, p. 273.

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good result. We are far from that point now, but we make some way towards it.

"But of this war I may say this, that it has no better justification than other wars which have gone before it, and that, doubtless, when the blood is shed, and the cost paid, and the results seen and weighed, we shall be generally of that opinion. Perhaps the bondholders and those who have made money by it, and those who have got promotion and titles and pensions, will defend it, but thoughtful and Christian men will condemn it."

In 1883, at the meeting of the Liberation Society, he attacked in scathing language a thanksgiving for the Egyptian campaign promulgated by one Bishop in his diocese, in which was the phrase, "Teach us to see that Thy hand hath done it." "It proves" (said Bright) "the indestructible quality that there is in the Christian faith, that it should so long have survived the treason of those who pretend to teach it."

Apart from his opposition to the Home Rule Bill, which was largely based on his detestation of the disorder and violence by which the Nationalist agitation had been defaced, Bright in his last years took little part in politics. He watched with apprehension the growth of the militarist spirit in both political parties—a growth which led to Mr. Gladstone's resignation of leadership a few years later—and he found no politician willing to take up his mantle and go forth as an apostle of peace.

What then had he accomplished in the cause of peace during almost fifty years of political activity? Throughout his life he had stood firmly for principles of foreign policy, which were profoundly unpopular when he first advocated

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them, yet became the admitted maxims of the British Government for many years of the nineteenth century. He denounced secret diplomacy and entangling treaties, and the heedless spirit which goes to war for prestige or intervenes in quarrels where the country's interests are not involved. With Cobden's help, he taught the nations to know one another better, and showed them the folly of the panic-breeding competition in armaments. When Lord Derby, in 1878, declared that "the greatest of British interests is peace," he showed himself a pupil in the school of Bright and Cobden. But it needed less wisdom to draw this moral after the object lesson of the Crimean War and the convulsions of Europe during the '60's and '70's. Bright had the courage and insight to teach the principles of peace in the midst of the fury and madness of war. As Mr. Trevelyan says, he "showed the world how a war can be patriotically denounced, with permanent effects upon opinions in favour of keeping peace."* Yet eloquence and patriotism had inspired the leaders of the opposition to the American and French Wars, but they did not stand as remote from all suspicion of personal or party advantage as did Bright and Cobden, who manfully risked (and incurred) the loss of political prospects and popular influence to uphold what they believed to be right in itself and for the true interests of their country.

"Amongst innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unsedue'd, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind."

Bright was equally ready to give up office itself for the sake of principle, but this was a lesser

*Trevelyan, p. 218.

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sacrifice than those he underwent during the Crimean War. He was devoid of the personal ambition which finds its reward in political power and patronage, and he was always more ready to leave than enter a Ministry. And his countrymen felt assured that the moral principles which he advocated in his political speeches were the same in kind as those guiding his individual conduct. This, rather than his eloquence, gave him his unequalled hold upon the affections of the working-people. Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, said (on the "silver wedding" of Bright's representation of the city), "The man is greater than the eloquence, the man is nobler than his service. . . . I believe he has elevated the national ideal of political morality." The same thought inspired Mr .Gladstone's tribute in the House of Commons after Bright's death.

It was a common sneer of their opponents (even echoed by Tennyson) that Bright and Cobden's advocacy of peace was based on the fear of the mere monetary and commercial losses of war. Bright had lived through the years following Waterloo, and he had seen the abject wretchedness of the mass of the people, due to the pressure of war debt and war taxation. As he said, he cared for the condition of the people among whom he lived, and the impulse of pity and indignation inspired his opposition to the Corn Laws and to war. In his old age he wrote, "In war the working-men find the main portion of the blood which is shed, and on them fall the poverty and misery which are occasioned by the increase of taxes and damage to industry."* The economic arguments against war are neither ignoble nor unpatriotic, and Bright never shrank from em-

**Public Letters*, p. 293.

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ploying them. But the moral argument fills and colours every speech which he made. This duty of his teaching may be closed by the peroration from perhaps his most characteristic speech.*

. . . I do most devoutly believe that the moral law was not written for man alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens. If nations reject and deride that moral law, there is a penalty which will inevitably follow. It may not come at once, it may not come in our lifetime ; but, rely upon it, the great Italian poet is not a poet only, but a prophet when he says,

> " The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite,
> Nor yet doth linger."

We have experience, we have beacons, we have landmarks enough. We know what the past has cost us, we know how much and how far we have wandered, but we are not left without a guide. It is true we have not, as an ancient people had, Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems on Aaron's breast—from which to take counsel, but we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide us, and only so far as we walk by that guidance can we be permanently a great nation or our people a happy people."

*On Foreign Policy, Birmingham, October 29th, 1858.

MARGARET E. HIRST.

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I. THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE NATION.

A Criticism.

I am glad that Miss C. L. Maynard, in her article *Resistance and Non-Resistance*, in the October issue of this magazine, has drawn a distinction between individual and national morality, for I am sure that needless difficulty has arisen through ignoring it; but I am not clear that she has drawn it in the best way. We all, of course, reject *in toto* the modern German doctrine that there is no moral law at all for nations because there is no authority higher than the State. But I am at a loss to know why Miss Maynard should imply that in her judgment the Old Testament provides a satisfactory standard of national morality. "While the disciple of Christ has from the first lived under the Sermon on the Mount, the nations as a whole necessarily live under the rule of the Old Testament." Why *necessarily?* Does the writer mean that the law of Christ can never govern international relations? If so, what is the Kingdom of God, and why are we taught to pray for its coming? I imagine that the prayer "Thy will be done on earth" is to be taken seriously, as applying to communities as well as to individuals.

The real distinction, I suggest, is that a nation —even the most truly civilised—is only partly Christian, while the individual has no business to be so. It would be generally regarded as Utopian to expect a whole nation to be fired with religious enthusiasm of the purest kind, and able, therefore, to act like the early Christian Church; but we must never say this of individuals. We may expect individual Christians, in their dealings with other individuals, to strive to act out the principles

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of their Master to the full—and Miss Maynard shows that she does so expect them. What one misses in her article is a sufficient recognition of the thought that a Christian's duty is to influence his country in the same direction, and never to rest satisfied till its way of life is changed into Christ's way—till it has discarded self-assertion and self-interest for righteousness, love, and faith.

What Miss Maynard seems to imply is that since the nation cannot be expected at once to rise to the Christian way, the individual Christian may rightly abandon his task of striving to transform the nation, and adopt its way instead of Christ's way. Because the nation is partly Christian (as we may thankfully claim it is), embodying to a certain degree the principles of "justice, order, liberty, and kindness"—therefore "every member of it should be content to suffer and die for its sake." No doubt he should; but the question at issue is whether he should be content to *kill other people* for its sake. Miss Maynard apparently judges that he should, and this without limit or condition. "All hesitation is left behind, and clear as the thrilling sound of the trumpet comes the call to defend the existence and liberty of our land with our whole might, and be ready to fight to the death for her dear sake." (To "fight to the death" obviously means to the death of other people and not only of ourselves.) Well, now, does Miss Maynard really mean this? Suppose when we went to war with China to force her to take our Indian opium, China had won and had been able to invade India: ought Christians then to have gone to fight, and "left behind all hesitation"? If yes, then we are committed to the immoral doctrine "my country right or wrong," and directed to put patriotism

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before Christ. That cannot be our friend's meaning, because she says our fighting must be "to keep the Empire righteous within," as well as "intact without," and she maintains elsewhere that "ethics is a finer thing for which to lay down life than even the existence of a nation." So we are shut up to the other alternative, that we are to judge whether our country is right or not, and are only to fight for her if we are satisfied that her cause is just. But this is exactly what, until the war is over, we have no real means of doing, for we are only allowed to hear one side of the case. There is probably no single war that England has ever waged in which it is not clear, looking back, that she was partly at fault. That at least was (if I remember correctly) John Bright's opinion; and it is certainly true of the Crimean war, which he was almost alone among public men in opposing. Is it not just conceivable that historians may find serious flaws in our own country's foreign dealings during the last ten years? It seems to me clear that if we are only to fight when we know beyond all question that our country's cause is completely just, our "countenance will be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and we shall hesitate until it is too late to fight at all.

With the last paragraph, which contains a serious call to us to consider whether we are fit as a people to constitute ourselves the Lord's avengers, I find myself in cordial unity; and I submit that if we follow out the spirit of these sentences our conviction will grow clearer and stronger that, if we call ourselves followers of Christ, there are other ways in which we must seek to serve our country than by the slaughter of our fellow-men.

EDWARD GRUBB.

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II. THE RIGHTEOUS SWORD.

MANY of the readers of the *Examiner* no doubt turned with some eagerness to the pages from the pen of Miss C. L. Maynard which appeared in the last number. The revered past Mistress of Westfield College is well known to many of us. She has often in the past helped our Society by kindly appreciation and also by criticism. She respects our convictions but she does not altogether share them, though she is with us in sympathy very often. This is especially noticeable in her article on *Resistance and Non-Resistance*, which, to my mind, shows that she has not quite understood the fundamental truth of Quakerism. Miss Maynard admits that our Lord's words on non-resistance to physical force are wholly unmistakeable, she believes they apply to the individual, but that the individual and the nation are under a different law. Logically therefore, according to this view action that is wrong for a man to take as an individual may be right for him to take as a part of the nation.

At once we have a double standard of morality set before us, which can in no way be reconciled with the tender Quaker conscience enlightened by the spirit of Christ. Miss Maynard says that "the world awoke sometime during last century, and so greatly has altruism grown, that we look on the whole human race with different eyes." Surely we must look back a long way further than that. It was in 1660 that George Fox in his famous *Declaration from the Harmles and Innocent People of God called Quakers*, which he issued on the occasion of the Restoration of Charles II., expressed the following views :—

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"The Kingdom of Christ God will exalt according to his promise, and cause it to grow and flourish in righteousness, not by might nor by Power of outward Sword, but by my Spirit saith the Lord. So that those who use any weapon to fight for Christ and for the establishing of his Kingdom and Government—both the Spirit, Principle and Practice in that we deny. And as for the Kingdoms of this World, we cannot covet them, much less can we fight for them: but we do earnestly desire and waite, that the Kingdoms of this World may become the Kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ."

We know well from contemporary Quaker history that many in the ranks of Cromwell's army, men who believed themselves to be wielding the "Sword of the Lord and of Gideon" became converted by the preaching of Fox and his followers. These were later led, by the silent waiting upon God, into the truth that it was unlawful for the Christian to take the life of a fellow creature. This revelation did not come all at once, or to them all, but spread gradually during the course of a few years. The history of these years may be found re-stated in the *Contemporary Review* for November in an article entitled *Cromwell's Quaker Soldiers*, by Miss Mabel R. Brailsford.

The reasoning by which Miss Maynard endeavours to make us see that it is right to fight in this war seems to me to be based on some unjustifiable assumptions.

First of all, her definition "A nation is a community set by the Father of spirits to embody certain principles of justice, order, liberty, and kindness," cannot possibly be applied to any group of individuals which form any modern nation. For example, take our own nation, for which we can by no means claim that divine origin. The bands of savage marauders from Saxony, Jutland, and Denmark who during the fifth, sixth, and succeeding three centuries invaded this island and by their final union formed

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the English nation, were not at all regarded as divine by the more cultured and partly Christianised inhabitants who were driven into remote Highlands and Islands.

Miss Maynard also makes tremendous claims for our nation which few historians, if we consult sober ones like W. E. Lecky or Lord Bryce, will be found to support. She refers us to the *Times* for proofs that nations which England has conquered are all unanimous in their approval of her rule. I do not think any one really quite believes that the Harmsworth Press is always truthful. She appeals to India and various outlying parts of the Empire to confirm this view. But we cannot ask India, or the Zulus, or other far-off nations, who are dumb save when those who are interested choose to interpret them.

We can ask the inhabitants of the nearest part of our Empire, the four million Celtic people of Ireland, once, alas, nearly twice that number. Subdued by the most cruel and bloody wars of conquest, persecuted in their religion, which they had adopted while the Anglo-Saxons were still barbarous believers in Odin and Thor, crushed as to their industries by the jealousy of English monopolists even down to the nineteenth century, what answer does Ireland give ?

Some of us will question where this wonderful altruism of the British nation was, during the Boer war, which took place much less than fifty years ago. Those of us who visited Italy, Switzerland, France, and Germany during the three years of that war, did not find the people we met there in the least convinced of the Righteousness of the Sword in our hand. They saw the prosperous, well-governed Orange Free State, a South African Belgium, ravaged by our mighty War Lord.

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Farms burned down, women and children driven into concentration camps. Some will never forget that twenty thousand women and children died in these camps; they have a vision of the little, little graves. Men forget these things when war is over, but mothers ponder them in their hearts.

Miss Maynard grants that nations are not Christian, she believes that our nation and others "as a whole necessarily live under the rule of the Old Testament." She does not seem even to regret the assumed necessity of this. But is it a fact? The Scotch Covenanters, Cromwell's Ironsides, Gustavus Vasa's Swedish soldiers, the Boers of the Transvaal were "Old Testament Christians." But for materialistic England and Germany, or for the peoples of France, Italy, Belgium, Russia, who are absolutely ignorant of the Old Testament, for them no such claim can be made.

No, emphatically no. War is pagan; there is no such thing as a "Christian sword." War is the survival of the brute in man, women only countenance it because they are "men pleasers."

Some of us see hope for the world when the mother-heart of nations, spiritualized by sorrow, may lead men to see the folly and wickedness of international strife.

With regard to non-resistance, Miss Maynard, like so many who argue against its power, forgets the moral effect of the attitude of the non-resister upon the attacker.

The question people put is, would you like to be trampled on by the French? or the Russians? or the Germans? or whoever for the time being may represent the enemy.

Now non-resisters when they have true moral courage, and are filled with a sense of the Divine protection, have over and over again proved that

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their attitude has a strange and wonderful effect on those who were opposed to them. Individuals who can testify to this are still among us. We can also point to the seventy years' experience of the Pennsylvania settlers among savage Indian tribes.

With regard to the missionary, we have the record of Mungo Park, and of David Livingstone with his wife and children, who travelled in the heart of Africa and were never molested. Gentle women also, like Mary Kingsley, who went among the cannibals, and Mrs. Bishop, who dared to travel in China and Persia, in places where she was absolutely unprotected, are shining examples.

Of course, missionaries have been murdered, but that has often happened, after they have been followed by the vile trader in opium or alcohol, supported by the gun-boat on the coast.

Had we a single nation which was truly Christian in its relations with other nations, who knows what a tremendous moral power it might wield ?

In the meantime our nation does possess a small band of true non-resisters on religious grounds. It has legally acknowledged the fact, and there are thousands, I believe, who, whilst not daring to trust in the power of God for themselves, are yet glad that the Quakers still stand firm.

We cannot test our non-resistance principles, for between us and the protection of Almighty God the armed hand of man waves what he calls " the Righteous Sword," symbolic of all the inhuman and ghastly methods of modern war.

Which nation will be the first to hear the voice of the Divine revelation of the Father's Love, " Put up thy sword into its sheath " ?

JANE S. THOMPSON.

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III.

RESISTANCE AND NON-RESISTANCE.

THE paper under the above heading in last *Examiner* gives food for thought. May I offer an answer to it ?

In the first place the paper appears to assume that the necessary basis of the Friends' Peace Testimony is the doctrine of Non-Resistance. This is, I believe, a misapprehension. Most Friends who continue to hold the conviction that all war, even the present, is contrary to the mind of Christ, are by no means definite adherents of the Doctrine of Non-Resistance. Nor does it appear to be the fact that their not being so is a logical inconsistency. It can scarcely be maintained that the principle which may lead me to believe that it is wrong to kill, maim, and injure in a just cause, must of necessity also imply that I must oppose all use of legal restraint upon criminals, when the greatest care is taken that they are in no way injured, far less killed. The principle of Non-Resistance, as Miss Maynard understands it, would certainly cover both cases, but there are other principles which would cover the former, and have practically no bearing upon the latter. For example, the principle that, as in each man there is something of the Divine life, Human life is sacred, and the follower of Christ cannot take the responsibility of destroying it.*

*NOTE.—The view often expressed that I am responsible for the death of those whom by destruction of their assailants I might have defended, is fallacious. The assailant and he alone is responsible. All that can be laid upon me as a responsibility is that I use every moral means to deter him from his murderous design. But for me to murder him is myself to share in the crime he intended to commit.

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The general view of Friends is, I believe, that the whole trend of the Teaching and example of Christ is opposed to the practice of war, even defensive war, in a way that, whatever be the meaning that we assign to the words "Resist not him that is evil," it is not opposed to the ordinary methods of administration of criminal justice.* This does not mean that Friends approve any and every use of police and prison. Their record with regard to prison reform, surely, precludes that assumption. But rather their general view would be that some form of state action towards evil-doers within the state is necessary, and that our present system is capable of such modification and addition as may bring it into line with the spirit of the Teaching of Jesus. Whereas nothing can so reform war. The former may be amended, the latter must be ended.

Friends, then, condemn all war. But this does not imply that they thereby condemn either our Government, that felt itself compelled to take up arms, in what the country has almost unanimously recognised as a just cause; far less that they condemn the individual soldiers who have risen to great heights of self-sacrifice in doing what they cannot regard as better than a terrible and most distasteful necessity. These acts they recognise to be in accord with the generally-accepted standard of morality, which the great majority of our fellow-countrymen have scarcely thought of doubting. It is the standard itself that Friends condemn. If, then, Friends were to take a personal part in the war, in so far as they were convinced that all war is wrong, they would be consciously sinning. But they would be far from suggesting

*Most Friends are, I suppose, opponents of capital punishment.

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that those who had never doubted that war might be a grim but righteous necessity, were sinning in taking part in it. There can be no sin until a law or ideal which has been recognised as right in principle, is set at nought in action. Nevertheless, if Friends' testimony is right, those who with cheerful self-sacrifice and a light conscience are now engaged in the war, are in reality doing evil. And do what we will, this evil done will bring forth its fruit of further evil. Therefore the very difficult duty is laid upon Friends of proclaiming with all their power what they believe to be the truth, and yet remaining ever in the deepest sympathy and appreciative love towards those who they believe are doing wrong.

But now to come to Miss Maynard's argument. She allows that the doctrine of Non-Resistance applies to the actions of individuals, and may be expected to be efficacious in such cases, but holds that it would not apply in the case of States. Now some study of the question has brought me to the conclusion that *provided there were a State that was willing to make the attempt not to defend itself when attacked, there is much less probability that it would suffer severely from adherence to its principle than would an individual.* That, in short, the real objection to the use of Non-Resistance in the case of States is that there is as yet no State that believes in it, not that it would not work if there were. The reason for this belief is the very simple one that war is nowadays carried on by nations as a whole, and no nation can go to war without the vast majority of its people with it. But that as the vast majority of people in every State are in no sense criminal, they hate the thought of a war which *appears to them as aggressive.* And war against a State that would not

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defend itself could not, even by the most wily jugglery of the wickedest Government possible, be represented as a war of self-defence. In other words, that if we did but look at the facts of life straight we should recognise that, while we may *hope* by Non-Resistance to appeal to the better side of the violent and criminal *individual* who attacks us, because we believe God is not without His witness in the worst of men. We may *be certain* that our appeal of Non-Resistance will reach the better side of the attacking nation, because we *know* there is a better side. Whether such an argument would apply to all times and all nations may be doubted, but that it applies to Enrope in the twentieth century I feel certain.

Let us therefore come down to the concrete case of the present war. It may be admitted that Germany and Austria desired to make war, thinking that they could achieve a comparatively easy victory. And on the other hand, that the Allies each and all wanted peace and worked for it about as hard as was possible upon the ordinary basis of diplomacy (by "Germany" and "Austria" and "The Allies" I mean, of course in this connection the Government circles). There are at least three good reasons for believing that a policy of Non-Resistance on the part of the Allies would have prevented war. They are : The German people did not, as a whole, want war. The strongest political party in Germany (the Social-Democrats) did not want war. The best people in the German Churches did not want war. One might have been sure of these three facts from merely *a priori* reasoning, for such statements apply universally to the common people, the Christian Churches, and the Labour organisations

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in all Western nations. But we have positive evidence that in Germany these facts were so, which I think cannot be disputed :—

I. The Kaiser in his speech when war was declared is reported to have said, "The sword is forced into our hands." I do not maintain that what the Kaiser said was true. Our information goes to prove that it was false. But true or false, the question is, "Why did he say it?" The most probable answer is that he knew that large numbers of the German people would never consent to a war except in self-defence. The German Government, though, as far as we can see, it had deliberately stirred up the war, and wanted to wage it, dared not let its people believe that its designs were aggressive, and was compelled to put on an air of injured innocence in order to gain their co-operation. This is confirmed by the fact reported by many neutrals who have been in Germany since war broke out, that there is there, an almost universal belief that before war was declared, Russian Cossacks had been thirty miles over the frontier.

II. The great Social-Democratic party, which numbers nearly two-fifths of all the voters in Germany, has long been known as an opponent of all militarism and aggression, and could only have been induced to throw in its lot with a war-waging Government if it believed that self-defence necessitated the war. The Socialist members of the Reichstag who have voted for war credits have done so because they regard the war as a war of defence which was forced upon Germany. The manifesto issued officially by the party within the last few months opposing all annexation as a result of the war, sufficiently proves that the

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party does not now and never did believe in aggression.

III. The manifesto issued within a month of the outbreak of the war by the representatives of the Protestant Church in Germany is a sufficient proof that the writers honestly believed that the war had been forced upon Germany. To anyone who knows anything of the signatories of that document it is impossible to suppose that they and the many thousand German Christians for whom they speak are anything but perfectly sincere in the belief that the blame for the war lies with the Allies, perhaps especially with Great Britain. This is confirmed by the report which has come through lately that some of the most earnest Christians in Germany are sadly thinking that the whole weight of the work for the evangelization of the non-Christian world will in the future fall upon them, for English Christians are for ever proved to be only hypocrites, professing peace while they wickedly plotted war! And in some pietistic circles earnest prayer is being offered for the conversion of England!!

In not one of these cases do I suggest for a moment that the people in question are right. Their views seem to me the very reverse of true. But the point is that all with one consent maintain that the war was forced upon Germany, and that they would abhor a war of aggression. Therefore, had the Allies but been wise enough, Christian enough to take the way of Non-Resistance, it seems clear to me that war could have been avoided. But they had not seen the possibility, and the whole of Europe had for many years past paid more attention to the few clamourous tongues in each country that preached envy,

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rivalry, and race hatred, than to those who worked for a better understanding between the nations. Europe is at war because its people have interpreted one another by the worst instead of by the best that was to be seen.

Thus it appears to me that had one side believed in it, Non-Resistance would have worked. But to abstain from war is not taught by Friends primarily because it will work, but because it appears to them to be the line of conduct indicated by the life, words, and death of Christ. And we may surely have confidence that *in the end* the type of conduct taught by Jesus Christ must prove the best from every point of view. We cannot surely think of Him *both* as God manifested in the flesh, and as an entirely unpractical teacher! Even then, if the above argument is unsound, it appears to me that the way of refusal to fight must *in the end* prove the right way. In this connection I wish to point out what seems to me a very serious fallacy in Miss Maynard's argument. She says that the hope of immortal life may make it right for the individual to take the way of Non-Resistance, but for the nation there is no such immortality. This may be granted. But from these premises she then draws the conclusion that a nation may by taking the course of Non-Resistance be *slain*. Her words are, "If it is conquered and slain, there is no one to carry on its work, and the world is poorer for the loss." We may admit that if a nation were wiped out entirely, it would be a very serious thing, and that for the sake of the world at large, nations ought to preserve their lives. But is it really possible to imagine that, at any rate, between Western nations, such a thing as the massacre of the whole population, or practically the whole population, of a Non-

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Resisting nation could occur? There have, indeed, been outrages of the most terrible description in the present war. But in nearly every case they have been by way of reprisals for alleged infraction of the usages of war, or have been due to the unrestrained lust of the victors after the fight. But against a non-resisting population there could be no ground for reprisals, and as there would be no fight, there would also be no excitement and bad blood raised by it. One would then have to suppose a deliberate and cold-blooded determination to murder wholesale. This is impossible with any of the troops of Western Europe. But this wholesale massacre which Miss Maynard rightly desires to avoid in the case of the one nation, is something very little worse than what is likely to be the fate of half-a-dozen nations, unless this war comes to an end very shortly. The value in much of the best of human life that has already been wasted is probably entirely beyond computation. The leaders, teachers, and idealists of Europe have already fallen by the hundred on the battlefields of this war. Would it not be better for one nation to risk extinction (though it is almost impossible to believe that there is even the risk of any such thing), than for all to lose much of their best!

In *Christ and War*,* which was issued some eight months before war broke out, I argued that Great Britain ought to disarm, and could do so without much probability of danger. Danger that is to the life and well-being of her people. That there *might* be loss of Empire, and perhaps for a time loss of commerce, may be granted. But that the loss of either of these translated into terms of life could be anything approaching what we

*Page 187 ¶.

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have already lost in this war is wildly improbable. It may be objected that our Empire has done good, and we are therefore bound to maintain it. But are we bound to do the certain evil involved in war in order to avert the possibility of a loss that might occur? Also, who can be certain that by war we shall retain the Empire? Has not our participation in this war brought about great possibilities of disunion and disruption of Empire? But far more fundamental than that is the further question: Can it be said, in face of the teaching of Jesus Christ, that an Empire, in the sense of subject peoples, is a Christian thing at all? Miss Maynard agrees that the means by which we obtained it will not bear inspection. Though it may be allowed that some good has resulted from it, can it be held that either some of the purposes for which it is now held, or many of the means employed in its maintenance, are Christian? Surely just as for the individual, so for a State there may be a great good achieved by losing the whole world, and gaining its own soul? By striving only for the highest good, a nation might lose the material possibilities of doing some kinds of good, but can we still believe in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and think that there would not thereby be opened to it the possibility of doing spiritual good on a far vaster scale?

It may well be that no nation is yet ready for this. But ought not the Christian Churches to face the question boldly, and uncompromisingly work for the real following of Christ? Christian people generally do lip service to the peace ideal, but say that *now* we must be satisfied with a second-best: that the ideal is too high for the ordinary man to attain to. And so the Labourists

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and Socialists go into the Kingdom before us, and the Children of the Kingdom are shut out. Why? For one reason only, that we have failed to see that as soon as we recognise an ideal as right, we are in duty bound to work for its realisation; that there is only one excuse valid for not working for the realisation of the highest ideal, and that is, that we have not seen it.

WILLIAM E. WILSON.

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IV.

THE NATION AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

THE nation and the individual are related to one another, but not rightly comparable. A nation can only express its life through individuals. Too often in the past it has been the aggressive or selfish individuals in a nation who have exploited their fellows under the dominating influence of "the will to power." On the other hand, there have been patriots, like Mazzini, who have voiced the soul of nationality. But, speaking generally, it is true to say that the majority of the individuals who form the nations of the world have been, and still are, inarticulate. In the case of wars in which nations have been involved, the mass of the people have never been consulted, and in the majority of cases the fighting men have not understood what they were fighting for, apart from the defence of their hearths and homes. Carlyle's famous illustration of their masters having fallen out still holds good, and the worker answers out of the simplicity of his heart, "What they killed each other for I never well made out."

The national idea occupies a prominent place in the Old Testament, and we see a marked evolution of thought concerning it. Judged from the point of view of the prophets, the idea of "the will to power" is transformed, in the case of Israel, into that of the will to service through suffering. This transformation is most noticeable in the inspired eloquence of the second Isaiah. National self-interest is here swallowed up in the vision of a world redeemed by a nation wholly given up to the service of Jehovah.

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In the New Testament the evolution of the idea is advanced another stage. That eminent French scholar, Alfred Loisy, in his book on "The War and Religion," expresses the view that "the gospel of Jesus implies the non-existence of nationality: it effaces it."* In some measure the tide of the Roman occupation obliterated the national landmarks, and this fact may, in part, account for the small place the idea occupies in the Gospels. But we must look elsewhere for the chief reason. It was the birth of the new idea of the kingdom of heaven that killed, in the minds of the early Christians, the purely national idea which had been its forerunner. It was the kingdom of the spirit which was to unite (or leaven) all nations in one family, under the headship of "our Father which art in heaven." The early believers of this message of the kingdom attempted to give permanence to it by the establishment of a temporal church, which meant temporal power, and this led them on to "the will to power," and the citizens of the heavenly kingdom were divided one against another and fell back on the old idea of nationality as the basis of unity. It had many attractions and advantages: in family life, as a unit in the national life, in a common speech and history, in community of ideas. Nevertheless, the national idea has always been to a large extent opposed to the Christian idea. The reason for this is explained when we remember that nationality is stimulated by aggression from without and becomes most acutely conscious of itself in the attitude of self-defence. Self-interest too often overrules the laws of humanity. As Richard Roberts put the case recently in *The Venturer*: "The origin of national feeling is in the self-interest of a group. In the first instance the interest was probably a purely material one; but

* That this view has not been generally accepted is admitted.

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with the growth of the sense of nationality, more sentimental interests became attached to the material interests, *e.g.*, the notion of national pride and honour, which have required defence no less than the former, and which, indeed, have frequently been raised above it in importance."

Nationality and Christianity are brought into collision over the question of the value of the individual. Nations estimate their strength by units of physical and material power*; the Christian Church is concerned primarily with units of spiritual power. One deals with the seen and the other with the unseen forces of the universe. There is, therefore, a different scale of values in the mind of the statesman or general from that held by the citizen of the heavenly kingdom. Both recognise sacrifice as a high attainment for the individual, but the *end* to be attained by such sacrifice is in the one case material and in the other spiritual. Miss Maynard, in a recent number of the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, has suggested that the scale of values can be stated in a formula. She says :—

" The individual man has his short training time here, and then all eternity is before him, so that after all it is but small matter whether he is robbed, spoiled, beaten, or even slain ; it is but a hurrying over his schooldays here below, while he himself, his inner soul, is safe, unblemished, ennobled by that which he has gone through."

" But the life of the nation is the opposite of this in almost every respect. . . . A nation is a community set by the Father of spirits to embody certain principles of justice, order, liberty, and kindness, both in its rule over its own subjects and in its influence over other people around, and every member of it should be content to suffer and die for its sake. If it is conquered and slain, there is no one to carry on its work, and the world is the poorer for the loss."

*A friend of mine who has recently joined the colours, writes me, " I have come to the conclusion that a soldier is nothing but a machine ; at any rate, from the officer's point of view."

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Now, the New Testament lays emphasis on the *importance* of the individual life. The miracles of Jesus illustrate this; likewise many of the parables, such, for instance, as the lost sheep, the prodigal son, and the good Samaritan. The Gospel message is charged with the value of personality. The spirit-filled life is to be a life overflowing into other persons, that they too may be filled. Sacrifice bears a two-fold meaning: giving up the world and giving out one's life in service for others. The thought of dying for one's country, as we understand it on the battlefield, is not to be found in the teaching of Jesus. Had He wished to extol this form of sacrifice, what a magnificent illustration He had close at hand in the glowing patriotism of the Maccabees. Instead of consider the lilies, Jesus might have pointed to Judas Maccabeus and urged His hearers to follow his patriotic zeal. The fact that Jesus did not do so is surely evidence that He had a stop in His wind, as Friends used to say. The reason is not far to seek. National wars have always coincided with the revival of national gods—the gods of battle—and Jesus Christ recognised one God only —the Father of all mankind.

Further, a nation being a community of independent beings, created, unlike the bees, with a hunger for freedom and self-realisation, any teaching which insists that the life of the nation is more important than the life of the individual must be very closely examined before it is accepted. It is this very teaching which is at the bottom of German militarism to-day, where the State (personified by the Kaiser) has taken the place of God and demands the sacrifice of millions of human lives. It ignores altogether the value of personsality.

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When sacrifice is interpreted in New Testament terms it means giving one's life for a friend. This is safe and right, interpreting friend in the broad way in which Jesus did neighbour: then all the world becomes the fatherland of the Christian. In the words of Lowell :—

> " His fatherland must be
> As the blue heaven, wide and free,
> Where'er a human heart doth wear
> Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves
> Where'er a human spirit strives
> After a life more true and fair,
> There is the true man's birthplace grand,
> His is a world-wide fatherland."

Teaching of the nature that it does not matter what happens to the individual in this world, " whether he be robbed, spoiled, beaten, or even slain, it is but a hurrying on his schooldays here below," seems to me to be soulless and irrational; I do not recognise it as the teaching of Jesus. Not a sparrow falls to the ground but what God takes count of it, and of much more value than a sparrow is a single human soul in His sight.* The worth of the individual life has been at the root of all true reform and philanthropic effort, and the belittling of the individual life has been a part of every war. There is much in national life which is the very opposite of this teaching, and until the true Christian democracy arrives, the rich and the poweful will be ever prone to trample underfoot the weak ones. National life, as we see it to-day, does not always give expression to the old saying " live and let live " : the individual is too frequently the prey of that blessed word

*The full meaning of " giving one's life " has been lost sight of in the pagan conception that it is a greater thing to die for one's country than to *live* for it.

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"exploitation."* Strength exploits weakness, privilege and vested interest exploit labour, the rich exploit the poor, majorities exploit minorities, so that instead of national life being built on a permanent and expanding basis of truth and righteousness, it is unstable in character by reason of the clash of class interests and the consequent discord underlying the national life. Even in times of peace, national life is like a slumbering volcano or a seething cauldron; it is ever in a state of flux. It may rumble and seethe for a generation, but the internal forces are such that one day there must come a great eruption or boiling over in a war or a revolution.

A community of people united alone by earth ties is bound to be combative, and is ever liable to revert to barbarism. The present war is an illustration of this. Even supposing that the national life was the expression of the intellect of a nation, it would not be safe as a guide, apart from the tests of conscience and the Light within.

To ask us to agree, therefore, to the formula that a nation is a community set by the Father of spirits to embody certain principles of justice, order, liberty, and kindness, both in its rule over its own subjects and in its influence on the people around, and every member of it should be content to suffer and die for its sake" is, in my judgment, unreasonable and destructive of the fundamental teaching of Christianity. Judged by one test alone, the formula stands condemned as ridiculous. What principles of justice, order, liberty,

*An illustration of the use of this word occurred in the daily press only this week. It was reported that a Swedish gentleman had discovered an explosive of much greater power than any explosive being used in the war, and that a powerful syndicate had been formed to exploit it.

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and kindness are peculiar to any one nation in particular ?* True, some nations, at certain periods in their history, have apprehended these principles in a fuller sense than others ; but the principles themselves are eternal and international. It is the conceit and pride of nations that in their own strength they are better than their neighbours (*i.e.*, possessing these principles in a fuller sense) that makes so-called national honour and dignity at times as nauseous as the pride and self-complacency of the Pharisee who thanked God that he was not as other men. That is why patriotism is so often degraded to that pernicious formula, " my country right or wrong." Lowell has so ably dealt with this particular heresy that it would be a waste of words to do more than quote what he says :—

" It is an abuse of language to call a certain portion of land,—much more, certain personages, elevated for the time being to high station,—our country. I would not sever or loosen a single one of those ties by which we are united to the spot of our birth, nor minish by a tittle the respect due to the magistrate. . . . *Patriae fumus igne alieno luculentior* is best qualified with this, *Ubi libertas, ibi patria.* We are inhabitants of two worlds, and owe a double, but not a divided allegiance. In virtue of our clay, this little ball of earth exacts a certain loyalty of us while, in our capacity of spirits, we are admitted citizens of an invisible and holier fatherland. There is a patriotism of the soul whose claim absolves from our other and terrene fealty. Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the names of religion, duty, and the like. Our terrestrial organisations are but far-off approaches to so fair a model, and all they are verily traitors who resist not any attempt to divert them from this their original intendment. When, therefore, one would have us to fling up our caps and shout with the multitude, " Our country, however bounded ! " he demands

* The history of the formation of nations shows that the spirit of Christ was not the determining factor. How, then, is the Father of Christ to be held responsible ?

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of us that we sacrifice the larger to the less, the higher to the lower, and that we yield to the imaginary claims of a few acres of soil our duty and privilege as liegemen of Truth. Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair's-breadth, she ceases to be our mother, and chooses rather to be looked upon *quasi noverca.* That is a hard choice when our earthly love of country calls upon us to tread one path and our duty points us to another. We must make as noble and becoming an election as did Penelope between Icarius and Ulysses. Veiling our faces, we must take silently the hand of Duty to follow her."

SAMUEL GRAVESON.

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THE FORTUNATE ACKWORTH 'PRENTICE,

OR

Lines by a Friend displaying the Advantage

OF

FEMALE EDUCATION.

PART I.

"PRITHEE, Mistress, curb thy Tongue,
Forbear to pinch and scold,
Lest I remember I am young
And ye be weak and old.

These seven long Years I've laboured sore,
My Time is out To-day,
'Prentice I be, not Blackamoor,
And will no longer stay.

Say not I'll take to Felony,
Nor fall to walk the Street,
For Heaven Who hears the Ravens' Cry
Will guide the Orphan's Feet.

I'm sick of female Jealousy,
Of Cruelty and Strife;
The first Man who will marry me
To him I'll go as Wife."

Forth into the Rain she went
And wandered up and down
By Church and Square and Monument
In mighty London Town.

All Day she walked and did not blench,
Her Spirit was not broke;
None gave to this poor, hungry Wench,
Nor any to her spoke.

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"And, O," she cried, "to be once more
Between the Turrets gray,
To laugh as I have laughed of yore,
An Ackworth Girl at play!"

Surely in vain I conned my Book,
And learned to read and write;
The Idle who no Trouble took
Will house as well To-night!"

But, Heaven, Who saith the Diligent
In Affluence shall dwell,
Remembered this poor Innocent,
As I'll proceed to tell.

PART 2.

When Heart and Strength were almost gone,
And Hunger-Pains began,
On London Bridge, upon a Stone,
She spied a Pedlar-Man,

Who held a Loaf between his Hands,
His Eyes were blue and wide;
She thought, Here's One who understands,
And oped her Lips and cried:

"O, Man, if ever you were leer,
If e'er you hungered sore,
Spare me a Morsel of your Cheer
And Heaven will bless your Store!"

He loosed a jolly, kindly Laugh,
His Eyes were bland and sweet,
He broke the Loaf, he gave her half,
"Now sit ye down and eat!"

Yes, take your Fill and rest you here;
Your Voice is true and kind—
But, let me feel your Hand, my dear,
For, Madam, I am blind.

And, since I find no Ring," he said,
"Tell me your Way of Life;
Are ye indeed an honest Maid,
Who plainly are no Wife?"

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She lipped the Bread, but laid it down
And rocked her to and fro ;
Then hid her Face within her Gown
And told him all her Woe.

He stroked her Cheek, he smoothed her Hair,
" To leave thee in the Lurch
Were Sin. We'll live a wedded Pair
When we've been asked in Church.

I'll leave thee at my Mother's Door,
And wear my Fortnight out :
As I am blind, and ye are poor,
We're matcht beyond a doubt ! "

He kept his Word, and wed the Maid
With a brass Curtain-Ring ;
She led him forth, and helped him trade,
And did his Marketting :

And Citizens, who heard the Tale,
Which soon took Wings and flew,
Reserved them Orts, and poured them Ale,
And fast their Custom grew.

All wished 'em well, and paid their Price
From Greenwich to the Strand,—
Blind Pyecraft with the brave, blue Eyes,
The Lass who held his Hand.

And when the Dog-Day Sun was strong
And Wall and Pavement glowed,
Blind Pyecraft with a merry Song
Would cheer the longest Road.

And many a Winter's Evening cool
The Wife would not refuse
To tell him Tales of Ackworth School
Or read a Sheet of News.

PART 3.

She read the simple, daily Things
That poor Men joy to hear,
Of Highwaymen and Gibbettings
In level Voice and clear :

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Of battles, too, where Troops engage,
And who was put to Shame,
Till, one Day, on a crumpled Page,
She read his very Name!

And how in Nevis, was a Year,
Had Jethro Pyecraft died,
Of Whose Estate was News to hear
From Lawyers in Cheapside

"They seek the Heir," her Husband said,
"Both Names are borne by me.
My only Uncle must be dead,
Who ran away to Sea!"

Next Day the Lawyer spoke them well:
He could not say them nay.
The Story that he had to tell
Took all their Breath away.

For Parks and Mansions, Ships and Land,
With Stocks of Sugar, too;
And forty thousand Pounds in Hand,
At once to them accrue.

Plantations on West Indian Shores,
Each worth a princely Sum,
Where Troops of happy Blackamoors
Distilled the finest Rum,

Were also theirs, Who came that Day
Nigh barefoot to his Door,
Whom thence the Lawyer fetcht away
All in a Coach-and-Four!

For fifty Years this happy Pair
In Love and much Content,
Enjoyed the Ease and dainty Fare
Which Providence had sent.

You Orphans, who at Ackworth be,
Unto your Book give heed:
This Maid had died in Poverty
But that she learned to read.

A. H.

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CONCERNING PRONOUNCEMENTS BY REPRESENTATIVE BODIES.

DURING recent years there has been amongst Friends an increasing demand for collective decisions which shall bind our members to a common course of action. This has been particularly noticeable in the case of "Our Christian testimony against all War." Much can be said in favour of showing a united front at a time when our Society's religious conviction is out of harmony with an overpowering national sentiment; but we must not, on that account, overlook the danger of building up such a central authority, in matters of faith and practice, as may weaken the individual conscience.

Since the Apostolic age, many witnesses for Christ have taught that dependence upon external authority is a hindrance to religious growth. The special ministry of Geo. Fox was to direct men to the Light of Christ in their own hearts; and his fellow labourers were equally earnest in proclaiming the same gospel. For example, Isaac Penington declared that the duty of ministers for Christ is to "set men's faces toward the Power"; indeed, the constant effort of the early Friends was to "bring the people to Christ and leave

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them there."* At the same time, to guard against any misapplication of their teaching, they carefully made clear that the guidance of "the Light within" must, if a true light, be in harmony with the spirit of Jesus, recorded by His first disciples.

In still more modern times, a warning against reliance upon authority in matters of religion comes from Canon Scott-Holland, who speaks with no uncertain voice. "We are asking for authority, but," says he, "the authority we need must be of a kind which elevates and purifies—that educates and expands the spirits of those who submit to it. . . . The authoritative command—the necessity—must have its root within, and not without, the submissive hearers; so that they can recognise in it the voice of their higher self . . . which is their veritable reality in the sight of God. The mere authority that says 'do this,' 'believe that,' has done nothing unless it has secured the inner and private co-operating fellow agent. . . . Religion aims, beyond all other things, at ennobling and transfiguring the man who submits to it; and therefore it must dismiss, with a special abhorrence, all mechanical and military method of meeting its demands. . . . If we wait

*NOTE.—Isaac Penington says, moreover, that, in keeping the conscience open to Christ, His ministers should restrain men from imitating their practices, further than His Spirit guides and persuades them; for persons are prone to receive things as true from those of whom they have a high opinion and by imitating their practices hurt their own growth and endanger their own souls.

Professor Drummond likewise writes to the same effect; he says that "the superior excellence of the provision made for him by another, instead of ministering to a young Christian's growth, is often for him a system of deputy nutrition, which tends to destroy development and arrest the culture of the soul."

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for some definite assertion, which shall compel our allegiance, no plain words will come to us, disposing of all doubts. But, if we yield to the quiet companionship of Him who claims to be Lord and Master of our lives, if we walk with Him in paths of goodness and purity and love, we shall find that His authority will become more and more absolute, until we acknowledge no will but His, who is King of kings and Lord of lords."

Again, we cannot lose sight of the fact that with the demand for a religious authority, which shall direct our Christian conduct under a variety of circumstances, there not unfrequently comes the desire for a creed. This can take the form of "a religious testimony," which may be merely the maintenance of a "tradition from the elders," and not rooted within us. If so, such "a testimony" cannot be spiritually educative—but is only the form of Quakerism without the Power.

The question may be rightly asked—how can a Church sufficiently preserve its identity and exert its true influence as a corporate body without authoritative pronouncements? Dr. Hunter truly says (in *The Coming Church*), "Christ meant His religion to become a public expression and not merely a personal experience. . . . It was not part of His plan to be a leader of solitary disciples. We cannot keep aloof if we have the affection which He inspires and the persuasion which He communicates. The tie which unites us to Him also binds us to all His brethren. His redeeming work begins with the single soul, but does not end there. Individuality is not isolation; nor in isolation does a man realise himself. He is designed for social relations in his spiritual and in his natural life."

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But "the essential to discipleship is a faith which is something distinctive from speculative and critical theory: it is not correct opinion—an assent to a proposition: it is more akin to what we mean by fidelity, a moral temper, a spiritual affection, the surrender of the heart, the submission of the will, the devotion of the life to God." "The true conception of a Church is a society of souls committed to the filial and fraternal life, of which Christ is the representative, and into which he leads all who are led by him." Consequently such a society—such a church thus composed—is held together by other means than by an authority enforcing a common belief with resultant distinguishing practices.

Doubtless if the usual restrictions of church membership are removed, some safeguards in church government will be necessary or the ideals of a religious society will not continue to be a vital force. The experienced and the inexperienced ought not to have an equal right to speak in the name of their religious community—an equal voice in directing its activities. To slightly alter the words of Paul, "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye; but not to have a share in deliberations respecting the affairs of the Church." Possibly the desired end may be attained if every person entering the Society (whether by birth or by convincement) has the status of an "Associate" member, and only receives the right to take part in meetings for discipline through some such method of invitation as the acknowledgment of a Minister (*not* through any personal initiative of a would-be full member). On the other hand, when belief or practice is seen to be manifestly out of harmony with the Society's religious standpoint, this right would be withdrawn; but absolute

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" disownment," as now understood, would result only for breaches of the moral law, and not because a member is out of line in respect to an intellectual conception and therefore in doubt whether a particular religious testimony is obligatory for him.

With its Church government settled upon such lines, our Society's exhortations to its members will be less in the form of pronouncements as to what is to be their belief and practice, than of encouragement " in the right way of the Lord,"—of reminders that, as they have received Christ Jesus as Lord, so they should walk in Him—of counsel to diligence in making their calling and election sure. The Church's main concern will be the perfecting of the saints for the work of ministering to each other, until all come into the unity of the faith—into a measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

And, if the efforts of the Church to bring about unity in belief and practice are less direct than formerly, they will not, on that account, be any less efficacious. In the spirit of Isaac Penington, it will labour not for a unity which shall consist in having the same apprehension concerning things, nor in an accordancy as to religious practice, but in a unity of heart and soul, each member becoming more and more a true reflection of Christ's character—a change into the same image from one degree of attainment to one higher still. The Church's constant solicitude would then be that its members " keep their hold upon Christ, their Head, from whom the body (in all its parts nourished and strengthened by its points of contact) grows with a Divine increase " (Col. ii., 19, Weymouth). . . . So that whatever the members do " in word or deed, they will do all in the spirit

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of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God, the Father, through Him."

The main requirement in spiritual religion is (using Isaac Penington's simile) "*a sensitive plant* —not a knowing mind." And, if our Society is to maintain a recognised place in the universal Church, it must be a continued declaration of this and the kindred truths whose promulgation brought it into being, and out of which grew certain religious testimonies as a *natural fruit.*

J. Francis Mather,

Hobart, Tasmania.

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AN EMPIRE'S CALL.

"Lo! When an Empire champions the weak,
Arms countless willing men, knights who die
Because they love the right, nor lustful seek
Base ends, is it not further raised thereby
To a higher state, a more noble might
To keep the peace, mid darkness foster light?"

"And loving right in all the things of life,
Can we allow this force to melt away
When at its greatest growth, it meets in strife
A foe, the enemy of freedom's sway,
And count the price of peace, cheap at the cost
Of all-time's highest human fabric lost?"

"If there had been an airy ethic wall
More fencible than one of warfare's steel,
Formed by the spirit reigning over all,
Brooking from flesh no animal appeal,—
Around each state, then were weak nations free;
Now, weakness cries, can we pass heedlessly?"

"Content with sighs to meet the deeds of hell
When Empire calls to stand within the path
Of passion, and united strive to quell
The dread and anti-Christlike rule of wrath,—
And scathless preach the sacredness of peace
Until the burnt-out crime of war shall cease?"

Thus speaks the manhood of the Empire, strong
To act and help,—itself from bondage freed,—
Curb arm-ed cruelty, and right a wrong,
Bring hope to helpless peoples in their need.
As holy water cast on roaring flood
He views fair words of peace on field of blood.

No dream, but all-prevading cruel fact
This eighteen months of overturning war;
Each man accessory, then, how to act!
Whilst woes assail the weak, how peace restore?
Cold seems a hand stretched from the realm of thought;
How warm, a kiss from life that death doth court?

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Coeval run the reigns of life and war,
  And inmost pulses meet the trumpet's call
With heart-beats born where life itself doth draw
  Its breath. Shall peace assume the sway of All?
The moon acquire the role of fiery sun?
The answer waits until life's race is run.

Meanwhile an Empire calls, and who shall say
  With counter-vailing voice, "It doeth wrong"?
While passing time doth slowly pave the way
  By which the Earth shall hear the Angel's song.
Lo! in the darkness all can claim the right
To walk through death towards a distant light.

Yea hazard life, of all, the highest stake
  Within the scheme of time, until the soul
In its full growth, the rule of men shall take,
  And blood no more shall crimson history's scroll.
Yea hazard life, e'en that the soul may grow
To rule the day no thunder cloud shall know.

* * * *

As in the darkness men do go by ways
  They would not, yet emerge in pathway fair,
Burns there no hope, that when these dreadful days
  Shall pass,—than e'er before, a purer air
Shall stimulate, and abnegations scheme
Then cease to be for states an empty dream,—

And mingling tears, all foes shall take the grail,
  The cup of common griefs and healing, till
Forgetfulness shall grow, memory fail,
  To stir in hearts a willingness to kill,—
And there shall vanish from man's upward course
War's fearful woes, fruit of life's mystic force.

E. L. P., Dec. 7, 1915.

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THE BRONTË-WHEELWRIGHT FRIENDSHIP.

PART I.

THERE are few names in literature more treasured—and increasingly so as the years go by—and few women who have earned for themselves such an imperishable niche in the affections of their fellow countrymen, through their genius, virtues, and sorrows, as the Brontës of Haworth, and their famous biographer Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell.

The literature relating to them is legion, notably from the pens of Mrs. Gaskell, Algernon C. Swinburne, Augustine Birrell, T. Wemyss Reid, A. Mary F. Robinson, Clement K. Shorter, Mrs, Ellis Chadwick, Miss May Sinclair, Flora Masson. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, J. Horsfall Turner, Thomas J. Wise, Francis A. Leyland, Frederika MacDonald, Arthur C. Benson, and Angus M. MacKay; some of whom have written principally upon the old Brontë home at Haworth, and the undying interest attaching to even the merest detail which illustrates the character and life of the most pathetic figures in English literature.

From the fact of the present writer having married the eldest daughter of an English schoolfellow of Charlotte and Emily Brontë at Brussels, and that one of her four aunts, all likewise schoolfellows, was from the Brussels period (1842-1843),

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until Charlotte's untimely death in 1855, one of her closest friends and correspondents, it is natural that he should take an especial interest in the biography and writings of the Brontë sisters.

Moreover, singularly enough, Patrick Brontë, the eccentric father of these daughters of genius, had his first curacy at Wethersfield, Essex, a few miles from the birthplace of the present writer, and later on was curate at Dewsbury and Hartshead-cum-Clifton, Yorkshire, both closely associated with his paternal forbears, the Greenes of Liversedge in the parish of Birstall, the adjoining parish to Hartshead. In the latter parish was Oakwell Hall, the Fieldhead of *Shirley*, while Birstall church itself was the Briarfield church of the same novel, and Healds Hall, Liversedge, was the residence of the militant parson Roberson, the Matthewson Helstone of *Shirley*. Again, the Rydings, in Birstall, an ancient castellated residence, was long the property and one of the old residences of the Greene family, and here, then the home of Ellen Nussey, (the "E," of the Brontë correspondence, the almost lifelong and most intimate friend of Charlotte Brontë), the latter was frequently entertained.

Charlotte Brontë was born at Thornton, Yorkshire, where Patrick Brontë was curate from 1816 to 1820, on April 21st, 1816; and should the exigencies of the present disastrous war permit, this year will witness the centenary celebration of her birth.

It is not the object of this paper to sketch the principal events in the life of Charlotte Brontë or of her younger sisters, Emily Jane, born 1818; Anne, born 1820; and the brother Patrick Bramwell, the black sheep of the family, born in 1817.

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But we must leave the earlier events of their lives, their brave struggles with poverty, their educational sorrows and home troubles, and their unhappy experience as governesses, till we come to the year 1842, when Charlotte was approaching twenty-six, Emily twenty-four, and Anne twenty-two. At this period, through the assistance of their kind aunt and father's housekeeper, Elizabeth Branwell of Penzance, it was decided that after their miserable experience as preceptresses in private families, Charlotte and Emily at least should proceed to Brussels and qualify themselves as linguists and otherwise, so that they might open school for themselves in Haworth parsonage.

So we find the eccentric, but kindly-intentioned father accompanying, in February, 1842, his two daughters to Brussels, himself staying only one night there, the school decided upon being the Maison d'Education of Madame Heger, in the Rue d'Isabelle, number thirty-two.

Of this important episode in their lives Clement K. Shorter says :—" It is in my judgment exceedingly probable that had not circumstances led Charlotte Brontë to spend some time in Brussels, the world would never have heard of her and her sister."*

Within a few months of entering the school the two girls were hastily summoned home through the serious illness of their aunt Miss Branwell, who died on October 29th, 1842, and while Emily never returned to Brussels, Charlotte was offered by M. Heger, who had taken the keenest interest in his former English pupils, the post of English

**Charlotte Brontë and Her Sisters* (1905), p. 61.

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governess, and she returned to the Pensionnat Heger in January, 1843, to commence her new duties.

We now come to the intimate association of the Wheelwrights with the two Brontë pupils, and especially with Charlotte, whom we have witnessed safely lauched in an honourable position in the school.

Dr. Thomas Wheelwright, the father of the five girls previously alluded to as the Brontës' schoolfellows, was the second son of William Wheelwright, of No. 5, Prospect Row, Birmingham, brass-founder and manufacturer, and his first wife, Elizabeth Brueton, of a family which intermarried with the Quaker family of Gibbins of Birmingham, and is still resident there. He was born at Aston, 31st of March, 1786, and qualified as a physician in Edinburgh and London, attending lectures both at Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals during 1805-1808, as several diplomas and testimonials in our possession testify, signed by, amongst others, Sir Astley Paston-Cooper, F.R.S., the great surgeon, William Babington, F.R.S., James Curry. Alexander Marcet, John Heighton, and others, Amongst the testimonials, Sir Astley Cooper says in 1809, "Mr. Thomas Wheelwright is attentive and intelligent, his conduct has always been that of a gentleman, and his attainments are such as render him capable of performing the duties of his profession with ability and reputation." Dr. Babington gave him a similar character. In 1808 he became assistant to Dr. Nathaniel Bingham, a medical practitioner of Uxbridge, who, the succeeding year, gave him an unqualified testimonial as to character and ability.

By 1821 Dr. Wheelwright was established in a medical practice at Falcon Square, Aldersgate

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Street, London, and married that year, on the 26th of July, at St. Andrew's Church, Chichester, Elizabeth Ridge, daughter of William Ridge, of that city, banker and brewer, and his wife, Sarah Lacy.

Dr. Wheelwright resided afterwards at No. 1, South Place, Finsbury (later Armfield's Hotel, and where his family were born), up to 1842, when he went to Brussels, and later to Dover for a year or more, where the Wheelwright family made the acquaintance of James Poulter, a prominent Quaker townsman, his wife and family; and which eventually led to the marriage in 1856 of the younger son, Daniel Perry Poulter, to their daughter Emily, as recorded later. Later, the Wheelwrights moved to No. 5, Vane Street, Bath, where they resided some seven years, a relic of which period is a small white metal dog collar, with Dr. Wheelwright's name and his Bath address. From thence he removed in 1850-51 to 29, Lower Phillimore Place, Kensington, opposite the old Adam and Eve Inn. In 1858 he purchased the leasehold of No. 2, Campden Grove, Kensington, now the property of his granddaughter, Elizabeth Green, and where he died 12th of August, 1861, aged seventy-five, and was interred in the family vault at Brompton Cemetery.

Dr. Wheelwright, who had been blind through cataract for some time before his death, was a Whig in politics, was highly esteemed in his profession and in private life, and numbered amongst his intimate friends the Quaker doctor John Winstone, of Charterhouse Square, who died at Staines in 1848, aged seventy. He was the father of the late Benjamin Winstone, F.S.A., of London and Epping, and uncle to the present writer's late step-mother, *née* Caroline Watson,

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who had married firstly Dr. William White, of Glasgow, Manchester, and Southport, who died in 1878, aged seventy-one. Another still more intimate friend was Dr. John Miles, of 17, Charterhouse Square, physician to the Charterhouse, who, with his family, were greatly attached friends of the whole Wheelwright household.

Dr. Wheelwright is said to have been mainly instrumental in introducing from Brussels that popular vegetable known as Brussels sprouts; indeed, a tradition in the family attributes to him the "invention" of Brussels sprouts! But we find from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1798, a letter recommending the culture of this vegetable. However, it was not much known in England when Dr. Wheelwright recommended its culture and use to his friends and patients.

Amongst personal relics of Dr. Wheelwright are an antique clinical thermometer, by Dollond, consisting of a glass tube some 8½ inches long, with a brass end to unscrew, containing a thermometer mounted on ivory, and which Miss Fanny Wheelwright continued to use until her death in 1913. Also a handsome brass mounted medicine case, and medical scales used at Brussels, and an oak iron-mounted plate-chest, all the latter having his name engraved on brass plates. A gold verge watch of 1815-16 has figures instead of numerals; other relics include a telescope, handsomely studded in sapphire stones, and for attachment to a watch-chain, and Dr. Wheelwright's quaint dark spectacles for cataract.

Elizabeth Ridge, Dr. Wheelwright's wife, was born at Chichester, the 27th of April, 1793. She belonged to an ancient Sussex family of yeomen and gentry, her branch having resided at Iford,

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Ovingdean, Rottingdean, and Chichester, and later in London, and the family held property at Iford as early as 27 Henry VIII., circa 1536, when Stephen Ridge, of Iford, had a grant of land sealed with the conventual seal of the Priory and Convent of St. Pancras of Lewes, having the Warren arms on one side and those of the borough of Lewes on the other. Only recently, within some ten years, was the old Ridge property at Iford disposed of by Mrs. Ridge Jones, formerly Ridge, and lady of the manor, and her husband, a well-known London physician, Dr. Ridge Jones, after being in the possession of the family nearly four hundred years.

William Ridge, father of Mrs. Wheelwright, was a Nonconformist, and a man of exemplary character; he attended the Unitarian Chapel in Baffin's Lane, Chichester, and we possess his hymn-book, the compilation, in 1795, of Dr. Kippis, Dr. Rees, and others. William Ridge was head of the banking firm of Ridge, Murray and Co., of Chichester Old Bank, now No. 11, East Street, and converted into a shop. In 1829, the firm's London agents were the Quaker firm of "Chapman and Fry," of Mildred's Court, London, the latter being Joseph Fry, husband of Elizabeth Fry, the philanthropist. Upon the failure of "Chapman and Fry" that year, the Ridge firm lost by them some £37,000, and became themselves insolvent, but managed to carry on business until 1841, when the firm, then "Ridge, Newland, and Ridge," finally failed for some £123,000; in the latter year a number of other provincial banks came to grief through a panic. In the Chichester museum are some of Ridge's notes, one of which, bearing William Ridge's supposed signature, was

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a forgery, and the perpetrator of this crime was prosecuted and eventually hung.

A relic of the friendship existing between Joseph Fry and the Ridges is a piece of music, viz., Secret Airs for Mozart's Operas for the pianoforte and flute, by J. F. Burrowes. It is endorsed by Elizabeth Ridge, later Wheelwright, "Given me by Mr. Joseph Fry," who, as is well-known, was passionately fond of music.

It will be noticed in this paper how many Quaker associations are included in connection with the Ridges and Wheelwrights. The earliest is contained in the parchment Quaker birth certificate of Ruth Cauldwell (or Caldwell), third daughter of Paul Cauldwell and Elizabeth, his wife, of Cow Cross, London, dated 12-vii. (July)-1775. This is witnessed by Ruth Ridge, of the Chichester family, who gave her name to the child. The latter's elder sister, Elizabeth Caldwell, married Richard Crafton, of London, Brandon, and Croydon, parents of the late Ralph Caldwell Crafton, who died at Croydon in 1875, aged seventy-nine, and great-grand-uncle to the present writer, whose brother bears his names. The Ridges were prominent Unitarians, both at Chichester and the Bull Street Meeting at Lewes, and also at Hackney; and as early as 1672, Stephen Ridge, of Westmeston, Sussex, had his house licensed for a Presbyterian meeting. Mrs. Wheelwright was one of a family of nine children, five sons and four daughters; one of her sisters, Mary, was the wife of William Robinson, LL.D., F.S.A., of Tottenham, a friend of Thomas Shillitoe, both of whom lived in mutual esteem; and in possession of the Poulter family is a copy of

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No Cross No Crown, in which is inscribed, "Wm. Robinson, from his friend Thos. Shillitoe," and which was presented by Elizabeth Wheelwright, in 1856, to her daughter Emily upon her marriage with a Friend.

Dr. Robinson was the well-known topographer of Greater London, his histories of Stoke Newington, Tottenham, Enfield, Hackney, etc., being much esteemed; there is also in the free library at Camberwell, his manuscript history of that parish, formerly in possession of the present writer.

One of Dr. Robinson's daughters, Emily Sarah Robinson, married Sir Frederick Madden, F.R.S., F.S.A., the distinguished antiquary and palæographer; and amongst Dr. Robinson's descendants are the Rev. Egerton F. M. MacCarthy, M.A., of King Edward's School, Birmingham, the educationist, and Reginald R. Sharpe, D.C.L., of the Guildhall, London, the city historian, and other interesting people. A great-nephew of Mrs. Wheelwright was the late Dr. J. J. Ridge, of Enfield, a distinguished temperance reformer, and an exemplary Christian man. Another sister of Mrs. Wheelwright's was Anne Ridge, called the "belle of Chichester," and an accomplished needlewoman, who died in 1830, aged thirty-nine, unmarried, and was buried, as was her father, in a vault in the cloisters of Chichester Cathedral. Anne Ridge made the acquaintance of the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, when visiting his accomplished sister, Maria Hack, the authoress, and wife of Stephen Hack, of Chichester. And we possess a fine whole-bound, tooled, and apparently large paper copy of the poet's *New Year's Eve and Other Poems*, published in 1828,

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with the following inscription in pencil by the poet, "Ann Ridge, presented by her affectionate B.B." Upon the title is an extract from Quarles, "The heart, and not the head, is fountain of this art." to which Ann Ridge has apparently added in pencil, "C'est vrai."

Mrs. Wheelwright, one of her granddaughters informed us, became *converted*—i.e., from Unitarianism! and with others of her family joined the Anglican Church, and she is remembered as a pattern wife, mother, and grandmother, a woman of saintly character, great sweetness of disposition, and beloved and respected by a large circle of friends and relations, as well as possessing considerable personal attractions. She lived to be nearly ninety, and died at 90, Campden Hill Grove, Kensington, 12th July, 1882, and was buried at Brompton.

Dr. and Mrs. Wheelwright had a family of three sons and five daughters. The second son, Charles Thomas Wheelwright, emigrated to South Africa, where his third wife and widow and surviving children and grandchildren still remain. The daughters were:—(1) Laetitia Elizabeth Wheelwright, born 23rd of May, 1828, the friend of Charlotte Brontë, of whom more anon. (2) Emily Wheelwright, born 10th of September, 1829. She married, at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, 7th of August, 1856, a member of a very old Quaker family, viz., Daniel Perry Poulter (1824-1909), of Dover, later of Red Hill and Tunbridge Wells, son of James Poulter, of Ramsey, Godmanchester, Sandal Magna, and lastly of Dover, a man of great public spirit and the first nonconformist mayor there (1853-54), and Hannah Perry of Woodbridge, his wife. By her D. P. Poulter had a family of ten children, viz., six sons and

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four daughters, all of whom, but one daughter, who died in infancy, are still living; and one son joined the Society of Friends and has been for many years a clerk at Devonshire House, while the eldest daughter is the wife of the present writer. D. P. Poulter, who was, under the old Quaker régime, disowned for his "marriage by a priest" to one of the best and most exemplary Christian women, was a Friend in principle through life, and when requested to apply for reinstatement, did so and was at once received. Emily Poulter, of whom a short biography was printed at her decease, died at Redhill, the 7th of July, 1888, aged fifty-nine, and was buried in Reigate Cemetery, where her husband was interred some twenty years later. (3) Frances Wheelwright, born the 2nd May, 1831. She, who was the last surviving of the sisters, died at Godwyn Lodge, Hastings, 14th March, 1913, in her eighty-second year, and was buried at Brompton. (4) Sarah Ann Wheelwright, born 7th of October, 1834, she died at No. 17, Ladbroke Grove, Kensington, the 2nd of October, 1900, aged sixty-six, and was buried at Brompton. (5) Julia Wheelwright, born the 30th of October, 1835; she unfortunately contracted typus or typhoid fever at the Pensionnat Heger, and died the 17th of November, 1842, aged seven, and was interred in the Protestant cemetery at Brussels. She was a great favourite in the Heger establishment, and was much caressed by the principals, pupils, and staff.

Having now given a brief summary of the family of Dr. and Mrs. Wheelwright who came within the influence and enjoyed the friendship of Charlotte Brontë, we proceed to speak of the Brontë-Wheelwright friendship and association,

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both at Brussels and later in London, and through a correspondence of some twelve or thirteen years.

In 1842 Dr. Wheelwright, then of No. 1, South Place, Finsbury, being afflicted with cataract and consequent failing eyesight, sold his practice, and most of his furniture by auction (16th June), and with his wife and five daughters went to Brussels in July, for the education of the latter, and where he continued to practice in his profession.

Dr. and Mrs. Wheelwright took a flat in the Hotel Cluysenaar in the Rue Royale, and the five girls, Laetitia, aged fourteen; Emily, aged thirteen; Frances, aged eleven; Sarah Ann, aged eight; and Julia, aged seven, all became day-boarders at the Pensionnal Heger in the Rue d'Isabelle, a school for young ladies, "Sous la direction de Madame Heger-Parent," as the prospectus runs, and of M. Constantin Heger, a noble-looking gentleman, judging from his portrait.

Five months earlier, viz., in February, 1842, Charlotte and Emily Brontë had, as we have witnessed, entered the school.

Upon Mrs. Gaskell's undertaking her immortal classic, the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, first published in two volumes by Smith, Elder, and Co., in 1857, she applied to Laetitia Elizabeth Wheelwright for information about the old Brussels life, and to the latter we are indebted for nearly all the particulars which Mrs. Gaskell and Clement K. Shorter and others give of this important period in the lives of Charlotte and Emily Brontë.

In *The Sphere** of recent date is a letter unearthed by Mr. Shorter, which was given him by

*2nd October, 1915.

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the late Miss Meta Gaskell, of Manchester, and which he reproduces in *facsimile*, and is as follows :

" Wm. Ewart's, Esq., M.P., Broadleas, Devizes, Wilts, Augt. 22nd, [1855]

" My dear Miss Wheelwright,

" I am going to avail myself of your kind permission to ask you any further questions about Miss Brontë. I am just come in her life to the part she spent at Brussels, If I remember rightly you went to Mme. Heger's at the beginning of the quarter that succeeded to the first September holidays of her stay, then I forget whether you told me about those holidays or how much you remembered. You would greatly oblige me if you wd. have the kindness to write and tell me if she spent them entirely in the Rue d'Isabelle, or if she had invitations from any friends during the vacation. It must have been before Mrs. Wheelwright's arrival in Brussels, so that she cannot have experienced her kindness as in future occasions in taking her away from the school in the holidays. I want to know when and how they were spent. And if you could give me any details about Charlotte and Emily's school life—their exact position in the school—their duties and occupations—if they had a bedroom to themselves—even the school hours. All these details would be invaluable, as any others you might remember.

I distinctly recollect your account of Emily's appearance and manner, but I forget what you said was the first impression made by Charlotte on any casual observer. I suppose she was *extremely* shy !

I shall be very much obliged to you if you will answer all my questions, and can only regret that some of them are repetitions of those whose answers I have forgotten.

With kind remembrances to Mrs. Wheelwright and your Sisters from my daughter and myself, I remain,

Yrs. truly, E. C. GASKELL.

My address after Wedy. will be Plymouth Grove, Manchester, till then the present."

Another letter Mr. Shorter prints at the same time is dated " Plymouth Grove, February 7, 1856," and is also addressed to Miss Wheelwright ; Mrs. Gaskell says :—" I have to-day finished my life of Miss Bronte ; and next week we set out for Rome. Before I go, however, I must return you your precious letters, and my best thanks, not merely for the loan

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of them, although their value has been great, but for the kind readiness with which you all (especially you and your mother) met my wishes about giving me information. I hope some time or other to be able to call upon you, and express all this personally, if you will allow me. Meanwhile I trust you will accept a copy of the *Memoir*, which will be forwarded to you on publication, and with kind compliments."

[Yrs. truly, E. C. GASKELL.]

The "precious letters" alluded to, written to Laetitia E. Wheelwright by Charlotte Brontë, are now, or with one only exception, in our possession, including the pencilled note written from Charlotte Nichols's deathbed in 1855; the copy also of the *Life* alluded to in the letter as the *Memoir*, in the two original volumes in cloth covers is also in our possession. In it is inscribed by the recipient, "Laetitia E. Wheelwright, 1857," and under it, "From the Author." In the first volume Miss Wheelwright has inserted some newspaper cuttings relating to the Brontës, and copied a paragraph or two from *The Illustrated London News* of 1898. In the account of the Brussels period, she has underlined *three younger sisters* of my informant" [herself]. She has also made a note, "Brontë in *first class*." In A. Mary T. Robinson's *Emily Brontë* (1883), Miss Wheelwright has also made notes in her copy; and where Miss Robinson states that the Brontës were in the second class, which contained sixty students, it is corrected to "They were in the first with only twelve girls." She also makes a correction to the statement that Miss Wheelwright (or "Tish" as she denominates herself) was a *pupil* of Charlotte's, to *friend*. And again, in speaking of the Brontës' remaining at the school during the holidays, "Besides themselves, only six or eight boarders remained." L.E.W. adds "ourselves" [five]. Miss Wheelwright adds on the same page, "Emily [Brontë]

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taught F[anny], S[arah] A[nn] and J[ulia] music. Charlotte [Brontë] did not teach till after her return alone—then only called 'Mademoiselle Charlotte'." In another place she corrects the assertion that Charlotte gave lessons in *French* to *English.*

Another letter from Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Wheelwright is in our possession. It is dated :

" Plymouth Grove, [Manchester], September 4th, 1856. My dear Miss Wheelwright,—I have been absent from home, or I should have written sooner to thank you for your letter, of which the full particulars were most satisfactory. At present, I believe, I have no more questions to trouble you with ; but should I think of any, that you would be able to answer, in the course of my writing, I shall feel emboldened by your past kindness to ask it afresh. Pray allow me to congratulate you on your sister's marriage, [viz., Emily Wheelwright with Daniel P. Poulter, of Dover, which had taken place in the preceding August], and with kind remembrances to Mrs. Wheelwright, I remain, yours very truly, E. C. GASKELL."

Another letter from the distinguished authoress to Miss Wheelwright is as follows and is undated ; it was the gift of the recipient to the present writer :—

" 17, Cumberland Terrace, Regts. Park, Friday. Dear Miss Wheelwright,—I am sorry I have so long delayed answering your kind note, and acknowledging the valuable pencil enclosure, [Charlotte Nicholls's last letter to Miss Wheelwright] of which you may depend, I will take great care. But I wanted to see if either my daughter or myself could remember Miss Carr's address. I could find my way to it, but I have forgotten the name of the street (out of Rue des Paroissiens). But Mr. Jenkins, son of the late chaplain, took us to the door where she lived, and his mother would know the exact address. Her direction is Mrs. Jenkins, Champs Elysees, Chanssée d'Ixelles. I wish I could have given you more help. Yours very truly, E. C. GASKELL."

Another letter of Mrs. Gaskell's referring to C. Brontë, is also in our possession dated :—

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"46, Plymouth Grove, January 11th, [1861]. Sir,—I am sorry that I have not got any remnant of Miss Brontë's writing left. I am constantly applied to for some but have given all away long ago. I remain, sir, yours, etc., E. C. GASKELL."

In 1912-13, we had an interesting correspondence with the late Miss Meta Gaskell, of 84, Plymouth Grove, Manchester, upon C. Brontë, the Wheelwrights, etc. She was a charming correspondent, and wrote a noble hand, although in advanced age at the time. In one letter she says :—

"I know how grateful my mother was for the help given her by the Miss Wheelwrights."

In response to our request for a sight of Miss Wheelwright's replies to Mrs. Gaskell's enquiries as to the Brussels period of the Brontës' lives, Miss Meta Gaskell took infinite pains to find these letters amongst her mother's voluminous correspondence, but unfortunately, to our mutual regret, unavailingly. Our kind friend and correspondent, Mrs. Ellis Chadwick, of Enfield, the author of those delightful books, *Mrs. Gaskell; Haunts, Homes, and Stories* (1910) and *In the Footsteps of the Brontës* (1914), informs us that Miss Gaskell probably destroyed these letters in 1909, when she weeded out and burnt a quantity of her mother's correspondence.

In a letter of Miss Meta Gaskell from Manchester, dated 3rd February, 1912, she writes :— "I have an immense belief in Friends and their principles; and I have three sets of *friends* here who are *Friends*."

Miss Gaskell died in 1913, aged seventy-six, and *The Manchester Guardian*, in a most appreciative article, testified to her high character and many virtues. We have witnessed Charlotte and Emily

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Brontë, now at school in Brussels, followed by Dr. and Mrs. Wheelwright and their five girls. Mrs. Gaskell says in her *Life of Charlotte Brontë* ;—

" There was another English family where Charlotte soon became a welcome guest, and where, I suspect, she felt herself more at her ease than either at Mrs. Jenkins, or the friends whom I have first mentioned, [Mary and Martha Taylor]. An English physician, with a large family of daughters, went to reside at Brussels for the sake of their education. He placed them at Madame Hégers' school in July, 1842, not a month before the beginning of the *grandes vacances* in August 15th. In order to make the most of their time, and become accustomed to the language, these English sisters went daily, through the holidays, to the pensionnat in the Rue d'Isabelle. Six or eight boarders remained, besides the Miss Brontës. They were there during the whole time, never even having the break to their monotonous life, which passing an occasional day with a friend would have afforded them ; but devoting themselves with indefatigable diligence to the different studies in which they were engaged. Their position in the school appeared, to these new-comers, analogous to what is often called a parlour-boarder. They prepared their French, drawing, German, and literature for their various masters ; and to these occupations Emily added that of music, in which she was somewhat of a proficient ; so much so as to be qualified to give instruction in it to the three youngest sisters of my informant " [Laetitia E. Wheelwright.]

Then follows Miss Wheelwright's account of the school as supplied to Mrs. Gaskell, in which she quotes Miss Wheelwright's own words referring to Charlotte Brontë's quiet, gentle, dignified manner :—

" The effect of this manner was singular. I can speak from personal experience. I was at that time high-spirited and impetuous, not respecting the French mistresses ; yet, to my own astonishment, at one word from her, I was perfectly tractable ; so much so, that at length M. and Madame Héger invariably proffered all their wishes to me through her ; the other pupils did not, perhaps, love her as I did, she was so quiet and silent, but all respected her."

Mrs. Gaskell further says :—" The extracts I have given convey the first impressions which the life at a foreign school,

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and the position of the two Miss Brontës therein, made upon an intelligent girl of *sixteen.*" [altered by Miss Wheelwright in her copy of the *Life* to *fourteen.*]

Speaking of this period, Clement K. Shorter, in his *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle,** says :—

" The girls [the Miss Wheelwrights] were day boarders at the Pensionnat, but they lived in the house for a full month or more at a time when their father and mother were on a trip up the Rhine."

We possess some relics of this period, viz., Tombleson's *Views of the Rhine* and *Views of the Upper Rhine,* in the former of which is inscribed by Mrs. Wheelwright, " Dr. Wheelwright, Hotel Cluysenaar, Brussels," and two large albums with mementos of their travels, both in Germany and Belgium, etc.

Mr. Shorter continues :—" Otherwise their abode was a flat in the Hotel Clusyenaar in the Rue Royale, and there during her later stay in Brussels Charlotte frequently paid them visits."

In a letter from Charlotte quoted in Mrs. Gaskell's *Life,* and dated October 13th, 1843, Miss Brontë says :—

" Since the D's left, I have had no friend. I had indeed some very kind acquaintances in the family of a Dr. [Wheelwright], but they too are gone now. They left in the latter part of August, and I am completely alone. I cannot count the Belg ans anything. It is a curious position to be so utterly solitary in the midst of numbers."

" In this earlier period," continues Mr. Shorter, " Charlotte and Emily were too busy with their books to think of ' calls ' and the like frivolities, and it must be confessed also that at this stage Laetitia Wheelwright would have thought it too high a price for a visit from Charlotte to receive as a fellow guest the apparently unamiable Emily. Miss Wheelwright . . . recalls the two sisters, thin and sallow-looking, pacing up and down the garden, friendless and alone. It was the sight of Laetitia standing up in the class-room and glancing round

*1896, pp. 100-101.

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with a semi-contemptuous air at all these Belgian girls which attracted Charlotte Brontë to her. 'It was so very English,' Miss Brontë laughingly remarked at a later period to her friend. There was one other English girl at this time of sufficient age to be companionable; but with Miss Maria Miller, whom Charlotte Brontë has depicted under the guise of Ginevra Fanshawe, she had less in common. In later years Miss Miller became Mrs. Robertson, the wife of an author in one form or another.

To Miss Wheelwright, and those of her sisters who are still living, the descriptions of the Pensionnet Héger which are given in *Vilette* and *The Professor*, are perfectly accurate."

In a letter from Miss Wheelwright to the present writer, her nephew, dated "17, Ladbroke Grove, July 17th, 1893," she says :—

"As to Charlotte Brontë, with *three Lives* in print, and her own portrait by herself, as Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe in *Vilette*,—the best and most perfect of all—I should be sorry to add a line."!

But she evidently changed her mind, for in a letter from Frances Wheelwright from the same address, dated 17th March, 1896, to her brother-in-law, Daniel P. Poulter, of Redhill, she says :—

"We have had a visit from the Editor, [Mr. Clement Shorter], of the *Illustrated* [*London*] *News*; he wrote to ask if we were the Wheelwrights [who were] with C. Brontë in Brussels, as he was, with the consent of Mr. Nicholls, her husband, going to write her life. He had so much more information, and had lent him, by her great friend [Ellen Nussey] about 200 letters, in which our name is so often mentioned [occasionally would be correct], that he wanted to find us out and was going to hunt in Kensington, but saw the name in [the] Court Directory. He wanted the ten letters Tish [Laetitia] lent to Mrs. Gaskell, and not liking sending precious letters to a stranger, Tish asked him to call; he sent a telegram that he would [call] about 6 o'clock. We liked our young man (about 36 [years old]); he said he had been to Ireland to see Mr. Nicholls, who had married again and never spoke of C[harlotte] B[rontë] for 30 years, and now was most anxious to tell him all he knew. Mr. Shorter has altogether about 400 letters; he went over our old school

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in Brussels in every room, now taken for some public use for the town; he was very interested in trifles we told him, and is coming again for another chat! Tish and I had him to ourselves, Sarah [Wheelwright] was out. Tish let him take the letters away to copy, which he has returned."

The outcome of Mr. Shorter's researches were at least four valuable Brontë books, viz., *Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*, as previously named; *Charlotte Brontë and Her Sisters* (1905); and his extensive work, *The Brontës; Life and Letters*, two large volumes octavo, 1908; and *The Complete Works of Emily Brontë*, in two volumes, 1912. Besides which he annotated the 1900 edition of the *Life* by Mrs. Gaskell, and has contributed a number of illustrated and other articles to *The Sphere*, *The Woman at Home*, etc., etc.

In the course of correspondence with Mr. Shorter, whose letters to Miss Wheelwright are in our possession, the following is a draft of a letter in Miss Wheelwright's autograph, referring to Emily Brontë. It is dated :—

"17, Ladbroke Grove, Kensington, January, 1896. Dear Sir,—I am afraid my recollections of Emily Brontë will not aid you much. I simply disliked her from the first, her tallish, ungainly, ill-dressed figure contrasting so strongly with Charlotte's small, neat, trim person, although their dresses were alike; always answering our jokes with 'I wish to be as God made me.' She taught my three youngest sisters music for four months, to my annoyance, as she would only take them in their play hours, so as not to curtail her own school hours, naturally causing many tears to small children, the eldest ten, the youngest not seven. Fortunately she was summoned home in November and did not return to Brussels. Charlotte was so devotedly attached to her, and thought so highly of her talents" [as she might well do, as the embryo author of *Wuthering Heights*].

J. J. GREEN.

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THE FIVE LOAVES.

John VI. 9.

"FIVE loaves and two small fish are here,
But what are these to Thee?
Lord of the fertile plains, and rills,
Thine are the cattle on the hills,
The golden corn, the grapes that cheer,
The riches of the sea."

The Lord in condescension smiled
And took my humble store;
The loaves and fishes blessed and broke;
Then to the weary hungering folk
Load upon load, unstinted piled,
His wondering followers bore.

Not till each hungry one was filled,
The Lord His blessing stayed.
Nor of His boon left ought to waste;
Twelve basketsful my loaves replaced.
Love's usury—for thus He willed
My little debt repaid.

J. T.

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THE ROAD TO THE AIDE POST.

In Belgium at two o'clock in the morning an ambulance driver stepped out of his car and yawned. It had rained since the previous night, and the world was very wet. But at last the west wind was victoriously pursuing the clouds, piling their disordered companies one upon another. Suddenly the moon shone. White ruined houses on either side of the street, huddled like sheep, looked towards the East and the star shells. Dark ruined houses on the other side held their broken walls and rafters against the sky. The driver stood for a moment watching: he began a sigh, but successfully turned it into a yawn, and moved away to prepare his car for two stretcher cases. Then he walked into the place that was once a children's playground, toward the Aide post, once the school cellar. How slow they were to-night in bringing out the wounded! He examined a new hole where a shell had gone through the building. He stood by a heap of debris and watched the moon. A mighty white upright cloud was flying overhead. He looked up the sides of it as if he were standing at the foot of some extravagant aerial leaning tower of Pisa, for ever falling upon him through a sky visibly deep as the universe. The moon looked at him in that significant way of hers, as if she were desperately trying to tell him some good news. For a moment he stood fascinated by this sudden beauty. Then he remembered himself, and carefully yawned in the face of the moon.

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They brought out the wounded, one moaning, the other silent; the one face half hidden under rugs and miserably moving, the other face wholly hidden under white bandages. The stretchers were soon stowed on board, driver and brancardier took their seats, and the old 'bus crept down the street.

The moaning man moaned with regularity, save when the car bumped him into a cry. The other lay still. "What an embusqué slacker I am!" thought the driver. "What must these old fellows think of me?" The moaning man was a "vieux papa," for whom war was an incongruous, last chapter to a life of tilling and begetting. It was incongruous, but he had not complained. Gallantry was not his line, but he had not shirked anything that he was expected to do. Now he lay absorbed in his pain, praying for the end of the journey, or losing himself among grotesque visions of crops and beast and bursting shells, only to find himself once more in a furnace of pain. The other lay still; no one can guess where his spirit wandered, upon the earth or in the hollow sky. "It's a miserable game," thought the driver. "Why didn't I enlist long ago?" . . . War might be a horrible mistake, but his soldier friends in Gallipoli and Flanders were dying well. They had excelled themselves. Better make a hideous mistake and suffer with one's fellows than be a lone prig. . . .

So thought the driver, as he drove down moonlit avenues. At the hospital the car was unloaded, and he saw the two broken men carried through the door that had received so many like them.

Now in the early dawn that driver came hurrying back. There was a rose pink glow in the East, as if no ill had ever come out of that quarter: as

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if hate were never in this world. Into this fairy land he drove, and the joy of morning began in him. But the gentle appearance of things did not shake his resolution. Surely, surely, he must enlist, and give his life with his friends. The Red Cross was not a heavy enough cross for such as he. The sunrise swallowed all that was left of the night; the whole sky was on fire. He would go; he would go. What was he that he should judge when so many finer men had not hesitated to fight? His Quaker parents would be very grieved, but he *must* do it. He himself was unhappy thinking of his parents' grief. After all, war was indeed a hideous thing. In fact, his determination to fight began already his disillusionment. A secret voice saying, "You will fight only because you are ashamed not to fight." "You will fight for your own peace of mind, not for victory, not for the cause. You have not forgotten yourself in the cause. You will not even find the peace of mind you seek." The sun flashed from behind the Eastern cloudbank and the trees and fields and sparkling canal seemed suddenly to laugh, so bright they grew. "Oh, God! what a world!" cried the driver aloud, while the car roared along. The sun and the countryside undoubtedly confirmed that secret voice now that he allowed himself to attend to them.

He had heard someone say that just as private killing went out of date, so will war some day go also, and that this War is but the red dawn of a new age wherein many obscurities will be enlightened. Surely if Peace and Goodwill could not be the idea of to-day, they would be the idea of to-morrow. Woe unto those who, having any inkling of that great idea of to-morrow, desert it

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even for the highest of to-day's ideals. The Fates had made him to have some glimpse of the dawn before his fighting friends. Woe to him if he closed his eyes.

Not happy, nor content, nor even positive, was he on his return; but very sure that he would not fight. His vision of the new idea (which is also so old an idea) was very faint; but it was a vision, and commanded his allegiance. Perhaps after all he was making a mistake; but it was a noble mistake. The vision must be followed even at the risk of his soul's life.

The driver backed his car into its place, stumped into the camp, pulled his best enemy out of bed, persuaded the puppy to lick the cook's slumbering face, and began his morning toilet. Many times again he was tempted in that wilderness of doubt. Each time the vision was a little clearer than before.

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THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF THE CHILD.*

PHYSICAL training is an essential part of the true education of the child, for education cannot be effective if it appeals to the mind only. The child is not constituted of mind only. It is composed of body, mind, and soul—and the two latter parts are tabernacled, and in some ways confined, within the body. If the body be not sound and under control, the mind and soul lack one of the principal channels of expression; if the body become a mere machine, the mind and soul are imprisoned; and if the body does not grow and gain in suppleness and pliability, the opportunities of the mind are by so much curtailed and restricted.

There are four advantages which the body obtains by a proper exercise of its parts. The first is *health*. The irreducible minima of healthy existence are warmth, food, air, and exercise. When the new-born child emerges from its mother it passes out of a warm temperature into a cold. There is a sudden drop of twenty to thirty degrees in its immediate environment, and this is one of the reasons why the old midwife sought to secure that child-birth should take place beside the hearth. Both the very young and the very old are in need of external warmth in order to maintain life, and indeed, all through life warmth re-

*The substance of an Introductory Address, Vacation School of Physical Training at University College, Reading, July, 1915.

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mains one of the essential external conditions of being. The second requirement is food. The body must be stoked or fed to grow in bulk and to produce the energy needed for work. Food also produces heat, and the very working of the body is dependent upon nutrition—which is an altogether wider condition than the single fact of nourishment. Thirdly, there is air, the medium in which oxygen is conveyed to the lungs and thus to the blood stream. And lastly, there is exercise. Without it there can be no life, for the vital functions of the body are dependent upon movement. The circulation of the blood proceeds, as William Harvey demonstrated in 1621, from the muscular heart to the arteries, their muscle walls aid its propulsion, and by muscular movement it is returned to the heart by the veins. The ceaseless dilation and contraction of the heart, day and night, year after year, for three score and ten, still remains one of the wonders of nature. It is a muscular movement due to central and local nerve stimulus. The rise and fall of the chest walls, too, is an example of continuous muscular movement. Then there is the stomach—another hollow muscle—the exercise of which is essential to digestion. There are the fine, small muscles of hand and eye and ear, by which we express ourselves and understand the expressions of other people; and lastly, there are the large masses of locomotary muscles which not only move the limbs but the body as a whole. To obtain growth and to maintain health, therefore, there is need for physical exercise—rightly adjusted and suitably organised to develop not an acrobat but a man.

Yet it is not only rude health, brute strength, or animal vigour which follows in the train of the

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physical exercise of the child. *Discipline* must be named as a close successor of health. The body is composed of members, aptly jointed and fitted together, and among these there must be a reign of law and order—in other words, discipline. That is an internal and body discipline, most necessary to the control of the body. But the appropriate physical training of the child tends also to an outward discipline, a prompt obedience to the word of command, an alert address and a smartness of carriage. "The true beginning of wisdom," according to a wise old Hebrew writer, "is the desire of discipline"—a characteristic in which, perhaps, modern education is somewhat deficient.

The third advantage of the organised physical training of the child's body is that by this means the motor centres of the brain are developed. It is now a matter of common knowledge that certain parts of the cortex of the brain are differentiated into areas or centres concerned in the development of muscular movements, that certain bits of brain tissue, so to speak, preside over the muscles of certain parts of the body. There is a centre for the leg, for the arm, for the muscles of the face or of speech. Now whilst it is true that these brain centres govern the movements of the muscles, it is also true that the centres grow and develop by the muscular movement of the limbs or parts of the body with which they are concerned. The early passive and active movements of the infant and the child are thus unconsciously stimulating the brain centres, the development of which, and their association together, is the beginning of the growth of the child's brain—first motor development, then sensory development, then intellectual. This physiological fact is what

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many teachers forget, with the result that they endeavour to make an appeal to the child's intellect before it is able to apprehend intellectual things. The education of the young child is its nurture.

There is yet a further advantage of physical training. The child is to be prepared for life. Its education, to be of value, must equip it in more ways than one. It needs, above all, character; it needs also knowledge; it needs to acquire a habit of thinking, a method of further learning; and it needs a body trained and harnessed for the tasks which lie before it. Some are to be soldiers, some sailors, and the large majority industrial workers in the ranks of labour. For all these occupations they need to receive, in childhood, a basis, a foundation, a preparation—which will not attempt to make them in childhood soldiers, sailors, or workmen—for military, naval, or industrial specialised training in childhood is out of the question—but will furnish them with a well-equipped body, growing up in all its parts, interdependent, supply, under control, and so ready to become in all its capacities strong, healthy, lithe, and mature.*

*The claim which is frequently put forward that children should be taught military drill ignores both the physiological need of the child and the unsuitability of military drill to satisfy it. A system of exercises which is non-progressive, ungraded, and one-sided, as well as being inappropriate for children, has not much to commend it. Free standing exercises, calling for the action of all groups of muscles, and including running, jumping, dancing, and games, seems to carry its own justification. The fallacy of military drill for children is comparable to that of the claim that only by universal military service—drill can health be obtained among the adolescent population. This proposition ignores the facts that such military drill begins too late to lay the foundations of health, concerns only the sound men, and entirely omits all the girls.

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This, then, is the goal. What of the preparation ? What kind of organisation must we devise to get these results ? It is clear it must be varied, it must cover the whole body, it must be fitly co-ordinated and balanced, and it must be a training in which there is the element of joyousness, of exhilaration, and of ecstasy. It was Plato who taught that Gymnastic was sister of Music. They cannot always, in good technique, go together, but they must never be far apart. Rhythm, unison, harmony—a joyful soul in a healthy body—this is the secret of perpetual youth. Now experience has shown that there are four main divisions of physical training :—

I. Organised physical exercise.
II. Field sports and athletic games.
III. Swimming.
IV. Manual work.

Organised physical training consists of certain formal exercises (graded and arranged in tables), organised games, and dancing. The system of such training used in this country in the army, the navy, and the State schools is that known as the Swedish system. This system, properly arranged and suitably practised, produces in the child a physical effect (which is nutritional, corrective of tendencies to defect, and developmental) and an educational effect which may be advantageous both mentally and morally. In the syllabus of the Board of Education the system is set out in 72 tables, graded for children from seven to fourteen years of age, and covering six or seven years of school life. Each table contains movements which are (*a*) introductory, (*b*) for the trunk, (*c*) for the arms, (*d*) balance exercises, (*e*) shoulder-blade exercises, (*f*) for the trunk, (*g*) marching, and (*h*) breathing exercises. Each

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table contains a game or its equivalent (jumping, skipping, or dancing). This is all good and may, by superb teaching, become very good. Yet there is something lacking—*esprit de corps*, competition, rivalry, co-operation, vigorous and violent exercise in the open air, the sporting instinct and the fair game—and these valuable things are obtained largely and sometimes solely by athletic sports and field games. Football, cricket, hockey, and tennis bring into physical training what nothing else can provide. Without swimming, too, there is something lacking, for its refreshment, stimulation, and exercise are unique. Lastly, the all-round trained child must receive an education in manual work—the development of the eye and hand to ends which create beauty and utility, to the cultivation of the arts and crafts.* The application of manual work to the instruction of infants and mentally defective children is now well-known, and finds scope and expression in "special" schools throughout Europe and America.

This fact reminds us also of the part which appropriately graded physical exercises may take as a therapeutic agent. It is a form of treatment, and is now used in cases of curvature of the spine, contracted chest, flat foot, malnutrition, and certain diseases of the nose and throat. Above all, it is a method of cure in that general indefinable physical condition known as "debility." A high percentage of children have been found in our schools to be suffering from many maladies of a specific and definite nature, but the highest per-

*Handwork in elementary schools now includes a considerable variety in paper, cardboard, wood, leather, metal, and clay. Bookbinding, flower-making, weaving, modelling, netting, rug-making, knitting, toy-making, chip-carving, fretwork, needlework, bent iron work, etc., are taught.

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centage of all is the unfit child—weak, flabby, listless, unsubstantial. It is in large measure this group of children, the typical product of slum life, little sleep and poor feeding, that is creating our social problem in childhood and adolescence. It is hardly too much to say that these children could be saved by an education which included physical training, appropriate feeding, careful nurture, and a life in the open air.

These are some of the grounds for the introduction into a State system of education of a suitable form of physical training. There is in our English system of education a large element of this kind, though much of it is anomalous, casual, incidental, and unorganised. When in 1907 the medical care of the school child became, by statute, the universal practice in the Public Elementary Schools, a further advance was made in the organisation of physical training, which was associated with school hygiene. All such matters were placed by Parliament under the Board of Education, which created a Medical Department and introduced new powers into the Code in this behalf. Eighteen months later an official syllabus was issued, an inspectorial staff of experts in Swedish exercises was appointed, and a substantial beginning was made in the training and equipment of the teacher as an exponent of physical education. The subject also became a part of the "certificate examination," and thus every candidate for the post of teacher could only pass the portal with some understanding of this great theme. And what applies directly to the elementary school applies indirectly, but not necessarily with less effect, to the Secondary School.

All this means progress, though the step may be slow and faltering. It means that the machinery

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exists by which every boy in the realm, in town or village, may gain physical advantage and every girl may enjoy music and dancing—the boys that they may become disciplined and strong men, and the girls healthy and beautiful women, and that both may enter into the joy of life and retain the eternal spirit of Youth. That is not a low or unworthy ideal for the teacher of physical education, Yet that is not all. For he or she who trains and cultivates with care and vision the body of the child, fulfils in some degree the high calling of the prophet, who tends the growth of the soul and keeps with all reverence the tabernacle of that which is divine. And the growth of the soul is the ripest fruit of education.

G. N.

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SOME BABYLONIAN INSCRIPTIONS IN THE YALE COLLECTION.

Recently, when examining the treasures of the Yale Babylonian Collection at New Haven, Connecticut, Dr. Albert Clay translated a letter of Nebuchadnezzar (604-551 B.C.), which he placed in my hand. This tablet was two inches long by one and a half inches wide, of mottled clay, and beautifully clear in its cuneiform characters. The sensation produced upon one when handling such a letter can be imagined better than described, especially when surrounded by 8,000 such silent witnesses of an ancient civilization, extending over a period of 4,000 to 5,000 years. This collection is considered the most valuable of any in America—for intrinsic worth and information, throwing light upon the Scripture record.

This particular tablet reads :—" From Nebuchadnezzar to Enmashtushar-usur and Nadin and Marduk-etir ; may it be well with you ; may Bel and Nebo grant you peace. By the grace of the god Anu it is well with me. With the army of the king, which is here, everything is satisfactory ; may it be well with you. Accomplish your task. Don't grow slack in your work and send me whatever report and word there is."

By another inscription Nebuchadnezzar records his restoration of the Tower of Babel and a temple

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at Marad and other important buildings and says, "The foundation stone of Naram-Sin, king, an ancient ancestor, I saw and the inscription of his name I did not change. The inscription of my name I placed with the inscription of his name and upon the foundation of Naram-Sin king I established it." This early king ruled in Babylonia about 3750 B.C.

The cylinders, referring to the inscription of Naram-Sin which was on a stone evidently intended for a support as a door socket (in which, however, no gate was ever swung), were both found, with this foundation stone, at Wanna-Sedoum, west of Nippur on the Euphrates. There is little doubt that this site represents the ancient city of Marad.

A few years ago a large, irregular, diorite stone, containing a code of laws written prior to 2000 B.C., was found at Jokha. The inscription was in Sumerian, and the lawgiver was Hammurabi, whom all scholars agree is the Amraphel of Genesis xiv., 1, a contemporary of Abraham. The original of this inscription is in the Louvre, and a replica in the Yale Collection, as well as the original of a still older inscription in Sumerian, which is the prototype of the code of Hammurabi, written about 2500 B.C., and the oldest known code of laws in existence.

There is a very interesting law (called "The Fourth") in this code, which relates to the division of property to a son who wishes to leave the parental roof, viz. :—"If (a son) say unto his father and his mother, 'not my father not my mother,' from the house, field, plantation, servants, property, animals he shall go forth; and his portion, to its full amount, he (the father)

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shall give him. His father and his mother shall say to him 'not our son,' from the neighbourhood of the house he shall go." This is of especial interest in connection with the Parable of the Prodigal Son, inasmuch as it shows that his conduct is based on legal grounds. The code of Hammurabi requires that "he give him of his goods one-third of the portion of a son and he shall go. He shall not give to him of field, garden or house." The legal banishment contained in the words of the law, "thou art not our son," etc., was prudential in character. The son had no further claim on the estate. As a son he was legally dead. We may note that the son in the parable does not make a request, but rather a demand: "Father, give me the portion of the substance that falleth to me," and after he received it "he gathered all together and took his journey into a far country." In his extermity, knowing that he was legally dead as a son, he could at least ask to be taken in as a hired servant. The Mosaic code was based to some extent upon that of Hammurabi—with this difference as to their origin or authorship—Yahweh being the author of Israel's laws, while the god Shamash was given the credit of dictating those of Hammurabi.

It was almost uncanny to be handling the yet older "table of stone" upon which the first Sumerian laws were inscribed—which are attributed to a goddess, Nisoba, and a god, Khani, and a very artistic vase belonging to Xerxes (the Ahasuerus of the Book of Esther) and containing the inscription, "Xerxes, the Great King," (written in the Persian, Elamitic and Babylonian cuneiform script and in the Egyptian hieroglyphs).

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No inscription seemed to have more force to it than that of Hammurabi (2100 B.C.) when he says :—

" Hammurabi, the mighty king, the king of Babylon, the king of the four quarters, the founder of the land, the king whose deeds are well-pleasing unto the heart of the gods Shamash and Marduk, am I. The summit of the wall of Sippar I have raised with earth like unto a great mountain. I have compassed it about with a ditch. I have digged out the Euphrates as far as Sippar, and I have encompassed it with a wall of safety. Hammurabi, the founder of the land, the king whose deeds are well-pleasing unto the heart of the gods Shamash and Marduk, am I. I have caused Sippar and Babylon to dwell continuously in a peaceful habitation. Hammurabi, the darling of Shamash, the beloved of Marduk, am I. That which from days of old no king had built for the king of the city, for Shamash, my lord, I have gloriously accomplished."

The Larsa Dynastic tablet gives the names of hitherto unknown kings and the years they ruled during the latter part of the third millennium B.C. Among these has been identified Arioch, the contemporary of Abraham (Gen. xiv., 1) under the name of Rim-Sin. His brother, Warad-Sin, made a Sumerian inscription on an unusually large terra cotta cone, dedicated to his goddess, Innina. This is repeated on the bottom of the base of this votive cone, and reads as follows :—

" To Innina, the exalted lady of splendor, the priestess of the double host, the eldest daughter of the god Sin, his lady, Warad-Sin, the favorite prince of Nippur, the adorner of the city Ur, the overseer of Girsu and Lagash, who is revered in the temple Ebabbar, king of Larsa, king of Sumer and Akkad, the beloved lord of the harvest (?), who fulfills the command, who the temple of the gods built anew, who a colossal copper statue of her ladyship had made, who restored its greatness to her overturned city, who truly built its wall, who, her widespread land greatly caused to be inhabited, exalted of heart, who is the warrior who turns them back, am I ; to whom a wide understanding for the conduct of the city's affairs Ea has given ; for the sake of Innina, the merciful lady, her house of splendor, the awe-inspiring dwelling of her

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joyous heart, according to its old appearances, its interior I filled with light. More than before, her Eshusegga I enlarged, for the future, for my life, I did build. Its head I reared high; like a mountain I did raise. Upon these brilliant doings may Innina, my lady, look. An abundant length of days, a well-established throne, a putting down of uprisings, may she as a gift bestow upon me."

This tablet is one of the most important historical inscriptions in the Yale Collection, as it is possible to determine from it a number of most interesting historical and chronological questions in early Babylonian history. Fourteen kings, followed by Hammurabi, of Babylon, the conqueror of Larsa, and Sin-Muballit, his son, are recorded on it. Seven of these kings have hitherto been known from titles they used as rulers of Larsa. Thus we are enabled to determine the relation of the dynasties to each other, which were contemporaneous. In the early millenniums of Babylonian history the years were known by formulas which recorded historical events, instead of by the years of the reign, as "in the first year of Nebuchadnezzar king." This was the practice after 2000 B.C. Some of these earlier dates are very long, mentioning several important events, while others are short. Very frequently they are found abbreviated.

The collection is especially rich in terra cotta cylinders of Assyrian and Babylonian kings. Temples, shrines, walls, and other buildings were restored, while canals and moats were dug in different cities in Babylonia. Several kings well known from the Old Testament are represented by these important inscriptions, as Hammurabi (Amraphel), Sargon, Esarhaddon, Ashurbanipal (or Asnapper), and Nebuchadnezzar, besides other rulers, as Samsu-iluna, Ashur-etil-ilani, Nabonidus, the father of Belshazzar, and Seleucus II.

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From certain temple documents, dating in the sixth century B.C., we have the first actual observance of anything that suggests the existence of a parallel to the Sabbath in Babylonia. It is well known some scholars hold that the Hebrew Sabbath had its origin in Babylonia.

One of the more unexpected finds from the library of Ashurbanipal contained syllabaries or dictionaries, the discovery of which made rapid progress in the decipherment of the monuments possible.

The Yale Collection has secured a valuable and excellent specimen of this class of literature. It is written in two columns of four each on both sides of the tablet, and contains 321 lines, and more than a hundred different signs. In the first column the Sumerian meanings are given and in the fourth, the Semitic Babylonian or Akkadian value corresponding to the Sumerian in the first column. In the second column is found the sign to be explained, and in the third the name of the sign. If, therefore, the Babylonian word is known, or can be determined, the meaning of the Sumerian becomes clear.

There is a valuable cylinder of Nabonidas, king of Babylon (555-538 B.C.), in which he dedicates his daughter, who is the sister of Belshazzar, as a votary. Not many years ago Belshazzar was regarded by critics as a mythical personage, but archæology has determined that he is historical.

The whole impression of this visit was inspiring, and confirming to the belief in the progress of mankind, and the value of these ancient records.

JOSEPH ELKINTON.

Moylan, Penna., U.S.A.,
January, 1916.

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ON MYSTICISM.

WHEN Saint Augustine writes: "O God, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till it rest in Thee," he gives the key to a form of spiritual religion in its purest condition. Outside trappings are entirely removed; there are no dogmas, no traditions. The soul comes into direct communion with God. The created speaks direct to the Creator; man's heart speaks to the great Heart, and finds union with the Divine. This is mysticism—the search of humanity after truth, after God. It is this searching after God that leads us to the greatest of mystics—Christ. He was filled with the Divine spirit. How far we may reach this fulness is the secret of each individual soul. Isaac Penington could say: "I have met with my God, I have met with my Saviour; I have felt the healing drop from under His wings upon my spirit." Few of us can attain this spiritual stature. Yet when Christ stands for God, we realize that He is worthy of our worship and of our obedience and love. In the words of Madame Guyon: "Jesus Christ often giveth us some insight into His states after a very particular manner. Then it behoveth us to receive them, and to suffer our minds to be applied to anything that pleaseth Him, taking equally all the dispositions that he shall see fit to place us in, not choosing one of ourselves, but only this to continue always with Him, to desire Him affectionately and to empty ourselves before Him, receiving with an evenness of mind all that He doth give us, whether light or darkness, fruitfulness or barrenness, strength or weakness, sweetness or

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bitterness, temptation, distraction, pains, troubles, or doubtings; nothing of all these should stop us."

There are two aspects of mysticism which appear to be antagonistic. In one respect the sacramentarian is a mystic, but he makes the eucharist his central act of worship; on the other hand, the true mystic does not regard the sacrament as the only means of grace—to him all spiritual acts are means of grace. He regards all men as priests, or, rather, he ignores priests for he would have all become poets, seers, who have vision. For the essence of mysticism is to believe that everything we see and know is symbolic of something greater. As the intellect is given us to apprehend material things, so the spirit is given us to apprehend spiritual things.

It has been said that man is a born mystic. From his earliest infancy when he "wonders" to maturity, there is an element in his life which is quite inexplicable. Yet he does not know the strange power. Blake did not know it, but it satisfied him. He lived in a world of glory, of spirit, and vision. "At the age of four he saw God looking in at the window, and from that time until he welcomed the approach of death by singing songs of joy which made the rafters ring, he lived in an atmosphere of divine illumination." But to return to the ordinary mystic. He has discovered "through Christ that he has relations with an invisible but real life, where God is all and in all, and he develops an organ for correspondence with that world in prayer."

One of the noblest examples of mysticism is that of Madame Guyon, whom we quoted earlier in this article. Born in 1648, she inherited from her parents a strong regard for religion—indeed, all her family were distinguisehd for their piety. She had what may be called "a strong propension

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towards God," and an emotional susceptibility to religious influences. Her book, *A Method of Prayer*, was to some a 'light to lighten,' to others 'a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence.' Her teaching of the inward light was no match for the theologian, who became her enemy. Madame Guyon was arrested and sent to the Castle of Vincennes. Here she sang :—

A little bird am I,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there ;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth thee.

It is well for us to remember that the principles of mysticism are the same to-day as they were in the sixteenth century. Dr. Rendel Harris has referred to Madame Guyon as " the teacher from whom I have received more help and guidance in the things of God than from any other person." In her *Method of Prayer* the question of perfectness is discussed, and is a résumé of the doctrine of the reception of the Holy Spirit, the new life being the consummation of the old, and the beginning of the new like the seed which is formed in the blossom of the plant. Richard Rolle appears to have reached this ideal state in his contemplation of God. " A devout soul," he says, " despiseth all the vain joy of the world, and only joying and singing in Jesus, it desireth for to be departeth from the body." And he exultingly exclaims : " What thing is grace but a beginning of joy ? What is the perfection of joy but a grace in the which is kept to us a joyful blessedness and a blessed joy ; and everlastingness that is joyful, and joy everlasting."

It has been said that the mystic is out of date in this twentieth century, that he is unpractical.

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But there is no need for the mystic of to-day to withdraw himself from the ordinary duties of life. He will, on the other hand, endeavour to guard himself from the dangers of the world which he would fain see growing towards the Divine. "The mystic does not look away from life; he looks into it more deeply, more tenderly, more searchingly, than the ordinary man; and beneath the surface of all things he sees God working, and waiting, and loving." The mystic knows he cannot *understand* the reason for many things, but his mind is intuitively illuminated, so that he can enter directly the Presence-Chamber of the Highest. The mystics of old experienced no difficulty in this quest, and if the modern mystic has more knowledge of the universe, he treads the same path "towards that place at his Master's footstool prepared for them who walk humbly with their God."

The modern mystic is usually neglected by the world: Emily Brontë is an example. Utterly regardless of material things, she rejoiced in possessing the inward peace which came from Nature. The ever conscious Presence was revealed to her as the one sustaining Life, and was expressed in those last lines of hers—perhaps among the finest in English poetry:—

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

* * * * * *

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

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Turning to another mystic poet—Wordsworth—we are conscious of a mind satisfied he can obtain from Nature a healing balm for the ills of life. He sees Nature possessing

> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought.

His worship demands faith and love—that is all. And this fact makes Wordsworth sympathetic towards his fellow-men. His visions are different from those of Emily Brontë. They bring him joy, and this joy he communicates to his fellow creatures. He does not philosophise; he sees the "world-spirit" that is entirely good, and he sees it in common things. God speaks to him in terms which he can understand, and God is good. Here, we think, is practical mysticism. He says with Emerson: "Nothing divine dies; all good is eternally reproductive." Hence, God is manifested in the glory of His creation. And it was Wordsworth's aim to show how this vision might be reached. Everything he saw came within the purview of his muse. He possessed "a wise passiveness," believed that we may at any moment arouse the emotions which change the whole course of life,

> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the light of things.

Mysticism cannot be defined; it cannot be explained in words; it cannot be comprehended by the intellect. It is based on feeling rather than thought, and is bounded by no set rules, for how can God be sought when His Presence is always with us? Creeds are of no avail, for creeds represent but crude conceptions of the truth. Mysticism can only be *lived*; its philosophy cannot be understood. Evil is an impossible concept.

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Eckhart says: "Foolish people take evil for good, and good for evil. But to him who rightly understands, the one work which God works in the soul is better and nobler and higher than all the world. Through that light comes grace. Grace never comes in the intelligence or in the will. If it could come in the intelligence or in the will, the intelligence and the will would have to transcend themselves." Modern mystics are in agreement with this thought. Blake and Shelley and Browning believe that "everything is good in God's eyes." Tennyson was not exactly a mystic. And yet he emphasises the necessity of sinking oneself, of merging the personality into the universal:—

> But that one ripple on the boundless deep
> Feels that the deep is boundless, and itself
> For ever changing form, but evermore
> One with the boundless motion of the deep.

But it is in *The Higher Pantheism* that he approaches the nearest to the mystic:—

> And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
> But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?

"Where shall I find God?" asks Florence Nightingale. "In myself. That is the true mystical doctrine, but then I myself must be in a state for Him to come and dwell with me. This is the whole aim of the mystical life." And she found the object of her devotion in work—"work and suffering for the love of God." And when burdened with doubt and difficulties she would cry: "O God, let me not sink in these perplexities, but give me a great cause to do and die for." That, we think, was practical mysticism.

J. C. WRIGHT.

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FRIENDS' QUARTERLY EXAMINER.

No. 198. Fourth Month, 1916.

CHRISTIAN POLITICS AND WAR.*

It seems to me that all parties, whether politicians or Christians, have a kind of feeling that Christianity condemns War and yet regard it as a necessity, which is the same thing very much as avowing that Christianity in this respect *will not work;*—that the requirements of Christianity are Utopian and therefore cannot wisely be pushed into actual practice. Nor are those Christians who cling most strongly to what they think is the Christian view of War wholly free from this doubt, for we find them sometimes calling upon politicians to adopt it whether it will work or not. Whereas if the view we take of Christian Politics be correct and if Christianity be true, then the only solution of the vexed problem of international politics and war must be one consistent with both Christianity and the laws of nature—above all one that *will work.*

I firmly believe that there is such a solution and therefore that it is just as reasonable to put implicit faith in Christian politics when dealing with great practical international questions as it is when dealing with civil and social ones, and I must beg the reader to follow me step by step as I try to make it clear somewhat in detail.

*Part of an unpublished paper written in 1862.

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In the first place, the laws of nature compel nations just as clearly as they compel individuals, instead of living a wholly separate and selfish life, to become dependent upon one another and therefore to hold intercourse with one another. And as in social and civil so in international life, the laws of nature regulating that intercourse are opposed to the spirit of selfishness and framed in the spirit of the "Golden Rule."

Vattel, writing nearly a century ago, rests upon this fact the whole argument of his celebrated treatise on the Laws of Nature as applied to the affairs of nations. "The first general law [of Nature]," he says, "that we discover . . . is that each individual nation is bound to contribute everything in her power to the happiness and perfection of all the others." And this holds good universally, for, he continues, "Power or weakness does not in this respect make any difference: a dwarf is as much a man as a giant: a small republic is no less a sovereign state than the more powerful kingdom . . . They therefore inherit by [the laws of] nature the same rights and obligations." If this was Vattel's opinion nearly a century ago surely we, who have lived to see England compelled by the laws of nature to reverse her traditionally selfish policy and to seek her own self-interest in free trade with all the world, cannot certainly deny it; we must rather confess that a century's experience has added a thousand practical proofs to the weight of Vattel's authority.

In the second place, if the laws of nature, because they compel individuals to form social relations, compel them also to establish a code of civil law to define the rights arising out of those social relations, and if it be equally true that

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the laws of nature compel nations to form international relations, how can we escape the conclusion that the laws of nature compel nations also to establish international law to define the rights arising out of such international relations?

That, in Vattel's opinion, there are laws of nature regulating international relations, the very title of his book* is sufficient to place beyond cavil; and that all international questions ought to be settled by international law and not by Lynch law, all jurists allow. But as a matter of fact nations have not in practice achieved this great step in civilization. Some principles of international law are undoubtedly universally recognised, but in general, within certain limits, *each nation is still the judge of what is lawful to itself*, just as in the case of individuals before the establishment of civil law. Civilized nations are every day becoming more and more conscious that the present system of leaving each nation thus to be its own judge of what is right and lawful for itself, is contrary to the laws of nature and does not work.

The first practical step then to be taken in obedience to the laws of nature (one which one cannot help hoping is on the very eve of being taken), is undoubtedly the general adoption by civilized nations of a just and uniform code of international law.

It is a matter of regret that England is not unanimous upon a point so simple and practical and withal so definite and easy to be understood. But unhappily a large party seem to have thrown the weight of their influence in favour rather of arbitration than of international law.

*Droit des Gens, on Principes de la loi naturelle appliqués à la conduite et aux affaires des Nations et des souverains. *Neuchâtel*, 1758.

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This, I cannot but think, is greatly to be deplored, for anything which keeps up the idea of any *substitute* for international law, which is the real thing required by the laws of nature, so far directly impedes the progress of civilization in this respect. Arbitration (however good as a merely temporary and exceptional expedient) is contrary to the laws of nature as a permanent substitute for Law and therefore it will not work. It should never be forgotten that the first great end of Law is not to decide but to prevent disputes; that for every dispute which civil law in England decides, there are thousands of cases in which disputes are prevented from arising by its certainty and clearness. The more simple and clearly established the law, the fewer are the disputes. But arbitration in itself is powerless to *prevent* disputes; it only extends to the settlement of disputes *after* they have arisen. Hence it cannot too clearly be kept in view that good as arbitration may be as an exceptional resort failing international law, to rest on it as a permanent substitute for law is to build upon sand.

We may rejoice, however, that some really sound practical steps have been and are being taken by our statesmen in the attainment of a general recognition by civilized powers of a uniform and juster code of international law. Such a step was the "Declaration respecting Maritime Law signed by the Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, and Turkey, assembled in Congress at Paris, April 16, 1856." The following is the preamble.

"The Plenipotentiaries who signed the Treaty of Paris of the 30th of March, 1856, assembled in Conference—

"Considering:

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"That maritime law, in time of war, has long been the subject of deplorable disputes;

"That the uncertainty of the law in such a matter gives rise to differences of opinion which may occasion serious difficulties, and even conflicts;

"That it is consequently advantageous to establish a uniform doctrine on so important a point: . . . and having come to an agreement have adopted the following solemn Declaration."

The Declaration has since been adopted by 46 civilized powers and between those powers is in fact a code of international law regarding the rights of neutrals.

The Americans it will be remembered refused to accede to the propositions contained in the Declaration. But Mr. Seward in his recent correspondence in reference to its adoption by the American Government paid the following just tribute to the rightness and pureness of its object:—

"The Declaration of the Congress of Paris is the joint act of 46 great and enlightened powers designing to alleviate the evils of maritime war and promote the first interest of humanity, which is peace." (*Seward. Sep.* 7, 1861.)

And Lord John Russell informed Mr. Adams that—

"Her Majesty's Government in concurring in this Declaration wished to establish a doctrine for all time with a view to lessen the horrors of war all over the globe. The instructions sent out to Lord Lyons prove the sincerity of their wish to give permanence and fixity of principles to this part of the law of nations." (*Russell. Aug.* 28, 1861.)

Here then we have a move precisely in the right direction.

Again, how much advance has been made of late towards the final adoption of the great international law of non-intervention.

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There is indeed a false doctrine of non-intervention which is based upon a selfish policy, which would stand by and see a weaker power oppressed by a stronger one without interference. Without saying that a great power like England ought to consider it its business to undertake every job of police which wants doing, a selfish policy cannot surely be other than contrary to the laws of nature which proclaim the equal rights of all nations be they weak or strong. But the true doctrine of non-intervention is a law of nature itself. It is the law of international liberty. It rests upon the fact that no nation or compact of nations has by nature a *right* to interfere with the internal affairs of any other, unless such interference be absolutely needful to secure the commonweal of the whole civilized world. It is analogous to the law of civil liberty which denies that any individual or state has any right to meddle with the personal rights of the subject except so far as is needful to secure the commonweal.

Were *this* doctrine of non-intervention thoroughly defined and accepted by all civilized nations, the province of international law would be wonderfully narrowed and brought into manageable compass.

Small as the results may yet appear to be, these attempts on the part of our statesmen may fairly be taken as a practical admission of the need of a uniform code of international law and as an earnest of further attempts to secure it.

I therefore pass on to remark that, in the third place, the adoption of such a uniform international code by all civilized nations would not in itself suffice to put an end to the evils of Lynch law. For there is another and wholly distinct evil

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involved in the practice of Lynch law which is equally contrary to the laws of nature and which therefore will not and does not work.

For in Lynch law each individual wears his own sword and settles thereby his own disputes whether in the right or in the wrong. And at this moment Lynch law in this respect prevails among nations. Each nation maintains its own army and therewith settles its own disputes whether in the right or in the wrong.

I do not see how it is possible to deny that Christianity and the laws of nature alike forbid the continuance of Lynch law in this respect between nations just as fully and clearly as they forbid its continuance between individuals.

Lynch law between nations leads to the same evils as it does between individuals. It means might instead of right equally in the one case as in the other. In both cases it is clearly contrary to the laws of nature, and it does not work for the sword to remain in the hands of the disputants. If at all defensible it is defensible only as a temporary expedient until something like a judicial tribunal be established. Both Christianity and the laws of nature demand that the sword shall be under the control not of the disputing powers but of the Law which is to settle their dispute. Therefore the next obvious step to be taken by civilized nations, after or concurrently with the adoption of a code of international law, is the establishment, not of a court of arbitration, but a *judicial* tribunal to decide international disputes according to international law.

In the recent affair of the Trent* we have seen symptoms of an approach towards the practical

*October-December, 1861.

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attainment of such an international judicial tribunal. The verdict of the great Powers of Europe, however informally yet so promptly given in a tone so earnest that it shows how all nations are alike concerned in the maintenance of international law, is an approach in many respects to something like the verdict of a jury or the solemn judgments delivered one by one by judges on the bench of a great international Court of Appeal.

We must not press forward questions like these too impatiently. We must be content to ascend the ladder step by step as we find firm footing. We must patiently wait till the full corn ripens in the ear before we expect to gather it—we must learn patiently to labour with the spade and the plough until the right time comes to labour with the sickle. I do not therefore foolishly pretend to point out how this great step is to be finally taken, but simply state my conviction that it is a step which sooner or later must be taken in obedience to the laws of nature and Christianity alike.

I do not wish to shirk any part of this question, and therefore I must fairly and fully avow the conviction that, granted such an international tribunal were established, as in the case of civil so in the case of international law the ultimate appeal of that tribunal must be in some way or other *to physical force.* I cannot find that the laws of nature have given any ultimate sanction to international or any other human law but physical force. I cannot find that Christianity in any way forbids the use of physical force by the judicial power, but altogether and clearly sanctions it. To allude to one example only out of many. Take the case of the apostle Paul. He had himself unlawfully used the sword of the magistrate to

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imprison and persecute Christians. He himself afterwards often had to suffer from the unlawful use of the sword of the magistrate, and was himself imprisoned and persecuted. He himself used language of the strongest rebuke towards the Jewish Ruler who commanded him to be smitten contrary to the law, and yet it was this very apostle Paul who commanded Christians to obey the civil magistrate and declared that he beareth not the sword in vain. And when one recollects that the civil power in Palestine was maintained and its decrees executed by centurions and soldiers, that it was in fact a civil power ruling over a people who still to some extent wore their own swords, and therefore was in that stage of its history when as yet an army, rather than a police force, was the sword which it did not bear in vain and by which it executed judgment, then I think we shall be very careful not to set ourselves against both Christianity and the laws of nature by opposing the judicial use of physical force by an international tribunal however firmly we may oppose the unnatural and un-Christian abuse of it.

Most likely in the natural course of things, as in the case of civil law in its early stages while each individual still wears his own sword, so in the case of international law while as yet each nation maintains its own military establishment, the decisions of the judicial tribunal of whatever kind it may be will rightly or wrongly in practice be enforced at first by the combined armies or fleets of neighbouring nations. As in the days of the first Christians the Roman centurions and their soldiers formed the only police force, so will these combined fleets and armies at first probably, rightly or wrongly, form the only international police force. The management and practical

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working of this international police force will be open to just the same abuses and difficulties as those which beset the management and practical working of civil police forces before civil law is firmly established or when it is for a while set aside as in times of riot and rebellion.

But while we thus fully admit the great difficulties and dangers attending the working of an international police force, there are three points in which the analogy of the history of civil law gives us fair ground to hope that if we work on patiently and firmly in the path of obedience to the laws of nature and the "golden rule" those difficulties will not in the long run prove insurmountable.

The first point is that even taking for granted that at first the sanction of physical force to international law may be in practice applied by an army and that thus at first all that has been gained from the establishment of an international tribunal may be the mere transfer of the control or direction of the army from each nation to the international tribunal, still every benefit has thereby been gained for nations, which the first establishment of civil law gains for individuals—and that gain is, that having practically disarmed the disputants and having armed the judicial power, you have secured in principle and to an ever increasing extent in practice also that might shall always defend the right—*i.e.*, you have substituted a system which so far as it goes really will work for a system which experience has proved does not work.

The second point is that as in the history of civil law it has been found in practice to be the case, so in the history of international law there is every reason to expect that as civilization advances the number of cases in which the last

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resort of physical force really has to be resorted to will become more and more rare.

The third point is that in the few cases which may arise in which physical force has to be resorted to, to inforce the decisions of the international tribunal, it will come to be applied, as to a very large extent it has come to be applied in the case of civil law, more and more wisely and justly as civilization advances until at last it will really when needful be applied in full accordance both with the laws of nature and Christianity—without waste of human blood or human rights and without any the least infringement of the Christian's law of love.

Hence the obvious conclusion to which the examination of international politics has brought us is, that in those points in which we are still disobeying the laws of nature and Christianity our politics do not and will not work: that the laws of nature and Christianity alike urge us in the spirit of the golden rule to reform our international politics in these respects, to extend international intercourse, to obtain the consent of all nations to a just code of international law, to establish international tribunals to decide all questions of international law, to transfer the control and direction of the sword from each nation to the international judicial power, to reform the mode of using the sword to enforce its decisions until no law of nature or Christianity is infringed thereby: that when these several steps in Christian civilization shall be actually taken, but not till then, will our international politics be Christian politics: and lastly that then, but not till then, will they fully work.

FREDERIC SEEBOHM.

Hitchin, 1862.

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SOME THOUGHTS ON CHRIST'S LAMENT OVER JERUSALEM.

HE beheld the city and wept over it, saying, "If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes."

When we consider the action of the leaders of the Jews at the time of Our Lord in its relation to the best interests of their nation, we are forced to acknowledge that they were blind and wanting in insight, and that the disaster which befell them was the natural result of their policy.

If, however, we try to put ourselves in their place and try to look at the then-current events with their eyes, we shall have, I think, to confess that there was something to be said in apparent justification of their attitude. The Jewish race had a strong sense of nationality, and they had in the past regained independent existence when, humanly speaking, it seemed impossible. Their prophets seemed to hold out to them the prospect of a time when they should, as a nation, triumph over all their enemies under the leadership of the Messiah, and become once more a world-power—as was the case in the reign of Solomon,—albeit with added splendour.

The time for the appearance of the long-looked-for Messiah was acknowledged to be close at hand. Was it then a time to give up the idea of nationality and bow in submission under the Roman yoke? Surely they ought to trust in the certainty

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of Divine intervention for the protection of His people if they were to be guided by the lessons of the past.

To take a different view of the situation to this required spiritual insight, and we know that the whole atmosphere of their religion under the Mosaic Law tended towards outward observance rather than toward spiritual insight. "This *do* and thou shalt live" was an oft-recurring thought in the Jew's religion. The predominance of outward observances in the ritual, as practised by them, helped to blind them and lessen their power of accepting the Messianic epoch as a spiritual and not a temporal kingdom. The insight which was necessary, if they were to read aright the signs of the times, was not the natural outcome of their ordinary modes of thought and action, but involved the direct opposite of that which they were expecting and were living for.

If they had only known it, they had reached a crisis in their national existence in which the experience of the founder of their nation had once more to be repeated. In obedience to the Divine call they now, as was the case with Abraham of old, had to leave the established order of their existence and start forth, not knowing whither that call would lead them. Our Saviour's references to Abraham in his discources with the leaders of the Jewish community probably had a force which was little realised by them.

I think we must recognise that what we may call the independent national life of the Jewish race had in the past played an important part in the Divine scheme for the evolution of the world. But we may, I think, equally recognise that for many generations past the Divine call to the Jews was not so much to retain the worship of

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Jehovah inviolate within the narrow precincts of the Holy Land, as to spread broadcast throughout the world the knowledge of the one true God, and thus act among the nations of heathendom as the salt of the earth.

May we not go so far as to say that because they would not bring to an end voluntarily the limited worship of Jehovah as ordained by the Mosaic ritual, it was necessary for it to be swept away in a national catastrophe in order that God's wider purpose for the world might be fulfilled and His true evangel be carried to the ends of the earth ?

In all this is there not a warning for us individually and collectively ? Individually we do, I think, widely recognise the possibility of a call similar to that of Abraham, which bids us go out from among our people and our kindred into fresh fields of service for God and for our fellow men, and many of us do so go out, not knowing whither the call shall lead them. But where the call to missionary service at home or abroad does not come, there may still be a call to departures from our accepted mode of life which are less easy to follow than the call to definite missionary service. Here there is, perhaps, more likelihood of our holding on too long to the accepted order of things, and of the words of Christ becoming applicable to us. "If only thou hadst known the things which belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes."

To take the simplest and most obvious instance of this.—Do we not sometimes see those around us who cannot accept a falling income as a call to a simpler mode of life, and who hold on to home and social surroundings in the hope of a salvation which does not come until they not only lose the

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possibility of peace but also lessen their power of usefulness in the world ?

In many things besides our outward surroundings it is hard for us to see when the time has come for us to turn aside into some, as yet untried, paths of life. Those around us may see more plainly than we do. Our thoughts may be so taken up with the necessary details of life that we miss the larger view.

But it always *is* difficult to make any new departure from the lines of thought or practice to which we have become habituated. Even in some of the simple things of life we may, after many years, find that some simple expedient of which we were previously unconscious would greatly have facilitated our work had we but known of it, and we are surprised that we have gone on so long without finding it out. When dealing with the more scientific departments of knowledge and of practice, this experience is very frequent. When once a new principle or a fresh method of practice has at last dawned upon us we marvel that we have been so slow in appreciating what now seems so obvious and what, years ago, ought to have been plain to us if we had only had eyes to see and power to apply principles to practice.

To the scientific worker this fact is most plain, viz., that it is extremely difficult to depart from lines of thought or of practice that have become habitual to us, and it is far from easy to be alive to new openings of truth. We recognise at its true worth such insight as that which enabled Lord Lister, when a young man, to apply the recently-discovered principles of fermentation to the problem of the healing of wounds, and thus

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revolutionise surgery and confer an immeasurable benefit upon the human race.

The safeguard against this lack of insight of which we are speaking is to keep in very close touch with our Heavenly Guide, and seek always to have an ear sensitive to, and listening for, the tones of His voice amidst the many other sounds to which we have perforce to listen.

It may, perhaps, be that, owing to fresh light breaking in upon us, we are called upon to relinquish some principle which hitherto has been accepted by us as a guiding principle of our lives. Under such circumstances would we not be inclined to say to ourselves, "This has been a line of action we have always followed. Why should we change?" This was what the Jews said at the time of our Lord, "Our prophets have held up to us the ideal of a glorious Messiah who would save our nation from its enemies and establish a world-wide kingdom which would be a kingdom of righteousness for the benefit of the world. Why should we give it up and accept a wholly different ideal for our nation? This man who is despised and rejected cannot be the promised Messiah."

Many, perhaps, of our own ideals for ourselves and for our nation may, in the light of fuller knowledge, be as mistaken as was the Jewish interpretation of their prophetic writings.

With regard to Christ's teaching in the sermon on the Mount, have we not, as an organised community, taken up the position that this teaching in its fullness cannot be carried out in the organisation of our modern civilised life? Do we not accept as the only workable foundation for our social and commercial order an ideal that

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falls very short of our Saviour's teaching as to our attitude towards our neighbour and the brotherhood of all men? Does not our system of commercial and business competition involve far too much of the spirit of warfare and strife, one with another and far too little of the principle of mutual help and co-operation?

In this connection let us call to mind another occasion when the thought of His country's condition wrung from our Saviour's loving heart a cry of pain. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, but ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

This, then, was Christ's ideal for the Jewish nation—all men one happy family under his sheltering wing. All men united in one brotherhood. He spoke of it, too, as a possible ideal; the only thing that prevented its accomplishment was the unwillingness of the people themselves.

This ideal is very different from our present social organization. Individual efforts are, indeed, everywhere freely made by the followers of Christ to carry out His ideal of brotherly kindness and love, but surely something much more fundamental is needed.

Have we not faith to believe that it must be possible to find a system of supplying the needs of our communities which is in closer accord with the sermon on the Mount than our present one, and shall we not strive to work out such a system? It is possible that in this matter we are adhering to a system because it has been handed down to us, and our eyes are not yet opened to see a better way and one more in accord with our Saviour's

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teaching. May it not be that in this instance His words to the Jews are also applicable to us? "If thou hadst seen, even thou, the things which belong to thy peace?" It is thinkable that if all Christians had striven earnestly for a generation we might by now have freed ourselves from the principle of individualism and commercial strife one with another, which really is at the root of our present commercial system, although in the ordinary practice of business it may not be apparent, and in some businesses may rarely or never be so.

If we had, years ago, succeeded in remodelling our social system upon true Christian lines, it is more than likely that by the spread of the sense of brotherhood to other nations this terrible international conflict would have been made impossible.

We may be as wrong in clinging to this un-Christian commercial system of ours as the Jews were in clinging to their national ideals and their hope of a temporal Messiah, and we may here and now be face to face with a call to go forth into a new and unknown experience in obedience to the Divine voice.

Possibly one of the results of this war may be to show that co-operation and the communal organization of industries is not only possible but is far better and more economical, as well as attaining a higher ideal, than our present system of private ownership, with all the troubles as to the relationship between capital and labour which it entails.

Oh! that we may have open minds, and ears attentive to hear God's voice in these things. Let us above think more deeply upon Christ and His love to men, and try to look at all the problems of life as He would have looked at them. Let us

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also remember that all God's commands are a enablings. In so far as we endeavour to carry out His will, in so far do we make available for ourselves His almighty power to carry out that will. Let us then try in our daily lives to carry more in our minds the thought of how Christ would regard the circumstances with which we are face to face, and let us do all in our power to help our fellow men also to take this standpoint. May it never be possible for Christ to say of our nation as He said of Jerusalem, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, but ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

Moreover, the time may be, and probably is, at hand for us to lay aside our National Ideal of a glorious British Empire and seek, instead, to let the English-speaking races become only individual units among the federated nations of the world. It may be that the British empire, as such, has fulfilled its main purpose, and that now we must be prepared to sink our National individuality in a commonwealth of all the nations of the world, and that loyalty to the world must supercede loyalty to our own nationality. It may be that for us—as for the Jews at the beginning of our era—the time has come when we must lay aside all idea of independent nationality and empire, and that the future work of the British peoples must be to work as leaven in the world, helping to make what were once the kingdoms of the world unite into one kingdom under the rule of the Prince of Peace. When the time is ripe for such changes and the Divine call to universal brotherhood has gone forth—for those who can hear it—may we as a nation be preserved from

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that blindness which brought tears to the eyes of our loving Saviour and wrung from Him the cry, "Oh, that thou hadst known the things which belong unto thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes."

T. STACEY WILSON.

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IRISH FRIENDS' EXPERIENCES OF WAR, 1689-92.*

Just two centuries and a quarter ago a great European struggle was in progress. Louis XIV. of France was seeking to be supreme in Europe, but had been checked by William of Orange at the head of the Netherlanders. During the reigns of Charles II. and James II. the English Kings had been in the pay of France, and when, owing to James II.'s misgovernment England offered its crown to William Prince of Orange, he accepted it, not only to deliver England, but to secure a powerful ally for himself against Louis.

There were good reasons why the people of Ireland were not as willing to receive William as England was. Many, including Louis XIV., hoped that James would rule Ireland as a separate country. James himself wished to use Ireland only as a stepping-stone back to England. William sent his troops to Ireland to keep Louis's forces employed there, that they might not attack the Netherlands—so that Ireland for the time was a battleground of Europe. The question, however, which lay most on the surface was that of religion. James in England, and his Viceroy Tyrconnell in Ireland, had made every effort to replace Protestants by Catholics in the army, in the corporations, and in many official positions—this and the King's

*Abbreviated from a Paper read at the Dublin Friends' Institute, and compiled mostly from manuscript records.

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Declaration of Indulgence had led to the Revolution in England, while in Ireland many hundreds of Protestants fled from the country. But the chief cause was the strife between old and new land proprietors in Ireland. To understand this we must go back to the beginning of the seventeenth century, when England, after her rapid expansion in Elizabeth's reign, was seized by a great land hunger. The most adventurous satisfied this craving in America, but Ireland lay nearer, and for forty or fifty years the English rulers there schemed to obtain the land from the Celts and Anglo-Irish for those in England who would fain be colonists. The first years of the seventeenth century saw the confiscation of the lands of Tyrone and Tyrconnell and the plantation of Ulster. Not satisfied with this, by pretending to find legal flaws in titles, the Lord Deputy Strafford in Charles I's reign made arrangements to secure the land of Connaught for the English, and when he was recalled, the Lord Chief Justices helped to goad the whole of Ireland into rebellion in 1641, that they might have an excuse to confiscate the rest of Ireland.

During the Civil War England had no money nor soldiers to spare to crush the rising here, so Parliament promised grants of forfeited lands to those who would subscribe to a fund for "reducing" the Irish. This was in 1642, and thirteen years later, in 1655, the majority of the lands of the Irish, except Connaught, were parcelled out among these Adventurers, as they were called, and among the Cromwellian soldiers who had finally suppressed the rebellion. Many, however, did not settle on the lands themselves, but sold their rights, sometimes for a trifle. When Charles II. was restored he was not powerful enough to

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reward his faithful followers, and the Act of Settlement in the beginning of his reign mostly confirmed the lands to the English Adventurers and soldiers. It has been necessary to explain this in some detail to show the reason why there was such a cleavage between Protestants and Catholics. By the Act of Settlement the Catholics had been dispossessed of most of their lands in Ireland, and the Protestant settlers knew that if James and Tyrconnell remained in power they would in their turn be dispossessed of the properties they had held for a generation. Sir William Petty, who was one of the most prominent Englishmen in Ireland at the time, estimated that there were about 1,000,000 Catholics in the country and 300,000 Protestants, of whom 100,000 were Presbyterians, Quakers, and other Nonconformists.

Such was the general position in 1689. That of the Quakers was an interesting and peculiar one, and as even a modern historian* quotes the calumny that they raised a regiment for King James, it is well to try to understand the situation. Practically all the early Friends in Ireland were Cromwellian soldiers or settlers. In the former class one may mention Lieutenant Sandham of Youghal and Captain Thomas Holme. George Gregson of Lisburn was one of the Adventurers; Abraham Fuller, William Edmundson, etc., were Cromwellian planters. But after the Cromwellian times many came to live in Ireland who were Quakers already. Some of these came for trade and settled in the cities. Among these was Anthony Sharp, who was perhaps the most influential member of the Society who has ever lived in Dublin. Happily there are preserved in Dublin copies of a great deal of his cor-

*Ingram. *Two Chapters of Irish History.*

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respondence, and also many of the original documents he received from Friends in the country during the wartime. Other interesting records of this period are found in William Edmundson's and George Rooke's *Journals*, and in the manuscript account on which Rutty based his history. Anthony Sharp's correspondence and other information show him to have been a wealthy Gloucestershire woollen manufacturer, who settled in Dublin in 1669 to buy wool "to send to London, Bristol, Chester, and Gloucestershire, and his name became known through the kingdom for a wise, honest, and just dealer." Ten years later he was employing five hundred workfolk in the weaving trade in Dublin, and taking a prominent part in city life. James II., when he came to the throne, was kindly disposed towards Friends, being a personal friend of William Penn's. His Lord Deputy in Ireland, Tyrconnell, seems to have followed his example, and Anthony Sharp had constant access to him and the Council. Indeed, he seems to have lent James money. When James forced all towns and corporations to have new charters, others were hurried through, but Anthony Sharp succeeded in staying the extra expense on the Weavers' Guild for some months, and when the new charter was issued, he was made Master of the Guild, with special leave to himself and to those whom as Master he admitted as Freemen, simply to subscribe a declaration instead of taking an oath. He also owned large properties in Gloucestershire, King's Co., Queen's Co., houses in six or seven places in Dublin, and was one of the twenty-four proprietors of West New Jersey in America, when half of it was taken over by Friends. This busy influential man had become a Quaker through the ministry of William Dewsbury, when on a visit

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to Warwick Gaol, and really "fathered" the Society in Dublin. It was behind his house the first meeting-house in Dublin was built, probably where Lord Iveagh's model tenement houses are now. For many years he was Treasurer of Dublin meeting, and he had much to do with the building of both Meath Street and Eustace Street meeting-houses. When the troubles came he was the natural leader of the Society in Dublin. It was to him Thomas Wight and George Gregson sent the accounts of losses in Munster and Ulster respectively, and he it was who corresponded with English Friends who kindly subscribed to the relief fund. It must have been a very great strength to the Society to have such an energetic man at the centre, when all meetings were disorganized and when communication was interrupted for months with various parts of Ireland and with England for, apparently, a whole twelvemonth. Writing to a friend in America, Anthony Sharp gives the causes of the war as it appeared to a contemporary Dublin business man. He saw clearly it was more a matter of worldly interest than of religion, and tracing the causes back to the end of Charles II.'s reign, intimated that the controversies about the Popish Plot and the succession were due to fear of losing places of profit on the accession of a Catholic King. On the other hand, when James II. did come to the throne, there were two parties, one of which wished to replace Protestants by Catholics slowly and the other rapidly. "That party to make haste," I quote his words, "partly prevailed, being, as some say, the King of France, the Queen and Father Peters, and although the Lord Clarendon" (James's Protestant brother-in-law) "came here as Lord Lieutenant, yet the Lord Tyrconnell

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had power over the army and turned out the Protestants by great quantities to the visible ruining of many of them, putting Romans in their stead." He then recounts the various steps which followed, the corporations were renewed and contained two-thirds Catholics and one-third Protestants; many of the latter fled to Holland, and even the French Huguenots who had fled to Ireland were suspected of being papists in disguise.

"Tyrconnell had raised in Ireland for King James above 30,000 men, besides the then standing army here; he disarmed the Protestants, and armed them. And not having money to pay them, he ordered each commissioned officer to maintain so many men for three months," as "little money could come out of France. The Irish having gotten arms from the English and no pay, fell to plundering the Protestants by day and by night, driving sheep and black cattle by hundreds on open places, and sold them cheap at 1d. per lb. to their relations and neighbours of the Roman Faith, who had public notice of such plunder to be sold. Some of the English therefore went into strong houses and castles to secure themselves, which was judged rebellion to their land and all taken from them, and some put to death, yet those that lived privately as our friends and others were in the night time robbed, their houses broken up, their cattle driven away to the ruining many thousand families."

The alterations in the army to which the letter refers caused much suffering even before the war broke out. As early as May, 1687, William Edmundson wrote to Anthony Sharp, asking him to inform the Lord Deputy of the unjust behaviour of a captain of Dragoons who had quartered a troop in the village of Rosenallis, too far from Mountmellick to obtain provisions easily, and how the soldiers had refused the family's usual diet of oat bread, good new milk, cheese, new butter, and boiled veal for supper. William Edmundson himself had been much abused and wrote while still in danger of his life. This was evidently not an isolated case. The general policy of the new

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army was to disarm the Protestants, but Friends naturally did not suffer from this; but, as we have seen from Anthony Sharp's letter, the quartering was due in the first instance to lack of money, and this was, as usual, an important factor in the issue of the war. Some Friends left the country with the numerous other Protestant refugees*, but the majority felt it right to stay and bear their testimony against war. In January, 1688, Friends at Mountmellick and Rosenallis again suffered from passing soldiers. One innkeeper's wife at Mullinard, which is on the road from Mountmellick to Rosenallis, had a tankard of ale thrown in her face by a soldier who did not like the taste of it, and others broke her sign to pieces and threatened to set fire to her house. Others of the same troop shamefully ill-used William Edmundson, and tried to ride their horses over him, and broke his windows. Three months later things were still worse. William Edmundson had got Anthony Sharp to ask the Lord Deputy that Captain Francis Dunn's company might be the one to be quartered at Mountmellick or Rosenallis, because he was serviceable in keeping down the Rapparees. As the Dunnes owned the land round Clonaslee, the soldiers forming the company would probably also be local men; but though Captain Dunn at William Edmundson's request was sent to Mountmellick, the troop of Dragoons there already was not removed, and in addition, the company of the High Sheriff of the county was billeted in the same place, so that hay and cattle were becoming scarce. William Edmundson wrote a private letter to Anthony Sharp and sent it by Captain Dunne's

*Cork Friends sent a number of poor Friends' families who were refugees from Bandon, etc., to England in the beginning of 1689.

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son, asking him to use his influence with the government to get the other troops removed.

Just at this time James II., having fled from England to France, landed at Kinsale with about 6,000 French. He spent a fortnight in Cork, and then went to Dublin and summoned a parliament, whose doings have been both praised and severely condemned. Travelling was now so unsafe that Friends could not get to Province or National meetings, except in isolated cases; their horses, too, had been extensively commandeered, so that women Friends, at least, had to content themselves with sending letters. The epistle from Cork to the half-year's meeting, May, 1689, was sent to Dublin under the protection of Sir James Cotter, M.P. for the city, as he was travelling up to attend the sittings of parliament.

Ulster at first suffered more than Munster. George Gregson was Anthony Sharp's chief correspondent there, and in the month that James landed he describes the condition of the country as follows :—

"Here is like to be nothing but desolations in its perfections, many acres of land sown left unharrowed, for the fowls of heaven to pick up. Their poor garrans (horses) taken from them that should have harrowed the ground, great waste and destroying of all manner of substance; oh, that it would please the King to put out a Royal proclamation to stop these proceedings before it be too late, methinks it cannot stand with the King's interest that land should be laid waste, neither can there be supply for his army."

Another writer says of the same time :—

"The English that had not fled from their places were as their servants and slaves to make ready what they had and give it to them, whilst they had ought left that lived in the country in many places; which friends bore their share of cheerfully and thought it pretty well that they got a share with them of their own provisions. When the Irish army moved into the north against the Protestants there, Leinster Friends who

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had interest with officers and chief commanders made intercession to the chief of them on behalf of Friends in the north, and they promised to be kind to them and did perform it to the benefit of Friends in the north."

Yet the lack of discipline in James's army was such that there continued to be much suffering. One Lurgan friend, a clothier, used to leave what cloth and other things he could not sell at the inn in Lisburn after the market there; a captain, searching the inn, found there seven pieces of gray country cloth and several rugs, and one piece of ticking to the value of £14; these goods were carried to the castle and the Friend, "although he was never concerned in the war," could not get them without an order from the general. The same Friend, riding with his servant two miles from Lisburn, met ten men with firearms robbing a village; they seized his servant, but he escaped back to the town although fired on. There were said to be 40,000 Protestants in the Ulster army, yet they fled before King James's men at a skirmish known as the Break of Dromore, in March, 1689, and took refuge in Derry, Enniskillen and Coleraine. George Gregson's letter to Anthony Sharp, telling him about this incident, does not seem to have survived, but it had serious consequences, for news was so scarce in Dublin, that Anthony brought the letter down to the Exchange and showed it to a Protestant friend; when it became known that he had got fresh war news, he had many requests for the letter, and somehow a garbled version of the incident reached Lisburn, and the writer of the letter suffered from his supposed disdainful references to the Protestants and their leaders. He wrote rather pathetically to Anthony Sharp for a copy of the letter that he was so censured about, saying, "in my conscience I am clear of any evil design against any,

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and I think I writt nothing but truth and what was confirmed afterwards."

Of the siege of Londonderry one need say little; there were no Friends in the city, and they looked upon the siege as a judgment upon the city for having been ready to stone a Quaker, who in the previous year had warned them of the coming troubles.

The Protestants fleeing to Derry had not spared the Friends. Here is a typical entry from the lists of Ulster losses:—"Elly Crocket had taken from him by the Scotch and English army (before the siege of Derry) being part, of the Antrim Regiment and part, of Captain Cloas's Troopers who took away tanned leather, meal, corn and hay with other things to the value of £5 4s. 6d." But far worse depredations were committed by the generality of the Irish in the country who got weapons as pistols and baigonels and followed the army and plundered and robbed, "these Rapparees were far more cruel and destructive than the army," and in spite of frequent petitions from Friends to the king and frequent proclamations by James and his officials they grew worse and worse in their violence. Illustrations of this are found in letters from Northern Friends, one from Lurgan says, "Many of us are here at Lurgan and some others, part of their families here and part at home; Elizabeth Steer has gone home and hath most of her cattle but hath lost considerably in her shop goods and other things. Thos. Calvert is at home and had his cattle all taken away, but got with some cost about ten cows again and I suppose most saved most of their bedding and clothes. Ann Marsh lost both her cows and all the clothes she hath and her hood stripped off her and is now very sick at Elizabeth

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Steer's. I was there yesterday morning and I could hardly understand what she said, she was so weak,"—a note added to the letter tells of her death. Another friend had not lost much "by reason Robert maketh strong waters for them." After recounting other losses, the writer tells of two families who had lost practically everything, and adds that, except for the present necessities of these two families, it was no use as yet to send any relief, "for we rather think of losing more than gaining." He says of his own affairs, "I and my son John took a load of bedding to William Souldon's, and was come home for more and the plunderers came to our houses and took all our horses to take away what they got there, and with much entreaty let me have a little horse to take my mother to Lurgan and so left our bedding at William Souldon's, where most of it was lost, having no horse left to take it away, so that of seven beds I have now, I suppose, as much as will make two." Bedding, in fact, seems to have been the chief household property at this time, and in some houses there were beds in almost every room.

The petition from Friends in Co. Armagh to King James tells how, when their plough cattle and horses were taken from them they were forced to flee to Lurgan, but encouraged by his promise of protection, they returned home, and as they could not plough, gardened; the petition continues, "about one week ago one Richard Garland from Charlemount, came to our houses, and forcibly took our spades, shovels, pickaxes, and iron crows from us to our great disabling in gardening;" the same man also wished to take their unthreshed wheat at his own price, so that the families left without cattle, corn, or imple-

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ments would have starved. Where the King or his generals could maintain order, Friends were protected, but the civil magistrates were utterly unable to repress the multitudes of plunderers and robbers. For instance, on April 2nd, about 20 soldiers, well armed, came a little before sunset and broke open John Hill's stable and "took away two horses, the one a young gelding about five years old, 15 hands high, valued at £10, and when the friend came up in a peaceable gentle manner, one drew his rapier or sword and made a thrust at him and run through his clothes and stopt upon a rib and no more hurt; and when they perceived he was a Quaker one said that he should not take his horses, but after some more threatening they went quite away with the horses." The Friend went to the Governor of Lisburn about the matter, but, as in so many cases, the end of the incident is not recorded. Even nine months later we find the Jacobite Secretary of State, at Anthony Sharp's request, telling civil magistrates that they must be more active both in repressing thieves and robbers and against any infringement of liberty of conscience. Meanwhile events had occurred which must have considerably shaken Friends' loyalty to James.

The Jacobite Parliament had passed many good acts but, consisting as it did, mostly of the sons of those dispossessed by the Cromwellian planters, it repealed the Act of Settlement, and ordered the restoration of their lands to the Irish again. This meant that if the Act was put in force the majority of Irish Quakers would lose their properties entirely or have to take other lands as compensation. However, such was the condition of the country that it was only near Dublin that there was direct loss from this cause. An autograph statement of

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Anthony Sharp's says he "lost per the Act of Repeal the use of near prairies and had no Rent for two years—£80 per annum, besides debts." Another way in which Dublin traders suffered, was in being forced to sell their goods and make wool into clothing for the army at an entirely unprofitable rate, especially as for conscience sake they would not make use of the forfeited wool of those who had fled to England. Anthony Sharp had a ton of tallow taken from him at £30 when it could not be bought for less than £42. But the chief disorganization of trade was caused by the issue of brass or gun money, of which 4d. worth was given the value of £5.

After the relief of Derry the Irish army moved south towards Dublin, and to quote again from Anthony Sharp's letter to America, "when Gen. Schomberg landed soon after near Belfast the hearts of the Irish fainted, so that he by all appearance might have come to Dublin, but it pleased the Lord, who afflicts not the children of men without cause, to stop the English from pursuing the Irish, and the Irish to get some heart, so that they "went to Drogheda and Ardee to meet them" (there were Friends in both places) "and so the English did not move forward but stopt at Dundalk about September last and had a most sad calamity befall them, for it is a wet cold place and many thousands died there—some say eight, some say ten thousand, many that had listed themselves as Protestants deserted and came to King James, and was Papists, and of the French not a few." This cut off all correspondence with Friends in the north, and it was not until after the Battle of the Boyne that Dublin Friends heard how they had fared.

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Meanwhile reports were coming irregularly to Dublin from Cork, Mountmellick and isolated country friends. Writing at night in November, 1689, Thomas Wight, of Cork, tells how a Friend of Bandon Meeting had £359 of barrels of beef at Kinsale taken and had had to give free quarters to officers and soldiers for six months, but as this man and his wife had later taken up arms, the writer did not know whether the national meeting would consider his losses.* From Cavan, Thos. Phillips of Belturbet reported that he had lost eight cows and two heifers which "were taken away by the Irish the same day that Galmoy came into our town aforesaid with the army to prosecute the English and Scotch that fled away to Crum and Enniskillen," besides the loss of a new feather-bed, rugs, and many other particular household goods. Some of these reports written on scraps of paper by ignorant farmers are pathetic in their simplicity.

Dublin, Galway, and Limerick had meanwhile very many English prisoners in them, and what might be called the Friends' Emergency Committee relieved their necessities.† Of Limerick we hear that Friends were "ready to relieve English soldiers often brought in prisoner by the Irish, and ready to starve in prison, friends would venture and get leave of the chief officers of the Irish to carry the prisoner's victuals to keep them from starving to death, when others of the English

*This Friend and two other Bandon Friends were "condemned" for being concerned in the rebellion against the garrison because they acted "scandalous to the principles of truth by us professed, and our known practice since we were a people." The other two repented but the third was finally disowned.

†Cork three-weeks' meeting contributed £5 for the Scotch prisoners at Macroom.

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Protestants were fearful to attempt to do it, and by this means Friends had opportunity to supply the English prisoners with meat and clothes, suitable for their conditions there, and Friends at Dublin and other places did the like so that many of them said when at liberty if the Quakers had not been there they had been starved to death."

In June, 1690, William III. landed in the north, and on July 1st (O.S.) the Irish fled from the Boyne. The letter previously referred to says, "they fled to Dublin and fear possessed them, yet they had account that King William was killed which made them run through the city, with very great shouting; the Protestants were kept as prisoners or so close in their houses they were not suffered to peep out but in danger of being shot. However, it was Schomberg was killed in the fight, and the news of the enemies pursuing and their fear made them hastily leave the city. Some say, some of the Romish clergy desired liberty to burn the city, and he" (James II.) "would not grant it; but plundered or burnt, many said it would be, but it pleased God to prevent it." The chief scenes of war were transferred from Ulster to Munster, but we can now hear how Ulster Friends had been spending the winter.

William Williamson writes that on King James' army's return from Derry they left them scarcely anything to eat in their houses; after the English came they were so many and in such a small part of the country that Friends suffered very much by an English regiment of Dragoons and then a French regiment, who were quartered on them all the winter.

Communication had at length been restored between Dublin and England and the Meeting for

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Sufferings sent over £50 the first instalment of their relief fund. Friends in the centre and south now lost extensively from the broken Irish army and plunderers.

Meanwhile Cork and Limerick were besieged. Joseph Pike tells us of his experiences in Cork.* When Bandon shut its gates on the Irish army, there was a rumour that all the English in Cork were to be murdered, and the false news that this had occurred was carried to England by refugees.

About this time Leinster Friends went to King William in camp before Limerick, with a petition for the safety of their friends shut in the city, we are told, "he took it" (the petition) "and spoke mildly and promised to do what he could." We learn what was occurring inside the walls from George Rooke's *Journal*. He was a Cumberland Friend who had travelled over Ireland as a minister and had in 1686 married Joan Clarke of Limerick, and had settled there. At this time he had three little children. Friends in the city were put in prison but released the same night; then in December, 1690, they were again commanded to go in prison on pain of being hanged if they refused, but again they were only kept there a very short time. When William III. raised the siege, the Governor told George Rooke he would agree with him for a pass to the enemies' quarters; hearing of the great preparation for another siege, and having received letters from Dublin friends advising them to leave Limerick, "also our house being shot through in several places by cannon ball—we found freedom to lay hold of the opportunity to go Dublin."

They got to Cashel and so to Callan and Kilkenny, and after a week's delay, reached Dublin

**Life of Joseph Pike*, 48-53.

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by stage coach from there through Castledermot. They went to England for a time, but soon returned to Dublin, where George Rooke spent the remaining fifty years of his life, a most useful and honoured member of the community; he was a minister of the Society for sixty-seven years. After this, except for the second siege of Limerick, the war was mostly confined to the borders of Connaught and Leinster. Athlone being the most powerful Irish position, was twice besieged and was burnt.

Another Westmeath Friend was killed by Rapparees when trying to recover some cattle, and his family had barely enough money to bring them to Dublin. Here, in common with other refugees, they would be provided by kind Dublin friends with bedding, bedsteads, and wearing apparel, and supplies of clothing were also sent to the country. Children of refugees were taken as apprentices or put to school. but Friend refugees were requested not to take relief from any other funds than those of the Friends themselves.* In all, the losses of Quakers during the war amounted to £100,000, perhaps equal to £1,000,000 now. English Friends subscribed £3,200, of which about £600 was distributed to special cases, £900 to Ulster, £700 to Munster, and £1,000 to Leinster. Friends from the Barbadoes sent £100. In the National Meeting book there is a minute ordering a letter of thanks to be sent to Barbadoes. A terse, marginal note records, "Done, but a French privateer took it." The next letter of thanks, however, apparently arrived safely.

The position, then, of Friends in Ireland during

*Cork Friends also helped the refugees who came to them from Bandon, Youghal, and other places; Bandon suffered particularly.

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these years was complicated. They refused, as a whole, to take sides in the war, but submitted to whichever king was in authority. James granted them liberty of conscience and protection, but as Englishmen their security of tenure for their lands depended upon the success of William. From the English army and its mercenaries, and from the Irish army, they suffered chiefly by having to provide free quarters, but the farmers lost most of their stock, and household goods through the depredations of the robbers, who followed the armies. There was a marvellous, one may say, a miraculous preservation of life among Friends,* when those who trusted in force were being murdered all around. Though so much of their property was taken, yet it is interesting to find that within twelve months after the conclusion of the war, it was necessary for the meetings to issue warnings against the snares of material prosperity and extravagant living. Though some country meetings, particularly in Munster, were never reopened, yet undoubtedly the last decade of the seventeenth century witnessed a vigorous life among Friends in this country.†

"But now the cross our worthies bore
On us is laid;
Profession's quiet sleep is o'er,
And in the scale of truth once more
Our faith is weighed."

This day the fearful reckoning comes
To each and all;
We hear amidst our peaceful homes
The summons of the conscript drums,
The bugle's call.

*Only four Friends lost their lives by violence.

†We are distinctly told that Eustace Street meeting-house was built because Friends in Dublin found such large numbers thronging to their religious meetings in the year following the war.

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Our path is plain: the war-net draws
Round us in vain,
While, faithful to the Higher Cause,
We keep our fealty to the laws
Through patient pain.

The levelled gun, the battle-brand,
We may not take:
But, calmly loyal, we can stand
And suffer with our suffering land
For conscience' sake."*

*" Anniversary Poem, read before the Alumni of the Friends' Yearly Meeting School, at the Annual Meeting at Newport R.I., 15-6-1863."—*Whittier.*

ISABEL GRUBB.

Carrick-on-Suir,
February, 1916.

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MARY LAMLEY COOKE.

MARY COOKE was not one of those who impress at first sight by outward charm and attractiveness or evident ability and distinction. Her frail, slight figure with its pronounced stoop, her plain dress, and quiet, retiring manner did not suggest anything remarkable—but those whose privilege it was to come near enough to find out what manner of woman she really was found in her a combination of fine intellectual gifts and acquirements with a rare strength and nobility of character, and great beauty and refinement of spirit. And as in all humility she went quietly on her way, patiently, persistently sowing living seed of thought and truth, they recognised in her a true spiritual leader, and felt the fitness of the words read beside her grave in the beautiful little burial ground at Hitchin, one sunny, spring-like afternoon last January—"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

Mary Cooke came, on both sides, of scholarly parentage. She inherited much from her father, of whom it is told that in 1825, at the age of sixteen, he began work as "apprentice teacher" at the Friends' School at Wigton, and there, before he was twenty-one, his abilities had won him the post of headmaster. Small and slight, with no air of authority in his manner, he ruled the school by the might of gentleness, maintained order, and won the respect and affection of boys and girls by his quiet fairness and kindness.

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But the calling of schoolmaster was, apparently, less to his mind than that of the private tutor, and to this work he devoted most of his life. He was tutor for some years to the sons of John Fowler, of Elm Grove, near Melksham, in Wiltshire. Now it so happened that Phebe Batt had been for some time living in this family and teaching the children. Presently the seriousness of study was lit up by a halo of romance, welcomed, no doubt, by their young pupils. Embarking together on an "adventure of love," tutor and governess were married and settled at Langthorne Cottage, in the neighbouring village of Gastead, and there Mary, their eldest child, was born in 1841.

Four years later, James Cooke, with his family, removed to Darlington, where, at first, his chief teaching engagement was in the family of Joseph Pease, at Southend.

Himself a keen naturalist and scientist, he soon persuaded the Friends at Darlington to enlarge the scope of their Essay Society, by turning it into a "Natural History and Philosophical Society," of which he was chosen secretary, and eventually president.

In a report of its jubilee, celebrated in 1896, it is told how

"James Cooke was looked upon as a sort of walking cyclopædia, his attainments being such as marked him out to be the proper party to be interviewed whenever anyone was at a loss on any point, historical, literary, or scientific. In short, he was a reproduction of Goldsmith's schoolmaster, from whom

> 'Words of learned length and thundering sound
> Amazed the astonished querists ranged around;
> And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew.'

He was just the man to launch such an undertaking as the Philosophical Society, and was of the greatest service in its earlier course."

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James Cooke's little daughter shared many of her father's interests, in particular his love of botany. Her mother's literary faculty and delight in poetry early found a warm response, and the shy little girl would be discovered wandering alone in the garden addressing the flowers in impromptu verses of her own, before she was old enough to write them down.

On the intellectual side she was well and carefully trained; thoroughness and mental concentration on the subject in hand early became habits with her. Like so many of her generation, however, she probably missed something all her life in completeness of development owing to the often scanty attention paid in those days to physical education.

In 1853 James Cooke left Darlington, and after a short period of school teaching in Manchester, he removed, in 1857, to the neighbourhood of Cork to take the post of private tutor in the family of Ebenezer Pike of "Besborough," and in this district he made his home for the rest of his life.

For Mary Cooke these were years of keen and eager study and, later, of teaching. She was an enthusiastic teacher, and with some of her pupils she formed warm and lifelong friendships. She loved the life in Ireland, the beauty of the country, and the warm-heartedness, the quick responsiveness and fine delicacy of feeling of its people. Hannah Maria Wigham was long one o her closest friends, and visits to her were amongst the greatest joys of her vacations.

Her interest in the Peace cause was early roused, and she acted as Secretary to the Peace Association in Cork.

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Her last years in Ireland were filled with loving care for the comfort of her parents, then in feeble health. In August, 1888, James Cooke died at the age of 79.

Not long afterwards Mary Cooke, with her mother, removed to the neighbourhood of Wandsworth to live in the family of a brother settled there. Phebe Cooke, then very frail and feeble, impressed one with a sense of refinement and distinction. Her beautiful face, very little lined, seemed a home of peace. If you called unexpectedly you might find her reading Madame Guyon or one of Fénelon's books in the original. She was a minister, and when able to come, in a cab, to Wandsworth Meeting, she usually had some helpful message to give, expressed in language of striking beauty and in a gentle, pleasant voice. Though she had been our member little more than one short year there was sorrow amongst us when an influenza epidemic carried her off.

After her mother's death Mary Cooke entered on what proved to be a steadily expanding career of work in the cause of peace, and thus was fulfilled a desire which had been with her since her girlhood. In 1890 she became assistant secretary of the Peace Union. For several years she worked in most happy comradeship with Ellen Robinson, whose gifts as a speaker were in frequent request all over the country. Mary Cooke organized her meetings and supported her in every way. Her own work seemed to be constantly branching out in fresh and sometimes unexpected directions. How many she influenced by her letters, or aided in their own service can never be told. She was often consulted by those who were interested in the Peace question, but perplexed by its difficulties.

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Her pen was always busy. About 1896 she took over the editorship of *War, or Brotherhood?* and several of the articles she wrote for it were reprinted and circulated in leaflet form. A more recent little booklet written for schools on *How the Nations Help one Another*, was warmly approved by those engaged in the work of education though, at the present moment, the title conveys only a mournful sense of irony.

She was often asked to serve on Committees in connection with Social subjects as well as Peace, and on "Friends" Committees of various kinds, on which her clear mind and good judgment enabled her to render valuable service.

After Ellen Robinson retired in 1903, Mary Cooke took up much of her work, travelling extensively to address meetings, and overcoming a natural nervousness, she proved herself a clear and convincing speaker. She attended at least six of the International Peace Congresses as delegate from the Peace Union or the Friends' Peace Committee, and at these her wide knowledge of languages proved of much service, and the opportunities of fellowship with other workers were greatly prized.

With J. F. Green she was joint honorary secretary of the first four British National Congresses, and of the National Peace Council until a paid secretary was appointed. Her co-worker says of her—

"She was a most helpful colleague . . . her knowledge and grasp of the subjects discussed combined with a most conciliatory temper, were of the highest service."

Notwithstanding her frail health and occasional attacks of serious illness, she was to the last a most patient and persistent worker.

"What I admire so about Miss Cooke," said a young man who sat on the same Committee, "is the way in which she sticks to things."

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Though evidencing little natural buoyancy of temperament, she seemed able, at need, to fall back upon some deep, hidden source of strength.

This had not always been so, or not to the same extent. During some difficult years of her life in London when she had to face sorrow and loneliness, she was at times despondent, and though she bravely pressed on her way, it was as one "faint yet pursuing."

Comfort came to her in loving care for others, and in new friendships formed; and through all, whilst faithfully fulfilling simple duties, her spiritual faculties were growing, the inward vision clearing, till suddenly, as it seemed to her, there came a new awareness of Divine presence and power and love, a consciousness of a new glad fulness of life.

Words cannot explain or describe a spiritual uplifting, but it was, in part, a direct personal recognition of the meaning of all desire and yearning after higher things, of the longing to escape from self and its miserable sense of inadequacy to meet or fulfil any requirement; the discovery that this hunger for a strength beyond its own, perhaps long and sadly sighed for as far off and unattainable, is itself the loving touch and pressure of the Divine Spirit upon the human, seeking to purify from evil and possess it wholly, seeking to give all in giving Himself; and that in the joy of knowing this it may be possible to forget self and go forward in joyful trust.

From this time, about 1894 or 1895, Mary Cooke went steadily forward. She was always growing, and it was interesting to see how new powers seemed to blossom as others ripened, and her experience of life widened and deepened. She was very open-minded, a rapid reader, quickly able to

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take in the drift and essence of a book. She kept abreast of the best and most progressive thought of the day, and made everything help the work she had in hand.

Her social sympathies were warm and deep, and her love of human fellowship very keen. She never seemed in a hurry, and however busy she might be she always appeared at leisure for anyone who came to see her. Indeed, she seemed to welcome interruptions and appeals for help. Even if they came in the middle of urgent work she would say interruptions were a refreshment and helped her, often bringing some new thought or inspiration. To no one was she more responsive than to those who, when reaching out after a larger fuller grasp of truth, consulted her in perplexities. Many will recall not only the quick sympathy but the considering, waiting look on her face, as of one listening to some higher tone which should answer the perplexity.

Once, when visiting in Holland, her sympathies were greatly drawn out to a Dutch lady in deep sorrow and anxiety. She longed to talk to her, but the lady could understand no language but her own. On returning home, Mary Cooke promptly engaged a Dutch teacher, from whom she took lessons in the language, and very soon she was able to begin a correspondence with this lady and to cheer and comfort her. She never thought anything a trouble that might help another.

She had a profound sense of the world's need of help and redemption—of the wrong and misery below its so-called civilization. She saw so clearly the roots of war in commercial greed and competition, and the unspeakable oppression and moral injury involved in the military system and the piling up of armaments. Often it seemed to her

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hardly possible that these things should not result in some tremendous catastrophe before a better era could dawn upon the world.

But still she hoped that the counter movements of social reform and the growing spirit of brotherhood and internationalism might prove strong enough to avert the ruin she feared.

When the blow fell, and the work of all who had striven to promote a peaceable spirit seemed to have failed utterly, her faith was in no wise shaken. Her mind was stayed in trust in the Will of Love behind and over all, and she was sure that in time this would be victorious.

She had pondered long and deeply on the amazing and wonderful vision of "the Lamb *upon the throne*," "a Lamb that had been slain," and she believed with a growing and abiding intensity of conviction that this prophecy will come true, and that taught by bitter experience, mankind will yet learn that all for which the symbol of "the Lamb" stands,—gentleness, tireless patience, the courage of self-sacrificing love and forgiveness—will prove itself the mightiest power on earth, the only conquering power, because it is the very essence of God's own nature.

This was the foundation faith of Mary Cooke's life, of all her work and ministry. She had a penetrating mind, and a clear grasp of essential truth, and her spoken ministry grew in power and depth, and also in breadth of appeal. It was true to the facts of life and experience, and her message came not only with warmth of feeling but with freshness of setting and illustration. In one address she told the story of *The Hound of Heaven*, and repeated its most striking passages. Another time she referred to the experience of Saul Kane

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in *The Everlasting Mercy :* and once she rose with a passage from the Lady Julian as her text.

Though her manner in speaking was always gentle, and her choice of language beautiful, there was often a very searching quality in her ministry. Her own sincerity challenged the sincerity of her hearers in its quiet assumption that all real faith and honest will to stand for the right must needs make itself evident in daily life.

One of her hearers says of her :—

" What appealed to me was the way in which she always brought her peace teaching to the level of every-day experience. She said in effect to me—

' *You* talking about peace between nations when you can't manage peace between yourself and one individual ! *You* call yourself a Pacifist and think as you do, and yet get angry ! '

It is in such a way that I interpreted her words to myself."

There was an unusual completeness in her manner of expressing herself, and not only this, but she helped to complete the less comprehensive service of others. Occasionally, after what might seem discordant or even clashing views had found expression in a meeting, she would rise and, with responsive gracious recognition of the importance of each side of truth already presented, would go on to show the larger truth which embraced both in a beautiful harmony.

When she had free scope for her own message it was often full of power and beauty, and always inspired by a spirit of endless hope. High as were the ideals she set forth, none could go away discouraged by what had been said.

One of her hearers, long a member of the Church of England, remarked :—

" I was always glad when I heard her speak at Wandsworth. Some of the best sermons I ever heard I heard from her."

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The children liked to listen to her, and so did working men and women, and from none had she a warmer welcome.

At Easter time last year, when expecting soon to start for the Women's International Congress at the Hague, she was laid low by dangerous illness. Slowly through the summer she recovered, and when autumn came she was again hard at work. She had arranged to spend Christmas at the home of her sister, Annie Cooke, at Letchworth. On the eve of her journey she seemed unusually bright, and said good-bye with shining eyes to some of her Wandsworth friends. Her Christmas message followed with, once more, the re-assuring promise, "The Lamb and His followers shall have the victory."

At Letchworth she was planning to take on new and further work, when again illness overtook her and she sank rapidly. In perfect peace, and conscious of enfolding love, she went her way, but to the last, in her weakness and wandering, the sense of the world's need had been with her and almost her latest words were—

"There will never be peace among the nations without love, the love of Christ."

PHOEBE DONCASTER.

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BECKY'S BOOK.

A Glimpse of Quaker Life in Homespun Days.

THE sun was near its setting on a sultry June evening in the year 1714, when two travellers, weary and dust-covered, were plodding along the narrow Surrey lanes. Far too rough and narrow for wheels were many of these lanes, so that riding on horseback was the inevitable mode of travelling, even for elderly people, and this couple were mounted on horses so strong and good as to proclaim them in comfortable circumstances, although their quaint raiment was of Puritanical plainness with no pretension to gentility about it.

Benedictus Martin was a yeoman; honest, thrifty, and much respected, with a ruddy, sun-tanned face, straightforward grey eyes, and Saxon fairness of hair. His great roan mare carried, besides his portly weight, a well-filled pair of saddle bags, but their pace was but slow, and for lesser journies she was well accustomed to the pillion saddle, with the mistress mounted behind the master; but as they had just accomplished a journey to London—full thirty miles away—the second rider was now mounted on an equally good horse by herself.

A remarkable woman was Susannah Martin, in spite of the homely simplicity of her bringing up. A gentle placidity made the face beneath the plain riding hood motherly and attractive, but the broad forehead and keen brown eyes told of an intellect far beyond the average; the combination of qualities making her the "Mother in Israel" in

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her little circle which she is recorded to have been in a quaint book of religious memoirs, published in 1735 under the title of *Piety Promoted.*

"We are almost home now, wife," said Benedictus, "I can spy the Hunts Green chimneys between the elm-trees," adding, as his wife looked eagerly forward, "Ah, thy heart has been here all the time, in spite of the fine friends and fine things we have seen in London town. Thou art ever anxious lest harm should come to thy two chicks."

"Nay, Benedict," said the wife smiling, "not unduly anxious, for I have ever felt a strong sense of the Divine protection being over our dear daughters—and Aunt Mary Martin guards them well, but I feel some natural impatience to see them again, and I know that thou dost the same."

A turn of the lane brought them into full view of a comfortable red farmhouse, its gabled roof covered with the picturesque stone slabs common in the district, mossy and lichen stained, with a goodly array of well-thatched barns and sheds behind it.

Two slender girlish figures who were busying themselves among the herbs, and sweet-scented, old-fashioned flowers in the low walled garden before the house, paused to listen as the sound of hoofs fell on their ears. Then recognising the riders, they flew to open the gate with such eager haste that the prim linen cap of the elder girl fell to the ground, showing an abundant crop of fair hair. Molly Martin was her father over again, honest, sturdy, and practical; while Rebekah, who was but sixteen, was slender and dark like the mother, but with a dreamy, unsatisfied look in her soft brown eyes. Both gave a warm welcome to their parents, and if the embraces, after the travellers had alighted at the horse-block of

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massive mossy stones, were more formal and reverential than modern parenthood exacts, they were none the less hearty. Benedict Martin followed the lad who came to take the horses to the stable to give special directions for the welfare of the animals, after a journey which seemed to these simple country folk as great an undertaking as a trip across the Atlantic would be now-a-days. Busy Molly flew off to make some addition to the supper table, while Becky clung to her mother, and went up the wide oak staircase with her to see that all was ready for her comfort in the quaint bed-chamber above. By the time that Molly's ham and eggs were ready, a goodly group was gathered round the massive oak table in the large, low-pitched farm kitchen, for man and maid ate with the master's family in those primitive days.

Aunt Mary Martin, a vigorous old dame who had taken charge of the household in the absence of her nephew and his wife, had the place of honour, while "below the salt" were modestly grouped a white-haired old retainer, Peter by name, who had faithfully served three generations of Martins; two stout, red-armed maids; and several bashful, shock-headed lads.

A farm in the eighteenth century was almost self-supporting, and little upon that homely table came from other sources. The big brown loaf was of home-grown wheat, ground at the windmill on the neighbouring Heath; the bacon, butter, and cheese, and also the mead and cider which were the universal beverages, were all produced and manufactured under the watchful eyes of the good yeoman and his wife. The farm being freehold, they were accounted to be well supplied with this world's goods, and their two daughters as somewhat of heiresses.

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The talk over the supper table brought out strongly the characters of the two maidens—Molly was eager to tell the home news; Rebekah to hear all her father and mother could tell her of the great world which lay beyond the hedgerows of Hunts Green.

"It is good to be home again," said Benedictus, "it feels so sweet and quiet after the sulphurous air, and racket of London; and just now, because poor Queen Anne lies at the point of death, all the tongues are wagging as to who will be her successor."

"Ah, poor Queen," said the gentle voice of the mother, "not one of all her many children lives to take her place on the throne. I doubt me there is too much both of pampering and restraint in the life of a Court to be wholesome for the little ones."

"And who do they say will be king, father?" asked Rebekah, eagerly.

"The Queen's second cousin, George of Hanover, I expect," said Benedictus, "but they say he is but dull, and speaks only German—I cannot say that I fancy him as a ruler."

"But thou would not wish to see the Stuarts back, father?"

"Nay, nay, Becky, we must have a king who is no papist, and who will allow liberty of conscience, and keep his given word, which the Stuart kings could never do. I only trust that the question will be settled without bringing war and bloodshed on our poor country," and Benedictus poured out a second cup of cider with a grave face.

The pause was broken by Molly. "Father, neighbour Bonwick wishes to buy the sorrel colt; he has been here twice about it. Thou won't sell

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him, wilt thou ? He will make a beautiful nag for Becky and me when he is broken in ! "

The father laughed, and gave no promise, but proceeded to ask various questions as to how the farm had fared in his absence, concluding with :

" Had Peter sheared the sheep ? "

" Indeed he has," answered aunt Mary Martin, " and what do you think this good Molly of yours has done ? She will never let the grass grow under her feet ! The fleeces were barely off the sheep's backs when she went to work with the maids, washing and drying, and carding and spinning, until they have yarn enough for the couple of large blankets which were needed before winter."

The parents commended the blushing Molly, and she further explained to her mother : " Thou knows that Becky and I both needed new tuck aprons, so we span the black sheep's fleece first of all, and have already taken it to weaver Miles to make into linsey woolsey for us, and when it comes back we mean to make our old aprons into a warm gown for widow Bates' little Nance."

This project being cordially approved, the great-aunt went on to commend Rebekah, for she was a just woman, although Molly was decidedly her favourite.

" And Becky here has been spinning some of that very soft flax. I never saw a finer or evener thread. It will make a beautiful lawn for kerchiefs or caps. She has also stilled enough peppermint and other strong waters to dose the neighbourhood ; and they both manage the dairy and the cheese like two old women ! They are a credit to thy training, niece Susannah ! "

The mother coloured with pleasure, but only said simply,

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"The Lord has granted them good understandings and strong, healthy bodies. I trust that they will ever use their powers in His service."

When the supper table was cleared, and the servants had withdrawn, some London presents were brought out for the girls—enough of soft grey camlet to make a gown for each, and two black silk riding hoods—simple enough, but with an air of town elegance in their shape which enchanted Molly, who tried to make a mirror of the bright warming pan which hung by the casement.

But a convex copper lid, however brilliantly polished, is not flattering to a fresh young face, so the hood was transferred to the hand again and held up, and chattered about until the father, turning to the quieter younger daughter, bade her fetch his saddle bags, as he had something there which would suit her fancy as well as the finery did Molly's.

"Oh, father! a new book?" exclaimed she, with rising colour.

"Aye, Becky, and a rare good one that I bought in a shop in Gracechurch Street the very day it was published—ah, here it is," and he drew forth a thick volume covered with brown leather. "It is called *The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood.* Dost thou remember seeing him at thy uncle Thompson's the day that I took thee to Reigate on the pillion?"

Indeed Becky did remember. That journey to Reigate had been one of the few events of her quiet life, and the sight of the benevolent old man who had written many books, was no light matter to the intelligent young soul, ever thirsting for knowledge, and finding it hard to come by in her farm-house home. Besides, was not Thomas Ell-

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wood the author of the lines which both girls had learnt at their mother's knee, and even yet often repeated to her of a quiet First day evening :—

" Oh, that mine eyes might closed be
To what becomes me not to see,
That deafness may possess my ear
To what becomes me not to hear ? "

" There is the book, dear daughter, but put it away now in the best parlour, for it is bedtime. When the long dark evenings come, thou shalt read it aloud to us. Summertime, with the cheese, and the hay, and the harvest, is no time for books on a farm."

" May I not read it before winter ? " asked Rebekah, looking rather blank.

" Oh, yes, if none of the tasks which thy mother sets thee are neglected. I thought of thee, little bookworm, when I bought the volume."

Slowly Rebekah carried off the treasure, with many peeps between the leaves before she could leave it on the side table of solid, polished oak.

She saw that her father had taken the precaution to write both at the beginning and end of the volume " Benedictus Martin, his book, 1714," and she placed it with the score or so of soberly-bound volumes which formed the whole library of the family, except the great Bible which had a little table to itself in the farm kitchen.

How often had Rebekah read and re-read those few books ! She loved the quiet best parlour, with its panelled walls, sanded floor, white linen curtains, and its corner cupboard with the small store of china and glass for great occasions, the common table service being of pewter and horn.

What changes has time wrought ! That best parlour is now the parlour of a farm bailiff. Modern gimcracks of all descriptions crowd the

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corner cupboard, photographic portraits and gorgeous oleographs hang on the panelled walls, and a cheap sewing machine has taken the place of Susannah Martin's dainty spinning wheel.

Many an evening during that busy summer did Becky steal away to her precious book. How fascinating it was to her ; from Thomas Ellwood's schooldays, when, for his mischievous pranks, "he wore out more birch than most boys ;" through his troubled youth, when for the cause of liberty of conscience he suffered cruel imprisonment. How he became reader to the blind poet, John Milton, and ventured to suggest to him that *Paradise Lost* should be followed by *Paradise Regained*. His adventures while acting as escort to the fair heiress, Gulielma Springett, afterwards the wife of the founder of Pennsylvania ; his deliberate wooing of Mary Ellis, and happy life with her ; and even the laborious, and rather doggerel, poems which he wrote from time to time—all was delightful to the unsophisticated Becky.

Molly by no means approved of this absorption of her sister. She considered that studious habits were mere idleness, although she, as well as Becky, had been given the best education their parents could arrange for them at their remote farm.

Finding that no teasing would move her young sister, Molly resolved to administer a reproof in writing.

Taking advantage of Becky's absence, she having accompanied her mother on one of Mrs. Martin's many errands among the sick and poor, Molly slipped into the best parlour, and taking a quill in her unaccustomed fingers, she proceeded to write in a neat, cramped hand, lengthways of the cover of the cherished new book, the words

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"Go to the ant, thou s——". But, just as she laboriously completed the letter s, a cheery voice said, "Well, this is something new, to find Molly among the scribes! What art writing, my daughter?"

Molly started and blushed as the worthy yeoman looked over her shoulder, and read the unfinished sentence.

"A good admonition, truly, but Thomas Ellwood was no sluggard, nor is Molly Martin either, for I heard thy voice in the yard before four of the clock this morning. We have no sluggards here at Hunts Green that I know of, so why write it?"

"Well, father—of late it has seemed to me," said Molly, hesitating, "that Becky is growing into a little bit of one."

"And so thou scribbles in my new book, and quotes King Solomon to reprove her? I think that thou might leave the task of admonishing to thy good mother, who never neglects a needful reproof. But I have not seen any need. Rebekah is an industrious and thrifty maiden, if not quite such a fly-about as thou. What household work dost thou accuse her of neglecting?"

"It is not housework, father, but spinning. When Aunt Mary was here she got carpenter Simmons to make us each a fine dower-chest as her gift. She said we were to fill them as soon as possible with good linen, for every maid ought to lay up for the time when she may have no leisure to spin. Our flax field yielded so well last year that mother said we might have as much as we could spin at leisure times—and now Becky comes mooning in the parlour over this book, and will not spin a thread!"

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"A store against the time that you are wedded, eh? But who knows whether you may not be two elderly maiden sisters, living together at Hunts Green with nothing to do but to spin?"

Molly looked rather taken aback, and then dimpled demurely, remembering a certain young farmer from the Surrey hills who was most ingenious in devising frequent errands to the house.

"But thou dost not object to our having the flax, father?" she said.

"No, certainly, I like you to be busy and thrifty; but do not tease Becky about it. She is three years younger than thee, and something of a child still—and do not finish thy text in the book—I like not such use of Bible words, although I have been tempted myself to alter a text when I hear too careful housewives talk of spinning, and say, 'A woman's life consisteth not in the abundance of linen which she possesseth.' Now get thy hood, and come out with me to see how the calves are faring in the five acres."

When the winter came the book was read aloud to the family gathered round the great wood fire, on which they chiefly depended for light for spinning and knitting, the reader being seated close to a home-made rush light which yielded but a feeble flame.

Benedictus sometimes nodded, but his wife found it intensely interesting, and even Molly enjoyed the reading, as she whirred the wheel and wound the linen yarn.

Her motive for industry was stronger now, for she was betrothed to the young farmer; but although he was a son-in-law after their own heart, her parents wished for a year or two's delay before their young Molly should take upon

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herself the responsibilities of matronhood. So the dower chest was filled to overflowing with good tablecloths, sheets and curtains, and even linen gowns for the summer; all the produce of that field on the farm which in summer waved its lovely blue blossoms in the sunshine, and is to this day called "the Flax Field."

Rebekah stayed with her parents for some years, a quiet, retiring maiden, but wonderfully efficient and kind-hearted, until her good qualities were discovered by a worthy and prosperous young man, who owned a flour mill, with a good dwelling-house beside it, on the banks of one of the small, sluggish rivers of Sussex.

Thither Rebekah consented to go, not without qualms at leaving her parents (for the new home was at the alarming distance of twenty miles from the old one), but they were still healthy and active, and had moreover an orphan niece who needed a home.

The last First-day before the marriage, as they were sitting quietly in the panelled parlour, Benedictus said to his daughter, taking up the cherished book, "Here, Becky, my child, take this with thee, and read it to thy Thomas. I bought it chiefly to please thee, although I wrote my name in it."

Rebekah took it gladly, and packed it among the lavender-scented linen in the big chest, which was now well filled, ready to go to the new home.

When she took it out, while unpacking and arranging her possessions, she laid it in her best parlour. Suddenly the thought struck her that, as it was now hers, she must write in it her new name and abode—yes, and she would add a con-

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fession of faith also, so that her new relations might know what Master she loved and followed.

So in large clear writing she made the inscription :—

" Rebekah Rickman is my name,
And England is my nation,
Barcomb is my dwelling place,
And Christ is my salvation."

There it stands still, the ink brown and faded, in the quaint old book.

More than a century after the young bride brought it to her new home, her descendants having died or drifted away, there was a sale of old furniture at the mill house, and an old man who bought the books happened to recognize the names, and sent it—not to the great-great grandchildren of Rebekah, but of Molly Martin.

The surname has died out, but the old farm, the old books, the antique silver spoons, and, above all, the inheritance of their good name, still remain to the descendants of Benedictus and Susannah Martin and their two daughters.

MAUDE ROBINSON.

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JOHN BRIGHT AND WAR.

In the course of an article under the above title, contributed to the last issue of the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, Margaret E. Hirst describes as "amazing" a statement made by me in a letter to the *Friend* of the 2nd of April, 1915.

As the epithet is forcible and the subject of general interest, I may perhaps venture to request the courtesy of your columns for a brief word of rejoinder. Miss Hirst, after quoting from a letter by Bright to Whittier, written in 1863, adds this comment of her own :—"It is an amazing fact that this letter has been described recently as one 'in support of the American Civil War.'" With every desire to look at the question from the point of view of Miss Hirst and of those who think with her, I am unable to concede more than this : that perhaps the words "in sympathy with" might be substituted for "in support of" with a certain gain in felicitousness. But the term "support" is entirely accurate.

For what does Mr. Bright say ? "War was, and is, the only way out of the desperate difficulty of your country, and, fearful as the path is, it cannot be escaped." Such words are clear enough and strong enough surely to justify the use of the term "support" ; but, lest there should be any doubt of Bright's precise meaning in the minds of the most incredulous, he confirms and strengthens his former declaration by this remark contained in a letter to Villiers, also quoted by Miss Hirst :—

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"I want no end of the war, and no compromise, and no reunion till the negro is made free beyond all chance of failure." Other statements to precisely the same effect may be found on pp. 318 and 319 of Trevelyan's *Life of Bright.*

Can any man express himself more clearly? If such language does not justify the use of the term "support," words have no longer a meaning! But, says your contributor, "it is an amazing fact" that Bright's language should be so described.

No wonder Miss Hirst finds it "difficult to see any justification" for Mr. Trevelyan when he declares that Bright had "swallowed" his peace formulas (Trev., p. 318).

The proposition contained in my letter addressed to the *Friend* was a very simple one, viz., that the doctrine of "Peace at any Price" had not been held by some of the most deservedly famous Quakers and champions of Peace.

In the case of John Bright this proposition is proved up to the hilt by Miss Hirst's interesting essay, unconsciously perhaps on her part, and without doubt reluctantly. The apparent object which the writer had in view was to emphasize the great services which in his day Mr. Bright had rendered to the cause of Peace, and the intense moral fervour which animated his speeches and his action. Miss Hirst appears to labour under the impression that someone has been found to call in question the extent of those services and the sincerity of that righteous passion. Your correspondent at least has not come across any such man—Quaker or non-Quaker. Moreover, Miss Hirst is not content with defending a position which no one has attacked or dreams of attacking. She

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must go further and explain away, or water down till they have no meaning, all and sundry John Bright's expressions of sympathy with the use of armed force.

Sometimes, as in the examples already quoted, such adjectives as "amazing" or "difficult of justification" are applied to the statements of those who take for granted that the words of the greatest master of spoken English possess their ordinary English meaning. Sometimes, as in the reference to the letter to Mr. Urquhart, there is the implication that Bright concealed his real opinion by means of "careful phrasing"—this was not Bright's custom. Sometimes, as in the case of the Indian Mutiny, when Bright declares that he "cannot oppose such measures as may be deemed necessary to suppress the existing disorder," or when at Edinburgh (November, 1868), he proposes to apply to the affairs of the sea the same remedy which Penn proposed for the preservation of peace on land, viz., an international armed force, Miss Hirst quotes indeed, but offers no comment at all!

Sometimes when Bright expresses himself too clearly for even prejudice to misconceive his meaning, she declares that he is merely writing "as a neutral to a neutral"!

Again, while remarking that "the one specific case in which Bright thought arbitration to be impossible was that of the issue between the Turkish Government of 1876 and its persecuted Christian dependencies," Miss Hirst leaves her readers to conclude that this case stands in Bright's mind singular and isolated, whereas on reference to the speech in which the assertion was made (Birmingham, December 4th, 1876), we find

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this particular instance selected as illustrative of a whole type. Such examples might be multiplied.

My complaint is that this is not fair controversy; and its importance lies in the fact that it does not stand by itself but is unfortunately typical of much of the argumentative method adopted of late by the extremists in the columns of Quaker journals. The exertion of such otherwise admirable ingenuity in the vain endeavour to fit the strait waistcoat of the ultra-fanatic upon the form of a great and broad-minded statesman cannot but be regarded as a deplorable waste of intellectual power.

Surely there is one lesson and one warning writ large upon the pages of Miss Hirst's essay, and it is this: that even the very suspicion of fanaticism, of inaccessibility to the voice of reason is apt to stultify the ablest and the sincerest efforts on behalf of any cause. Bright was a member of a religious society, regarded by every reader of your journal, and by every serious-minded man, with profound respect and, indeed, with veneration; but a Society which, rightly or wrongly, was popularly believed to cherish the principle of "Peace at any Price." Bright himself, as all who refer to Miss Hirst's pages will speedily discover for themselves, shared no such view; but even so, the handicap was too great. The most convincing arguments supported by all the splendours of voice and language carry little weight when coming from suspected lips, even if those lips are the most eloquent in the world. That in later life Bright was happily able to influence the policy of his country towards a way of peace, resulted not from any indiscriminating condemnation of war, but from proved political prescience and from the ever-increasing prestige of service and of years.

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Miss Hirst's summary of John Bright's opinions cannot fail to be of great value if approached with an open mind. The writer's sincerity is beyond suspicion; and it is perhaps my personal misfortune that, while appreciating to the full the striking originality of her conclusions, I am unable to find for many of them even a shadow of logical justification.

J. Travis Mills.

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LETTERS FROM A FIELD HOSPITAL.*

THIS little record is of deep and moving interest —a beautiful picture of a beautiful life.

In a few skilful touches we are presented with a living picture of "the most vivid creature that imagination could conceive," "grasping life with both hands," a true, high-hearted, brilliant woman, full of charm and attractiveness. We are told of the novels she wrote, the plays and books for children, and *The Child's Life of Christ*, and that all her work was the outcome of a deep and living faith.

"Wherever people were, with whom religion was the passion of their life, she was of their freemasonry; and whenever she was in real difficulty, a difficulty of the soul, she fell back always on the thought of God."

In the early summer of 1914, conscious of a little overstrain, she had taken a cottage in the Cotswolds, and there, in the middle of the most delightful holiday she had ever known, the news of the war came to her.

At first she could not realise it. Then she heard that the younger of her two sons, Christopher, was coming home from abroad to enlist. She wrote afterwards:—

"I began to think over my position. I knew that if I had been a man I could not have fought, for the way in which I read the words of Christ is that the Kingdom of Heaven is gained by a different method altogether. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.' It is

**Letters from a Field Hospital*, by Mabel Dearmer; with a Memoir of the Author by Stephen Gwynn. Macmillan, 1916, 2s. 6d. net.

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a method which has never been tried by diplomatists. If an individual attempts it in his own life, and plunges into deep seas, it sustains him and he walks on the waters in a great amazement. What happens to an individual will some day happen to the nations, when they seek each other's good rather than their own gain—but not yet. Till then we must learn our mistakes through great suffering."

Who can read without a pang of sympathy for both, what Mabel Dearmer tells of her beloved younger son :—

"Christopher was indignant at my apparent half-heartedness. 'I can't think what has come to you, mother,' he cried, 'you are generally so eager for the right,' . . . and the boy broke off in angry disappointment.

'I can't help it, my dear,' I replied. 'I can't hate my enemy. I have spent my whole life trying to learn a different lesson. If you feel you must go, you must go; it will be right for you to go. You offer your life—that is always good—you can't do more.'

He went away unsatisfied, and I envied the proud mother who sends her sons, proud of them, proud of the war that calls them out, proud of the God of battles. But that God is not my God, and my heart was heavy.

My eldest son went next. Then Stephen Gwynn. . . .

There was no doubt at all that he thought war was right. 'I don't pretend that any war is Christian,' he said. 'But this is a just war. If you are a Christian I don't see how you can fight at all. To be a Christian to-day seems to me to court annihilation.'

'Yes,' I said, 'just that—to be ready to throw away one's life for the Kingdom of Heaven, but for nothing less. It has always meant that. That is why its Founder was crucified.'"

The foregoing, we learn from her biographer, is taken from the first chapter "'of a very personal book' which she began in Serbia. She wrote only this chapter, and it she rounded off characteristically with a laugh. But there has come to me one other passage—a pencilled scrap of paper, barely legible, which after her death was found in the mud-stained bag that she kept in her little

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tent. It gives, I think, the keynote to all her thought and all her action in the last phase of her life. 'To the Greeks foolishness, to the Jews a stumbling-block.' Christianity can never teach common sense. It teaches the Kingdom of Heaven. It may permeate common sense with the tincture of its ideals, but the more common-sensible it becomes, the less is it Christianity. It is the folly only possible to the supremely wise.'

"She who wrote thus had in the practical affairs of life more shrewdness, more common sense, than anyone with whom I have ever taken counsel. That permeation of common sense by Christianity, and of Christianity by common sense, which she describes, was well illustrated in the fact that her attitude to the war alienated no friend. Yet there was another reason for this. She who condemned war loved courage and loved self-devotion. The war was there, and with it the call to action and to sacrifice. If her sons had chosen to go out into the street as missionaries and denounce the war as an outrage against Christianity, as a crime that no nation should commit, even though it were to be trampled into powder, she would for that have gladly seen them beaten, imprisoned or put to death, and gladly have taken her place at their side. This was the courage that she most valued—the courage to die, but not to kill; and if the world had enough of this courage then, she thought, there would be no wars.

But she did not, for all that, withhold either her sympathy, or her approbation from those who were prepared to follow their own ideals where they might lead. The boy who came to her with his first ardours of patriotism and went away unsatisfied, yet found in those following months no better comfort than she could give. I remember how she told me that never in all their lives had her sons shown such a desire to be at home, nor come so close to her in talk.

Yet, for all that, she was isolated and a little lonely. Perhaps her mind worked the more strongly and was all the truer to its own instincts."

In the spring of 1915 Dr. Dearmer was appointed Chaplain to the British units, comprising some 300 doctors and nurses, then working in

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Serbia, and he was asked to start almost at once with Mrs. Stobart's unit.

The arrangement was all made so suddenly that Mrs. Dearmer knew nothing of it till she heard it announced publicly at a farewell service for the unit which he was conducting.

Here, she felt, was her opportunity, and as soon as the service was over, she asked if she too might go with the unit, and was accepted as a hospital orderly.

Mabel Dearmer's revealing letters from Serbia addressed to Stephen Gwynn, her literary adviser and personal friend, reflect much of the charm of her vivid personality, and were there space, one would like to quote largely.

It says much for the quality of the friendship between her and the soldier friend who has since been called to act as her biographer and literary executor, that she could write to him frankly and unreservedly of what she felt and thought about war, and that he has suppressed nothing of this.

She liked to recount the good deeds of the Austrian doctor of their hospital.

Once she wrote :—

" Everything is so curiously mixed up. We are friends and enemies all together—half our wounded are Austrian—and, strangest of all, the head doctor of the Serbian Hospital is an Austrian prisoner. He is a wonderful man, and looked after and treated 200 wounded all alone. He was taken prisoner, and never stopped his work of saving life—first as an officer of his own army, then as a doctor among the Serbs."

And, again, later :—

" The ' enemy ' came to tea to-day—the Austrian doctor who is a prisoner here, and has worked for the Serbian wounded so nobly that he is head of the Military Hospital—and a *prisoner.*—Oh, isn't it strange ? He has in bad times dressed 500 wounds a day—besides operations—sleeping for a few

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hours at a time and eating when he can—and this for the *enemy*. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his enemy."

On Whit Monday she wrote :—

"When I see these wounded here, I have got a new obsession. I don't see you and Geoff. [her eldest son] and Chris. hurt, but I see all the men that you and Geoff. and Chris, are going to hurt—and that is the unbearable thing. If *you* are hurt you can bear it to death, for you have ideals—but they, poor lambs, they curse and rave and suffer and don't know why it happens or what it all means. There is an article in the *English Review* (which *thank* you for)—an article on 'Nationality'—which I feel in my bones is true. It is this madness of Nationality, this false patriotism, that makes wars. As long as men grab land and think it noble to die for their own bit, there will be wars. As though a nation depended on its land! It depends on its spirit and its ideals. The Jews are a nation and they have no land. There—I can't argue, but what I felt dimly at Oakridge I know clearly now. This war will not bring peace—no war will bring peace—only love and mercy and terrific virtues, such as loving one's enemy, can bring a terrific thing like peace. . . . Oh, I *will* stop. But it goes into everything, the tiniest action—the hardest fight is to love the person you want to fight and to seek *his* good rather than yours."

Mabel Dearmer died of typhoid at Kragujevatz, July 11th, 1915, at the age of forty-three. To the fearless woman who had dared to stand alone for her faith, and to risk all that she might help the suffering, was given the honour of laying down her life for the service of man, and to the mother was given the happiness of going before her son Christopher, who fell at Suvla Bay. With all her intense love of life, she had thought of death as the last great 'adventure' . . . "the last unspeakably good thing of all the unspeakably good things that have come to us," and as she had lived she died—gladly.

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THE BRONTË-WHEELWRIGHT FRIENDSHIP.

PART II.

Our aunt, Fanny Wheelwright, informed us that the sanitation at the school was of a primitive and wholly inadequate character, and this may account for the death of the youngest child, Julia Wheelwright, of typhus, or typhoid fever, at the early age of seven. The following letter, quoted by Mr. Shorter in his annotations to Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*, refers to this sad episode. It is a letter in French by Madame Heger, dated :—

"Lundi, 21 9 bre. [1842]. Ma chère Laetitia [Wheelwright],—Je me proposais de faire visite à madame votre maman hier matin. J'ai été indisposée et obligée de garder la chambre : aujourd 'hui je suis mieux, mais ne pouvant sortir je désire au moins savoir de vos nouvelles. Comment se porte votre maman ? Je crains bien que les veilles, la fatigue et le chagrin n' altèrent sa santé. Heureusement tous ses enfants sont si bons, si biens élevés, qu'elle trouvera dans leurs soins une compensation à la perte cruelle qu'elle a faite.

Lorsque j'irai voir vos parents je leur dirai combien j'apprécie tout ce que la lettre de votre papa a d'obligeant. Je lui suis bien reconnaissante d'avoir pensé à nous dans un moment aussi douloureux et qui laissera ici, comme chez vous, de longues traces. Le petit ange que nous pleurons mérite tous nos regrets, cependant nous devons nous dire qu'il est à l'abri des misères et des chagrins que nous avons encore à supporter.

Adieu, ma chère Laetitia ; embrassez pour moi vos petites sœurs, et présentez à vos parents, que j'estime chaque jour davantage, ma respectueuse affection.

Votre dévouée, Z. HEGER."

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Of this dear child, Julia Wheelwright, we possess a large lock of her lightish brown hair, in a paper endorsed by her mother, "Hair of my deeply-lamented child Julia, who died at Brussels 17th November, 1842, aged seven years on the preceding 30th October. I cut this hair 22nd November, the day of her funeral" [Elizabeth Wheelwright]. A ring with her hair, in possession of her niece Julia Wheelwright, widow of William Denham, Esq., of Pretoria, a large coloured plan of the Protestant Burial Ground at Brussels showing the place of her interment, and a piece of her music, and other relics, also remain.

Amongst other reminiscences of Charlotte Brontë by Lætitia Wheelwright, we learn from Clement Shorter's *The Brontës** :—

"That Charlotte Brontë took every precaution to prevent *Villette* from obtaining currency in the city which inspired it. She told Miss Wheelwright, with whom naturally, on her visits to London, she often discussed the Brussels life, that she had received a promise that there should be no translation, and that the book would never appear in the French language."

Unfortunately, as we know, this prohibition was circumvented after the author's death, and it was only natural that Madame Heger, who was the Mlle. Zoraïde Reuter and Madame Beck of her Brussels novels, should be furious at the gibbeting she received.

Mr. Shorter goes on to say that :—

"Miss Wheelwright informs me that Charlotte Brontë did certainly admire M. Heger, as did all his pupils. . . . Some time after Charlotte had returned to England, and when in the height of her fame, she met her Brussels school-fellow in London. Miss Wheelwright asked her whether she still corresponded with M. Heger. Charlotte replied that she had discontinued to do so. M. Heger had mentioned in one letter that his wife did not like the correspondence, and he asked her therefore to address her letters to the Royal Athénée,

* pp. 256-258, 272.

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where, as I have mentioned, he gave lessons to the boys. 'I stopped writing at once,' Charlotte told her friend. 'I would not have dreamt of writing to him when I found it was disagreeable to his wife; certainly I would not write unknown to her.' 'She said this,' Miss Wheelwright adds, 'with the sincerity of manner which characterised her every utterance, and I would sooner have doubted myself than her.'"

In the *Times* of July 29th, 1913, was an article which aroused much interest and attention, and even sensation, entitled "Charlotte Brontë's 'Tragedy.' The lost letters. Dr. Heger's gift to the British Nation." This was a series of four mostly long and important letters, long thought to have been destroyed, written by Charlotte Brontë in 1844 and 1845, to M. Constantine Heger, her old master at Brussels, and which were presented by Dr. Paul Heger, of Brussels, to the British Museum, 6th June, 1913. The whole text of these letters was printed in French and English, and a *facsimile* page of one in quarto reproduced. The first letter of 24th May, 1844, says:—

"Monsieur,—I am well aware that it is not my turn to write to you, but as Mrs. Wheelwright is going to Brussels, and is kind enough to take charge of a letter—it appears to me that I ought not to neglect so favourable an opportunity of writing to you." She adds a postscript:—"It seems that Mrs. Wheelwright is going to Paris before going to Brussels, but she will post my letters at Boulogne."

These letters disprove for ever anything that might have been thought dishonourable in the relations of master and pupil.

"At first, however," continues Mr Shorter, "her sojourn was not solitary. Charlotte had not visited the Wheelwrights in the Rue Royale during her first visit to Brussels. She had found the companionship of Emily all-sufficing, and Emily, as I have hinted, was not sufficiently popular with the Wheelwrights to have made her a welcome guest. They admitted her cleverness, but they considered her hard, unsympathetic, and abrupt in manner. We know she was self-contained and homesick, pining for her native moors. . . . When, however,

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Charlotte came back to Brussels alone she was heartily welcomed with two or three English families, including those of Mr. Dixon, of the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, and of Dr. Wheelwright. With the Wheelwright children she sometimes spent the Sunday, and with them she occasionally visited the English Episcopal Church which the Wheelwrights attended, and of which the clergyman was a Mr. Drury.* When Dr. Wheelwright took his wife for a Rhine trip in May [1843], he left his four [surviving girls] in the care of Madame Heger at the Pensionnat, and under the immediate supervision of Charlotte. At this period there was plenty of cheerfulness in her life."

Our aunt, Fanny Wheelwright, informed us that Charlotte Brontë was very kind to all the Wheelwright girls, and she was much attached to their excellent mother. She, as Clement Shorter says, superintended their lessons at one period, and was always helpful.

In a letter to the present writer, Fanny Wheelwright says, under date 27th December, 1905 :—

"Father thought his five girls would benefit in taking us to a foreign school ; it was good for Aunt L. and B.'s mother [Emily Poulter], as they knew French, and the three youngest did *not*, but soon picked up words."

She also added under date, Hastings, 11th January, 1913, and shortly before her death, that Emily Brontë used to teach herself and her two younger sisters the piano in play hours in the Long-room, but this they hated, as they preferred the Pas de Geant (giant's stride) in the playground, which had four knotted ropes to hold by. Two Flemish girls they disliked they denominated "La Grande Bas" and "La Petite Bas."

Madame Heger's parents resided in the house. The Belgian girls she described as coarse and fast, bearing out Charlotte Brontë's opinion of them. The Brontës never played games, they were so

*This was the Rev. William Drury, of Harrow and Brussels, one of whose daughters died at Torquay in 1912, aged 88.

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conscientiously studious. Charlotte was devoted to Mrs. Wheelwright; she was "a gentle diminutive neat little retiring thing, but a genius even then." She often spent Sundays with the Wheelwrights, and was welcome to come whenever she inclined. Emily they cordially disliked, and was most unsociable.

At their residence in a flat at the big Hôtel Clusyenaar, the Wheelwright children delighted in the big staircases, running up one and down the other. Amongst relics of this Brussels period are a copy of the original prospectus of the school, with the two Belgian tax-stamps, and formerly Frances Wheelwright's. Then there is a card which has been used for a direction-label, and addressed by Dr. Wheelwright, "Dr. Wheelwright, Bureau Restant, Ostende, Tarif N. 8." At the back is the following form, partly in print and partly manuscript, viz. :—

Institution Heger-Parent.
Arithmétique 3*e* Classe, 2*e* Division.
1*er* Accessit, Mdlle. *Fanny Wheelwright.*
Professeur Directrice.
Bruxelles, 14 *Aout*, 1843.

Probably this card is unique. Then there is a copy-book of Fanny Wheelwright's, foolscap size, in French and English; amongst other entries are "Fanny Wheelwright, Page; Annee, 1843."

"These people [the Belgians] are very dirty here, they never wash themselves, they are disgusting and I do not like them, they are like pigs, they are greedy"!!

Other relics consist of school books, a pair of Belgian wooden-shoes, a charming lace-cap of a *femme de chambre*, stiffened with innumerable small pins, etc., and other Flemish lace.

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Another relic is a quaintly-shaped white china breakfast cup, used by Fanny Wheelwright almost to the last, and no doubt also by Charlotte Brontë. A hemstitched handkerchief with tucks, with "Charlotte" neatly embroidered thereon, may have been originally the property of the novelist.

Reference was made above to Maria Miller. Of her still remain some curious mementoes. One is a gold ring set with garnets, the gift of Maria Miller to Laetitia E. Wheelwright, by whom it was worn until her death in 1911, and after by her sister Fanny Wheelwright until her death in 1913, aged eighty-two. Then there is a charming little box in the form of a book, richly gilt, and inserted in a case. In it are loose gilt-edged leaves. The first, within a gilt-framed border, has a painted view of Nothhausen, and at the back is inscribed, "Laetitia E. Wheelwright, the gift of her affec^ate. sister Maria, March, 1843, Brussels, Rue d'Isabelle." On another page, "Souvenir de 18me. Avril, 1843, á Bruxelles, M.M. a.v." Then there is a leaf on which is inscribed by Maria Miller as follows :—

"My dear Lætitia, a short farewell
Until again we meet,
Oft shall remembrance fondly dwell
On days and scenes that owned the spell
Of your communion sweet.
So when in earth we cease to dwell
In pilgrim converse sweet
We'll need no other parting knell
Than, dearest friend, a short farewell,
Till soon *at home* we meet!

Dear Lætitia, my sincere wish is that this hope may be realised and that we may meet again, if not here below, in our *eternal home*, where we need never part again. Good bye, dear girl, think ever with affection on

Your loving sister,

MARIA MILLER."

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Another leaf has a verse of six lines, entitled, *Fleeting Pleasures*, signed by "Your truly affectionate sister Maria." Another verse of eight lines is also addressed to Laetitia. There is also a paper inscribed, ";The most *precious of all precious parting gifts* to Laetitia, from her truly affectionate sister Maria, 7 July, 1843." Inside are two tiny locks of brown hair, with "The light is Maria's, the dark from Hortence." The latter was probably Hortence Lannoy (not Jannoy, as Mr. Shorter has it). In a letter from Charlotte Brontë to her sister Emily, dated Brussels, May 29th, 1843, she says :—

"I have now the entire charge of the English lessons. I have given two lessons to the first class. Hortense Lannoy was a picture on these occasions; her face was black as a 'blue piled thunder loft,' and her two ears were red as raw beef. To all questions asked her reply was 'Je ne sais pas.' It is a pity but her friends could meet with a person qualified to cast out a devil."

Then there is a little fancy leather and gilt-bound album, in which is inscribed, "Presented to Miss Laetitia E. Wheelwright by her cousin, Miss Agnes Laetitia Robinson, January 5th, 1832." to which the owner has added in pencil, "From a little girl of ten to a little girl of four." This was the last surviving daughter of William Robinson, LL.D., previously named, and who married the author, Thomas Fitzpatrick, M.D., M.A., and died as recently as September, 1912, aged ninety. In this album are several juvenile and other contributions by Miss Wheelwright, as well as some verses by Maria Miller, entitled "Think of me," and four stanzas signed "Your affect. sister, Maria." There is also in the little box named above, a tiny bouquet of dried flowers from the Pensionnat garden.

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In writing to Laetitia Wheelwirght from "Filey, June 16th, 1852," Charlotte Brontë says :—

"I return that most precious document—the letter of Maria Miller. Selfish indeed is the policy which has dictated it—worldly the adroitness with which the suggestion has been carried out." . . . No deference is due to Mrs. W. P. Robertson [Maria Miller]. Alas ! She proves herself too unmistakably selfish. I think the less you have to do with her affairs the better." . . . Yours affectionately, CHARLOTTE BRONTE."

As the Ginevra Fanshawe who figures so largely in *Villette*, the above particluars are not without interest.

Fanny Wheelwright, in a letter to the present writer, dated 12th April, 1912, adds a few details :

"I remember Mrs. Gaskell and liked her much when she called at 2, Campden Grove, [Kensington, but more likely at 29, Lower Phillimore Place]. I don't think she had anyone with her. Maria Miller I considered a 'grown-up.' I was only ten—a child to her. She was often I know with Aunt [Laetitia] walking in the garden—I did not know she was called *sister*. Maria was the G[inevra] Fanshawe of *Villette ;* she seemed to have money, as she gave aunt a good brooch, supposed to have her own hair in it, but she told Aunt she had not cut any off, so cut some [fur] off the rug and put in ; and she gave her a thin gold small ring Aunt always [wore], she did not take [it] off [when] washing hands, which I wear *now*. Maria would not notice me and I did not care for *her*. Charlotte [Brontë] was the opposite ; she always noticed us youngest ones very kindly, and I liked her [but] not Emily [Bronté]."

Upon leaving Brussels for Dover, and later for Bath, the four surviving Wheelwright sisters resumed their studies at Mount Albion House School, Ramsgate, under the care of the Misses Charryére and Fisher, their music master being Mr. Osmond G. Phipps, and a relic of this period is a handsome church service in two volumes (in a case), in which is written "Miss Emily Wheelwright, June, 1844, from Osmund G. Phipps.

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Music Prize." The school was opposite to the apartments at Mount Albion, occupied by Elizabeth Fry, and where she died 13th of October, 1845, aged sixty-five. And Emily Poulter, formerly Wheelwright, informed us that she, with one or more of her sisters, witnessed, late one evening, the removal of the coffin containing all that was mortal of this honoured philanthropist, en route for Friends' Burial Ground, Barking, where her remains were interred the 20th of October.

Reference must now be made to the Brontë-Wheelwright correspondence, the earlier portion of which from 1843 to 1849, Laetitia Wheelwright did not retain unfortunately. We have discovered, however, a parting autograph inscription from the authoress, which is written in Flemish and French, as follows :—

"Denk op my on ik zal op u denken.

N. VRINDINNE.

"Pensez à moi et je penserai toujours à vous.

Votre amie,

CHARLOTTE."

The remaining letters, with one exception, are in our possession, and as all but one have been printed by Clement Shorter in his *The Brontes*, we only propose, with two exceptions of unusual interest, to summarise them, and to copy the remaining last page of a letter from Filey, not published by C. K. Shorter. The first letter of the series preserved by Miss Wheelwright is so historically valuable, so pathetically interesting, that we transcribe it *in extenso* from the original. It is No. 337 in *The Brontës*. The letter is an octavo one of three and a half pages, within narrow black borders, and is as follows :—

" Haworth, March 15th, '49. Dear Laetitia,—I have not quite forgotten you through the winter, but I have remem-

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bered you only like some pleasant waking idea struggling through a dreadful dream. You say my last letter was dated September 14th [destroyed]. You ask how I have passed the time since? What has happened to me? Why have I been silent?

It is soon told.

On the 24th of September my only brother [Patrick Branwell], after being long in weak health—and latterly consumptive—though we were far from apprehending immediate danger, died, quite suddenly, as it seemed to us. He had been out two days before. The shock was great. Ere he could be interred I fell ill. A low nervous fever left me very weak. As I was slowly recovering, my sister Emily—whom you knew—was seized with inflammation of the lungs; suppuration took place; two agonising months of hopes and fears followed, and on the 19th of December *she died.*

She was scarcely cold in her grave, when Anne—my youngest and last sister, who has been delicate all her life—exhibited symptoms that struck us with acute alarm; we sent for the first advice that could be procured; she was examined with the stethoscope, and the dreadful fact was announced that her lungs were affected—and that tubercular consumption had already made considerable progress; a system of treatment was prescribed, which has since been ratified by the opinion of Dr. Forbes, whom your papa [Dr. Wheelwright] will, I daresay, know; I hope it has somewhat delayed disease. She is now a patient invalid, and I am her nurse. God has hitherto supported me in some sort through all those bitter calamities—and my father [Rev. Patrick Brontë], I am thankful to say, has been wonderfully sustained, but there have been hours, days, weeks of inexpressible anguish to undergo, and the cloud of impending distress still looms dark and sullen above us. I cannot write much. I can only pray Providence to preserve you and yours from such affliction as he has seen good to accumulate on me and mine. With best regards to your dear mamma and all your circle,

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
C. BRONTE,
34 past 1."

Was ever a more pathetic and touching letter, detailing the tragedy of a gifted author's life penned? It is inexpressibly sad that in keeping

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with the thought of her age, C. Brontë attributes to the providence of God these awful happenings, which were brought about by insanitary surroundings, adverse circumstances, and in the case of poor Branwell, his own misdemeanours. How ready man has been in all ages to attribute to a loving and eternally-just Father in Heaven, who has abundantly provided for the welfare of his created children, their own ignorance, errors, and limitations!

The next letter is No. 400 in *The Brontës*, and is dated from Haworth, October 17th, 1849. It refers to a visit Miss Brontë had just paid to the Wheelwrights in Lower Phillimore Place, London, where she had taken lunch and a "cheering cup of coffee," and in the evening had met at her publisher, Mr. George Smith's, seven gentlemen at dinner, including five formidable critics, of the *Times*, *Athenæum*, *Examiner*, *Spectator*, etc., "Men more dreaded in the world of letters than you can conceive." The strain made her quite ill, and on her way home she was compelled to stay at Derby for the night.

"Give my affectionate love to your mamma, Emily, [later Poulter] Fanny, and Sarah Anne—remember me respectfully to your papa"—"write soon."

The next letter is No. 443 of the general correspondence, and is dated from 76, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park Gardens, the home of Mrs. Smith, mother of the author's publisher, Mr. George Smith, of "Smith, Elder, & Co." It is dated 3rd June, 1850, and the novelist speaks of her intention to call upon the Wheelwrights, all of whom she names, including "your regal self" [Laetitia]. This letter was given by the latter in her life-time to the present writer.

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The next communication is dated "Haworth, 30th July, 1850," and is No. 452. It speaks of visits to Scotland,—Abbotsford, Melrose "the very names possess music and magic." The next letter is also from Haworth, and dated 12th January, 1851. It is No. 491. The author speaks of the pain she had experienced in "looking over letters and papers belonging to my sisters," [unhappily mostly destroyed] and through which she fell ill.

"Many little mementoes and memoranda conspired to make an impression inexpressibly sad, which solitude deepened and fostered."

She later speaks of a visit to Harriet Martineau in Westmorland :—

"A woman of wonderful endowments, both intellectual and physical." . . ." Your description of the magician Paxton's Crystal Palace is quite graphic."

Another long letter from Haworth is dated 12th April, 1852. It is No. 569. Here she alluded to her father having undergone an operation for cataract when he was seventy, as an encouragement to Dr. Wheelwright to do likewise. In this letter she alludes to her friend [Ellen Nussey], who, although she never met Miss Wheelwright, warmly invited her to stay with her in 1896 at Moor Lane House, Gomersall, near Leeds.

"You will no doubt have heard something of me a long time ago from our dear mutual friend Charlotte Brontë, as I have also heard of you . . . your Christian name is most familiar to me." . . . "I was glad to hear from you . . . because I feel a tie of regard and sympathy in our mutual knowledge of C. B. *Poor dear C. B.*" and speaks of "all her fame and nobleness of character,"—so Miss Nussey.

Miss Brontë in the above-named letter enquires after her correspondent's brother, Charles Wheelwright, who had emigrated to South Africa, settled

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there, and died in 1908, aged eighty-two, having married thrice, left a widow still living, and had triplets by his second marriage.

Then we come to a letter from Filey (Cliff House), *circa* June, 1852 :—

"I am now staying at Filey, a small bathing-place on the east coast of Yorkshire; I have been here three weeks, and thus far think I have derived real benefit from the change. I earnestly wish you could say as much. Of all merely material blessings, I think health is the greatest. Well can I sympathise with you all on the subject of your papa's state. I have watched the progress of that calamity [cataract] and know how sad is the gradual darkening.

With kindest regards to your dear parents and all your sisters—with hopes that strength needful for the day will be given to all, and with sincere solicitude for yourself,

I am, dear Laetitia,
Yours affectionately,
C. BRONTE.*

The next letter, dated June 16th, 1852, No. 577, is also from Filey, and is that referring to Maria Miller, then Mrs. W. P. Robertson, the quondam friend of Laetitia Wheelwright, at Brussels, quoted above.

No. 657 is another letter from Haworth, dated 18th March, 1854. This refers to Rev. P. Brontë's illness : the Crimean war :—

"Of course, my father's sympathies, and mine too, are all with justice and Europe against tyranny and Russia,"

a curious comment in the light of later history. . . .

"I spent a week with Mrs. Gaskell in the spring. . . . Whether I shall come up to town this season for a few days I do not yet know; but if I do I shall hope to call in Phillimore Place. With kindest remembrances to your papa, mamma, and sisters,—I am, dear Laetitia, affectionately yours, C. BRONTE."

*First published in Mrs. Ellis Chadwick's *In the Footsteps of the Brontes*, pp. 432-433.

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Shortly after, viz., June 29th, 1854, Charlotte Brontë was married from Haworth parsonage, to her father's curate, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, of Banagher, King's County, Ireland.

In "Charlotte Brontë's list, in her own handwriting, of friends to whom wedding-cards were to be sent," the name of Dr. Wheelwright, 29, Phillimore Place, Kensington, London, is the third of eighteen names, which include Joseph Branwell, Esq., of Launceston; George Smith, Esq., 65, Cornhill, and others of her publisher's family, and W.[illiam] S.[mith] Williams, of the firm of Smith, Elder, & Co., for many years their principal reader; R[ichard] Monckton Milnes, Esq., the poet and author, and later Lord Houghton; Mrs. Gaskell, Plymouth Grove, Manchester; and members of the families of Morgan, Bennoch, Taylor, Merrall, Butterfield, Thomas, Pickles, Wooler, and Nussey.

The wedding-cards sent to Dr. Wheelwright are in our possession, simply visiting cards, the smaller with the name of "Rev. Arthur B. Nicholls," the larger "Mrs. Arthur B. Nicholls." There is also one of C. Brontë's lead-glazed visiting cards she left at the Wheelwrights in Phillimore Place, simply engraved "Miss Brontë," all pathetic relics of this most interesting personality.

The next and last letter of the Wheelwright series is that described by Mrs. Gaskell as the valuable pencil enclosure." It was printed by Mrs. Gaskell in the *Life*, and is No. 698 in *The Brontës*. It is probably one of the last, if not the last, Charlotte Brontë ever penned, and is written very faintly in pencil. We give it *in extenso*, copying it from the original:—

"February 15th, '55. Dear Laetitia,—A few lines of acknowledgment your letter *shall* have, whether well or ill.

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At present I am confined to my bed with illness and have been so for three weeks. Up to this period, since my marriage I have had excellent health. My husband and I live at home with my father—of course, I could not leave *him*. He is pretty well—better than last summer. No kinder, better husband than mine it seems to me can there be in the world. I do not want now for kind companionship in health and the tenderest nursing in sickness.

Deeply I sympathise in all you tell me about Dr. Wheelwright, and in your excellent mamma's anxiety. I trust he will not risk another operation [for cataract]. I cannot write more now, for I am much reduced and very weak.

God bless you all.

Yours affectionately,
C. B. NICHOLLS."

A fitting ending to an interesting and affectionate correspondence of twelve years—"God bless you all."

Charlotte B. Nicholls only survived a month after this letter was penned, and died on the 31st of March, 1855, within three weeks of her thirty-ninth birthday. Her father died on June 7th, 1861, in his eighty-fifth year; her husband, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, having re-married, died at Banagher, King's County, Ireland, 3rd of December, 1905, aged ninety, and his widow died the 27th of February, 1915, having survived her husband's first wife no less than sixty years.

Mr. Nicholls left to the National Portrait Gallery the crayon portrait, by George Richmond, of Charlotte Brontë, which was executed in London in 1850, and when visiting the Wheelwrights.

After the death of Mrs. Nicholls, apparently no intimation of this affecting event was sent to the Wheelwrights, for in a letter of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls to Ellen Nussey, dated Haworth Parsonage, April 11th, 1855, he says, "I return your letter, as I do not know her [Laetitia Wheelwright's] address."

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—In 1896 and 1898 the present writer had some interesting correspondence with Mr. Nicholls, of Banagher. In a letter of 17th February, 1896, he says :—

"I well remember my dear Wife writing to Miss Wheelwright from her death-bed—she was at that time very ill." In another letter he says, under date 3rd March, 1896 :—"It is satisfactory to see that the publick entertains a high opinion of my dear Wife and her sisters."

Laetitia Elizabeth Wheelwright died at 17, Ladbroke Grove, Kensington, 1st December, 1911, in her eighty-fourth year, having survived her gifted friend and correspondent over fifty-six years; she was interred in the family vault at Brompton Cemetery. Miss Wheelwright had been invalided many years, and was faithfully and assiduously nursed by her last surviving sister, Fanny Wheelwright.

A few characteristics of the Wheelwright family may not be out of place here. Although Dr. Wheelwright and we presume Mrs. Wheelwright, was a Whig, the three unmarried daughters were Tories of Tories, and staunch upholders of Church and State, as was Charlotte Brontë, and had but little sympathy for dissenters. So much indeed was the latter the case that they were greatly perturbed by their sister Emily and her daughter Elizabeth marrying Quakers, and in the latter case, in a voluminous family register kept by Fanny Wheelwright, she refused to recognise the *marriage* of their niece at the Friends' Meeting House, Dover, in 1884, and simply stated the bare fact that —— contracted with ——!!

Gladstone to them was like "a red rag to a bull," and Miss Sarah Ann Wheelwright, who was a diligent Church worker at St. Matthew's, Stepney, amongst the poor, had not a single good word

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for the "Grand Old Man," but considered him the personification of evil to the country. When staying at Hawarden with her friend Miss Glynne, Mrs. Gladstone's niece, it was a severe trial to her to have to shake hands with Mr. Gladstone; but nevertheless she brought home—the gift of Miss Glynne—some chips of an oak felled by the great statesman, one of which is in our possession.

But their bark was worse than their bite, and in their own home they were the most kind and hospitable of women, generous to the poor according to their means, and very kind correspondents. They took a great interest in the younger generation of the family, especially in those bearing the Wheelwright name in South Africa, to whom they were particularly kind in a variety of ways, though they had never seen them.

Laetitia E. Wheelwright was a handsome woman to the last, and "ruled the roast" at home, her word being law; she was a good French linguist and musician, and a woman of fine presence, vivacious manners, and would brook no contradiction, holding tenaciously to her opinions, etc. She possessed literary tastes and instincts, was a devout churchwoman, and much respected by her large circle of relatives and friends, partly, perhaps, from the affection they, or those who knew her, bore for her saintly mother; indeed, she was a thorough gentlewoman.

Miss Wheelwright was devotedly attached to her parents, whom she nursed with the utmost care and affection, and her mother's death left a blank which nothing could fill.

One episode in her life the present writer keenly regrets, and this is the fact that with the exception of the later series of Brontë letters, some of Mrs.

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Gaskell's and a few of her father's, and two of an uncle's, she destroyed all the voluminous family papers and correspondence, to which the present writer was unhappily partly an eye-witness, and saw hosts of letters being committed to the flames at 2, Campden Grove by her own hands shortly before leaving for 17, Ladbroke Grove. Valuable topographical and other books, written and presented by their gifted uncle, Dr. William Robinson, were also disposed of. To-day many of those papers and relics of the Brussels episode would have been invaluable to all lovers of the Brontës.

It may be mentioned, however, that several manuscript albums, etc., formerly Mrs. Wheelwright's, before and after her marriage, remain.

Fanny Wheelwright had not the gifts of her eldest sister, but was the Martha of the household, and with great unselfishness attended to the comforts of her sisters through many years, sacrificing her own health and comfort for their benefit.

It was the great privilege of the present writer and his wife to attend to the comfort of their aunt at their own house during the last four months of her life, and her gratitude for what little service they were able to render her was touching indeed.

"Saran" Wheelwright, as she was called, although, as we have said, an uncompromising Tory, was the favourite aunt with the younger generation; her outlook, through contact with the poor, not being so circumscribed as was that of her two other spinster sisters. She, who was an excellent and clever correspondent, did much useful work in her day.

Emily Poulter was the flower of the flock in Christian character. She inherited the virtues of

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her beloved mother, and was a woman of remarkable unselfishness, devoted to the service of her God and Saviour, and to her husband and large family. She was an excellent French linguist and pianist, and a pattern in most of the Christian virtues, and a steadfast friend of the poor. She was an accomplished needlewoman, and an able correspondent, and printed scriptural and other religious papers. When at Dover, she sometimes attended the evening meeting with her husband, and exercised her gift in the ministry. She was a diligent bible student, would spend an hour in devotion, however late she retired to rest, after her arduous home duties, and held strong Sabbatarian views. She was, however, a woman of catholic mind religiously, for on one occasion, being rebuked by the wife of a clergyman at Redhill for visiting nonconformists, replied, "I thought they had souls to be saved as well as church people"! Her death at the early age of fifty-nine was a great loss to her husband and large family, her husband surviving her until 1909, when he died in his eighty-fifth year.

Portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Wheelwright, and Laetitia and Fanny Wheelwright, from daguerreotypes taken in Paris with Emily and Saran, in 1850, will be found in Mrs. Ellis Chadwick's delightful *In the Footsteps of the Brontës*, 1914*. There is also a view of the Rydings, Birstall, named above, of the Heger prospectus, the original of which, with the portraits, are in our possession, together with a hand-bag worked by Charlotte Brontë, also reproduced† in Whiteley Turner's "A Spring-time Saunter round and about Brontë-land."‡

*pp. 228, 388, 472. †p. 270. ‡1913, p. 220.

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This bag, a precious possession, was the gift of our aunt, Fanny Wheelwright, in 1913. It measures 10 by 7½ inches, and is elaborately and excellently worked in blue and brown and purple wools and silks, with a blue chenille border and floss-silk handles.

Inside are identifications as follows :—" Bag given me by Miss Brontë," in Mrs. Wheelwright's writing, and " Charlotte Brontë's Bag, she worked for dear Mo[ther] at Brussels, 1842," by Laetitia E. Wheelwright. This relic which is in pristine condition, although seventy-three years old, was lent to the committee of the Needlework Exhibition held at the Brassey Institute, at Hastings, in 1913 ; and the indefatigable and erudite curator, Mr. W. Ruskin Butterfield, of Quaker family, and one of the Butterfields of Haworth to whom C. Brontë sent her wedding-cards, informed us that this bag was more in request than most of the other exhibits, the exhibition being attended by some ten thousand people.

Other Brontë relics in our possession include a copy of " Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. London : Smith, Elder, & Co., 65, Cornhill. 1846." In it is written " Laetitia E. Wheelwright, 1856." It was possibly sent to her after C. B. Nicholl's death, and is in fine condition, in the original cloth covers. Then we have a fine copy of *Cottage Poems*, " By the Rev. Patrick Brontë, B.A., minister of Hartshead-cum-Clifton, near Leeds, Yorkshire," printed at Halifax in 1811. Another relic is the scarce " Vindication of the Clergy Daughter's School and of the Rev. W. Carus Wilson, from the remarks in *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*. By the Rev. H. Shepheard, M.A., Kirkby Lonsdale, 1857," original paper covers. Original editions of *Jane Eyre, Shirley,*

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The Professor, and Vol. II. of Emily Jane Brontë's famous novel, *Wuthering Heights* are also in our possession.

Other relics are two little boxes, perhaps work-boxes, used by two of the Wheelwright sisters at Brussels. One is inscribed by Laetitia, "La boite appartinit á Laetitia E. Wheelwright, Bruxelles, Rue d'Isabelle, Chez Mme. Heger." The other "Fanny Wheelwright is my name and this is my box, Brussels."

To conclude this account of the Brontë-Wheelwright friendship, it is interesting to observe how a somewhat obscure and private family have been brought into prominence through their intimate association with one of the most gifted and excellent of the *literati* of the nineteenth century, and who, with her sisters, will ever find a home in the hearts' affection of their adopted country, as well as in that of their father's warm-hearted Irish country-men.

JOSEPH J. GREEN.

Godwyn Lodge,
Clive Vale, Hastings,
November, 1915.

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RELIGION AND SCIENCE.*

"It is noteworthy that one who has circumnavigated the whole field of modern science, ends with an approval of the Christian explanation as the clearest answer to all the great mysteries of life." In these words *The Times Literary Supplement* concludes its notice (February 17th, 1916) of this book. Its author has so long been closely associated with Friends, that his writing must have a great interest for them as that of one of whom their body may be proud, though probably but few among them are acquainted, owing partly to its great erudition, with the fine, conscientiously accurate quality and the wide embracing scope of his work. Perhaps this recent little volume, with its frank and definite appeal, may enter where its more massive brother, the *History of the Thought of the last Century*, has not arrived. Only a mind of extraordinary grasp could have worked its way through the various claims of the whole field of science, and brought them into comparison and perspective, and, while not ignoring detail, co-ordinated it in such a way, that the result can be grasped by those who walk with the author along the highways, and are not complicated with the byways which have conduced to them. The essay must be regarded in the light of the great work which it has followed and to which it is a corollary. The *Times* review continues :—

"Not very long ago we were able to congratulate Dr. Merz upon the conclusion of his laborious history of European Thought in the last century. Full of varied learning, it

*A Philosophical Essay, by John Theodore Merz. Blackwood & Sons.

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introduced his readers to literature familiar to few of them. He had not confined his examination to any one group of sciences. He was equally at home in biology and mathematics in modern philosophy or the recent developments of physical science. The work was a faithful and illuminating epitome of many volumes. If there was a fault to be found, it was that there was so little of Dr. Merz. He kept too much in the background. He was too much an interpreter of the thoughts of others. He too often retired from the controversy when the evidence having been all heard, the very time had come for him to speak decisively. In this volume there is a change. We have before us the conclusions to which his long enquiry had brought him, and we see, in a few pages, more of Dr. Merz than in the whole of his four volumes. They struck scarcely one personal note, whereas in some sentences, charged with conviction, his position is made in this volume fairly luminous and definite."

Not only is the "personal note" here struck but the beautiful dedication to his wife conveys also the individual feeling.

The Essay is in three parts. "General," the first, starts with a statement to those "who consider religion a term for an antiquated thing and believe that science not only embraces all accessible knowledge, but should also supply all necessary convictions, the following pages are not for them." The chapter then deals with considerations of notions of reality and personality and the stream of thought which makes up our consciousness. Here is one of the striking passages :—

"Here I will speak of the Firmament of the Soul, comparing the content of our Consciousness at any moment, with the impression of the starry heavens at night, which, though moving continuously like a stream, contain nevertheless certain apparently fixed points which contrast very markedly with clouds or other moving portions of the sky" (p. 2).

This simile serves throughout the Essay. The argument following cannot even be given briefly, but a slight summary shows that some assurance of reality outside ourselves is attained through the

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discovery of personality, probably that of our own mother's, and is explained as follows :—

"Something akin to this sensation (*i.e.*, of joyful surprise) must be the experience of the infant soul when the cares and the caresses of the mother or nurse all at once start into relief in the countenance and figure of a personality which stands out from the background of the stream of consciousness or the firmament of the soul, as the first revelation of reality. The unexpected coming and going of this figure, its changes, as well as its recurring character, introduce into the flow of thought the first notion of existence and its opposite, of to be, or not to be."

Part II., entitled "Science," deals with our efforts to know reality :—

"What we term popularly the certainty of scientific knowledge is not certainty as to its contents, but certainty in its method of statement. The substance of every science is always changing, but the form in which it is stated is, or should be, clear and defined. Through this property, scientific knowledge is easily conveyed and assimilated. But this certainty of form, not of content, is attained through limitation."

In this section the difficulty of language in defining and the limitation of the scientific method of trying to know reality through analysis, are shown; and we are soon led on to Part III. ("Religion"), which is thus contrasted with Science :—

"On the other side, the aim of the Spiritual (Poetic and Religious) view is always directed towards the totality of our experience, and aims at giving some interpretation of the whole of things, and of our momentary and individual relation to the same. For this spiritual view the content is the underlying certainty of truth which we experience or feel *directly*, but vaguely and indefinitely. Whereas the aim of scientific thought is to extend its limits without sacrifice to the certainty of its method, the aim of the spiritual view is to improve, to refine, and to vary its method of expression without losing hold of the immediateness, vastness, and depth of its underlying conviction." (p. 154).

In this section are some remarks concerning language: that we must borrow words and terms

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which belong to the External world, or content ourselves with negatives. This brings an impression of inadequacy.

"A large part of the finest poetry is employed in trying to satisfy this longing for greater clearness by inventing new combinations of words, new images and new forms of expression, which in some indefinable way arouse in the mind of the reader or listener, feelings, reminiscences, and imaginations which cannot be directly communicated . . . and yet only in so far as he is able to represent to himself and in his own mind the things spoken of, can he in any sense profess to know them. They must become data in his own stream of thought and occupy a place in the firmament of his consciousness. Nor is the process of acquiring and assimilating knowledge simply one of adding data to data, like stones in a building. In the latter case, without a plan or the total representation in his own mind, the hearers would be simply like a labourer or a brick-setter: he would in the end possess no more than an irregular heap of stones and no comprehensive view of the whole, no idea of its significance. . . . This grasp of any important subject, the entry into the spirit of it, is a mental process difficult or impossible to analyse. It is frequently the flash of the moment which throws light upon the whole region of painfully-acquired information and gives it life—a stimulating and impelling force. Hundreds of well-informed persons lack the finishing touch which gives life to their knowledge, and much so-called education seems quite incapable of imparting it. But if even in the most exact and systematic scientific knowledge this finishing touch is essential, it is still more so when we are confronted with subjects which defy the analytic and synthetic processes of science, and where the reality disappears under the hand of the dissector. This is eminently the case with that great region of feelings, desires and volitions, of impelling motives and reflections on past events and actions which constitutes our moral and religious life. Information about these . . . must be imparted as a whole. . . . Before such a comprehensive view and interpretation of the innermost experiences of our mind, we are placed, in contemplating, acquiring, and assimilating any body of religious or moral doctrine, and it requires an earnest will and a sympathetic attitude to arrive at a valuable and profitable estimation of it. Neither the processes learnt in scientific research nor those of literary criticism can here avail. Nor can any philosophy do more here than it has

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been able to do for scientific research. This has invented and discovered its own methods, and so must the soul which is desirous of moral and religious instruction discover the avenues of thought which lead to the goal." (p. 163).

To recapitulate somewhat.

" Starting in the earlier moments of our conscious life with nothing but a stream of feelings, impressions, and desires as the only and all-comprising Reality of our limited world or universe, we gradually and imperceptibly gain a more vivid aspect of our own self as occupying merely a corner in this gradually enlarging Reality. . . . On the one side, the clear daylight of a sunny landscape ; on the other, the half-veiled outlines of a spiritual vision. Both these aspects may be termed Revelations, and they are equally indispensable for the development of a fuller life. . . . In fact, the conception of the two selves contains the paradox that either of them lies as much inside as outside of the other : and this paradox is solved only if we let our thought wander from one to the other without trying to unite both in one moment of time. In carrying over the idea of Personality to the Divine Being, we do not get rid actually of this paradox. It exists and has been perpetuated there in the familiar theological doctrine of the Transcendence and Immanence of God. While we must conceive of the highest Being as an all-pervading and all-comprising Spirit, we cannot sacrifice the other aspect which reveals Him to us as possessed in the highest degree of the moral and emotional nature of which we have become conscious only through intercourse with our fellow men, and of the highest form in which we experience this as the object of reverence and love."

Here the reader is left, but suggestions follow which lead again to the mysterious or miraculous element of personality, and this is no more difficult of acceptation in the case of the Divine Spirit about us, than it was for the child, when the fact of a world outside of itself was revealed to it through its mother's personality.

" In both cases, in that of the individual as well as in the of the thoughts of humanity, a new light has suddenly arisen, how and whence, remains an eternal wonder, of which the simplest account is given in that Book which for all the great

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mysteries of life contains the clearest answer. When the teachers of the people pressed the man who had been born blind and had received his sight, to tell them how this was done, he answered, 'One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.'"

These extracts may serve to give an idea of the suggestive nature of the little book. Space does not allow of attempting to reproduce the arguments, but I hope some will turn to the pages themselves, and in its pure and fine atmosphere find thoughts to refresh the spirit and bulwarks to buttress their intellectual and religious life.

RACHEL A. ALBRIGHT KING.

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SOME MEMORIES OF UDEN.

A FEW days ago I had the pleasure of attending a meeting at the house of Mrs. Fortescue Fox and hearing what the Friends had been doing in the cause of humanity in Serbia and France. Mlle. Griboval's account of their work in the stricken French villages, and her delightful tribute to their tact and the value of their help and kindness linger specially in my memory. As I had unfortunately to hurry away, I do not know whether anyone followed after her and spoke of the Friends' work in Holland on behalf of the Belgian refugees. But my own thoughts were sent wandering back to the thrillingly interesting days which I spent in Holland some months ago, when I saw for myself what was being done by the Friends for the Belgians living in the great concentration camps. I had meant at the time to write a little account of my experiences and impressions, but was prevented by close-pressing duties which left scant time for carrying out much that I had planned and wished to do. But perhaps it may not even now be too late to send a brief record of my visit to Uden.

I have before me as I write two postcard pictures which have been on my writing table these many months, gazing at me on and off reproachfully, as if saying: *When are you going to attend to us personally?* One is the outside of the type of cottage put up by the Friends for Belgian families, with six of the Friends' workers leaning against it; and the other is a very wonderful and touching

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group, or rather crowd of all the little Belgian children of the camp standing outside their school house. And the two pictures together seem to me symbolic of the noble attempts being made to reconstruct the life of this stricken nation hounded out of its home and rightful surroundings by a cruel chance of war, in the making of which it had had no faintest share. The cottage, separate, suitable, personal, represents the safeguarding of the family life, and the little children gathered together round their school house give the idea of forethought for the future welfare of the country from which they are exiles. For the true hope of any country lies in its little children. And here they are in Uden, safeguarded, well looked after, and well taught. When I remember the sad scenes I saw after the Belgian refugees poured over into little Holland in an overwhelming avalanche, I can only marvel at the ordered care and detailed concern evolved by the generous Dutch out of an apparently hopeless chaos of difficulties.

Uden is of course only one of the many Belgian refugee settlements in Holland, but it is the only one I saw on my last visit, and therefore the only one of which I can claim any knowledge.

I was immensely struck by its splendid situation on high heather land and by the beautiful stretch of open country encompassing it, conditions making for health of body—and renewal of courage too. For intercourse with the Belgian refugees made one feel instinctively that renewal of courage was needed more than anything, and that everybody else depended on that for the upspringing of interest and endeavour. This had been wisely recognised by the authorities, and as soon as possible work rooms were started as an incentive

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to industry, and, through industry, to hope and self-respect.

It is specially of the Friends' work room that I want to speak. I could not if I tried, imagine a happier nor a kinder atmosphere. Here were a number of girls and women of all ages gathered together, thankful to be at their tasks, interested in their separate jobs, no longer flanning about, sad, despairing, bored, but animated and uplifted by the mere fact that their lives had been arranged for them, and that they had something to do. I am certain that a spiritual gratitude reigned in that busy work room. And the wise and resilient organiser had established good discipline without a trace of mechanical tyranny. And a new value had been put on the meaning of work: a new outlook had been quietly but deliberately insisted on. People had to deserve to work. They had to behave themselves, they had to care to be industrious. Only on those conditions could they be allowed the privilege of working.

So the work room had become in this way a sort of palace of delight, a centre of happiness and well being, where carpets were being made and rugs of all sorts devised, and embroideries created and plain sewing plied, but also where habits of industry were being confirmed, and the right sort of spirit was being silently inculcated.

And songs rose up in that work room, too. Even that old tired woman yonder, who had lost everything, home and husband, and son, would join in sometimes as she bent over her work. And that young girl over there, who was very quiet and absent-minded, and had not yet recovered from the shock of the bombardment, would now and then add her voice to the chorus started by the gayer spirits. And

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when one of the Friends' workers came round to inspect the work, or start it, or correct it, it was easy enough to see what a delightful relationship of confidence had been established between the refugee women and their well-wishers and helpers of the Friends' Society. It was the same story with the boys, too, who had asked to be admitted to the palace of delight, and were busy in their special corner making hempen shoes. If they had been naughty, those magic doors were closed to them ! But once reopened, they remained open, for naughtiness passed by easy stages into penitence, and from penitence into faithful co-operation. Nor did the influence of the work room cease when the hours of work were over. It went wherever the Friends went. Even after all these months, I have visions of old and young lingering round about the Friends' cottages, always sure of a kind greeting or helpful word. And then there was the gramaphone which attracted an eager audience of all ages, and there were merry games with the children and happy voices resounding over the heath. And also there was the official motor car, a source of intense interest and admiration, which often deviated from official dignity and took up a load of laughing little exiles for their first joy ride.

And the old people. Well, I see with my mind's eye an aged woman sitting contentedly outside one of those comfortable little cottages put up by the Friends. She is working, and her grand-children are playing near her. She looks round once or twice, as if to be sure that the cottage is still there. She nods and smiles. Yes, it's all true. Ouce again she has a home of her own, her very own. And there she will be able to rest and wait in patience and serenity for the day which may

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never dawn for her, perhaps—the day of return to her beloved country. But there is at least always the hope in her heart, and meantime the unspeakable blessing of a separate little haven. And to realise to the full what that blessing means to her and scores of other old people in Uden and elsewhere, one must have seen for oneself the misery of the early days of flight and exile, the crowded sheds, the packed barracks, the barges filled to overflowing, scenes unforgettable and heartrending.

No wonder that the cottages are greatly coveted by all and greatly prized, too. Can't you see the old people glancing round to make sure once more that the new little home is really there, safe, intact, private, personal, entirely their own ?

This, then, is part of the Friends' good work in Holland.

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

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WORDSWORTH

The Heroic Poet of his Age.

"WORDSWORTH," writes Swinburne, "was the heroic poet of his age. He alone could put into his verse the whole soul of a nation, armed or arming for self-devoted self-defence; could fill his meditation with the spirit of a whole people, that in the act of giving it a voice and an expression he might inform and renovate that spirit with the purity and sublimity of his own." This is a noble tribute to render to Wordsworth, and it is the more notable as coming not only from a distinguished literary critic, but from a poet whose distinctive powers run, in several respects, counter to those of the man he appraises so highly. At a time like the present, when the nation is faced with a situation like that which beset this country at the beginning of last century, it may not be amiss to consider the manner in which Wordsworth sought "to renovate the spirit of his countrymen with the purity and sublimity of his own." Indeed, it is an opportune time to do this, for the life of Wordsworth so recently given us by Professor Harper throws additional light on the years of the poet's life which so largely determined the spirit of his patriotic poetry; and the dainty little volume of his patriotic poems, selected and edited with such sympathetic appreciation by the Right Hon. A. H. D. Acland, displays him "as the heroic Poet of his age."

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There are many variations in patriotic poetry between the extremes of the music hall favourites and Wordsworth's elevated verse. A short time ago, in the prefatory note to the delightful anthology entitled "This England," Mr. Edward Thomas excused himself for excluding professedly patriotic poetry "because it is generally bad." Without going so far as this, one can say that much of it is of a very mediocre quality, and this makes it the more incumbent on us to acquaint ourselves with the best that has been bestowed upon us by our great national poets. Of course, much of the popular patriotic poetry is coloured by the common conceptions of patriotism; and some of the manifestations it displays at the present time are, to put it mildly, the reverse of edifying. One desires to cherish a charitable spirit towards one's fellows, but the patriotism which vaunteth itself in the raucous voiced preaching of hate, in the journalism which orders about statesmen who have given long years of service to the state as though they were raw office boys, and the mean commercialism that treats the national flag as a business asset, is a patriotism of base metal. Happily this form is the exception, and the great army of noble men and women who have thrown themselves so whole-heartedly into the service of their country have demonstrated that Britain has kept true to the best traditions of her race. Amidst many things that are discouraging, we can thankfully recognize a growth in the conception of the scope of national service, a conviction that patriotic duty can be performed in other ways than by enlistment in the fighting forces. In this connection let me quote from a prefatory note to the selection of "Patriotic Poems" in the series known as Oxford Garlands,

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edited by Mr. R. M. Leonard. After explaining that his selections were made before the European war began, and after echoing the messages of King George to the army and the fleet, Mr. Leonard adds :—" Yet it is well to remember, especially at such a time as this, that they also serve who only stand and wait, and that a member, say, of the Religious Society of Friends may be as good a patriot as an Admiral or a Field Marshal." It is pleasant to come across such a passage, and examples can be given from the lives of Friends to amply corroborate it. Let me take two that occur to me at this moment. It may be asserted with confidence that William Penn rendered greater services to his country, as well as to humanity as a whole, than his father the Admiral. And John Bright's service in doing so much to preserve his country from fratricidal strife with the Northern States in the American Civil War was one of greater benefit to the nation than the victories of any Field Marshal in the Crimea. But it is time to leave these general topics and to turn to Wordsworth's patriotic poetry.

If we are to understand fully Wordsworth's position as the heroic poet of his age, it behoves us to acquaint ourselves with his mental and spiritual development between his college days and his settlement at Dove Cottage, or perhaps we should rather say between his visit to France in 1790, and his visit to France in 1802. Fortunately there is no difficulty in acquiring this information, for in addition to the excellent biographies of his nephew, of Professor Knight, and of Professor Harper, there is the brilliant study by the eminent French critic, Legouis ; and above all, the poet's own autobiography in " The Prelude," that most intimate revelation of the

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evolution of a poet's soul that has ever been given to the world. It seems even more amazing that Macaulay should have dismissed "The Prelude" as a failure, "full of old crazy metaphysics and endless wildernesses of twaddle," than that Jeffrey should have passed such a harsh verdict on "The Excursion." Even if we regard "The Prelude" as a wilderness it contains many oases like that of Elim with palm trees affording shade, and springs of living water refreshing body and soul. Now the chapters that especially deal with these formative years in Wordsworth's life are the sixth to the twelfth books of "The Prelude." The scenes witnessed in France, as with his college friend, he tramped from Calais southwards towards Switzerland, made a deep impression on him. France was then indulging in joyful dreams. There was widespread rejoicing at the blow struck at her oppressors, the day of liberty had dawned, hopes for the future ran high.

> "Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,
> France standing on the top of golden hours,
> And human nature seeming born again."

The enthusiastic hopes of the French people, who gave such a cordial welcome to the visitors from the land of freedom, communicated themselves to Wordsworth, leading him to exclaim :—

> "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very Heaven."

The impressions produced by these experiences in France, induced Wordsworth to return to the land of promise when his college days were over, and from the autumn of 1791 to late in the following year he resided there—for the greater part of the time at Orleans and Blois. During his residence he became acquainted with Michael Beaupuy, a French officer, who was many years

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his senior. The acquaintanceship developed into friendship, and the enthusiasm of Beaupuy for the cause of the people and for liberty, carried away the ardent young Englishman, and he, too,

> " Became a patriot: and my heart was all
> Given to the people, and my love was theirs."

Beaupuy's influence played such an important part in moulding Wordsworth's views, and determining the choice of themes for his verse, that it is worth while to quote the noble tribute which the poet pays him in " The Prelude " :—

> By birth he ranked
> With the most noble, but unto the poor
> Among mankind he was in service bound,
> As by some tie invisible, oaths professed
> To a religious order. Man he loved
> As man; and to the mean and the obscure
> And all the homely in their homely works,
> Transferred a courtesy which had no air
> Of condescension; but did rather seem
> A passion and a gallantry, like that
> Which he, a soldier, in his idler day,
> Had paid to woman. Somewhat vain he was,
> Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity
> But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy
> Diffused around him, while he was intent
> On works of love or freedom, or revolved
> Complacently the progress of a cause
> Whereof he was a part."

This passage appears to me to throw considerable light on the subjects Wordsworth chose for his lyrical ballads, and for poems like Michael, and the Leech Gatherer. The pity of it is that he did not possess the personality of Beaupuy, and that owing to his abstracted habits and his contemplative moods, he could not communicate radiant joy to his homely neighbours at Grasmere and Rydal. It is, however, one of the penalties that genius exacts that the excess of qualities in one direction

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is associated with deficiencies in another. Wordsworth loved "the homely in their homely works," but to judge from the reminiscences of the Cumberland peasants, as collected by Canon Rawnsley, he lacked the genial, companionable fellowship which is so necessary to bind man to man.

Wordsworth's faith in the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity were subjected to a severe strain by what he saw of the men who were guilty of the massacres in Paris, and who were directing the government of France. But he returned to England with a resolute faith in the republic's ideals, and when the Bishop of Llandaff published his sermon on "The Wisdom and Goodness of God in having made both Rich and Poor," a sermon which might not inappropriately be described by the lines :—

> "God bless the squire and his relations,
> And keep us in our proper stations,"

Wordsworth wrote a vigorous reply. His brilliant letter, fortunately, did not receive public attention, or the young democrat might have suffered for his enthusiasms at the hands of the reactionary government then in power. His faith in France survived the test to which it was subjected when war was declared against her by Great Britain. He tells us that in the months that followed he felt like an uninvited guest when at the church services prayers were offered up for victory. But gradually the high hopes in which France had led him to indulge were dispelled by the awful bloodshed and the crimes of her rulers, and when the men of the republic

> "Become oppressors in their turn,
> Frenchmen had changed a war of self-defence
> For one of conquest, losing sight of all
> Which they had struggled for,"

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his disappointment and vexation were sore. He struggled in vain with the problems that presented themselves when this time of disillusionment arrived. Vainly he endeavoured to anatomize the frame of social life ; the appeal to reason brought no deliverance. At last, to use his own words,

> " I lost
> All feeling of conviction, and in fine,
> Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,
> Yielded up moral questions in despair."

Happily for Wordsworth himself, and happily for his fellow-men, he was restored to saner views. At the moment of his despair his sister Dorothy came to him like his good angel, and her affection and devotion, together with the companionship of Coleridge, restored him to a healthier outlook on life :—

> " Thus moderated, thus composed, I found
> Once more in Man, an object of delight,
> Of pure imagination and of love."

And to continue the quotation—for it has an important bearing on his poetry, he goes on to say :—

> " My trust
> Became more firm in feelings that had stood
> The test of such a trial ; clearer far
> My sense of excellence of right and wrong :
> The promise of the present time retired
> Into its true proportion ; sanguine schemes,
> Ambitious projects, pleased me less : I sought
> For present good in life's familiar face
> And built thereon my hopes of good to come."

This was his triumph over doubts—he emerged a victor from the struggle. Though Wordsworth renounced his republican views, he kept his democratic faith down to the years when the major part of his most inspired poetry was written ; and though France had so bitterly disappointed him, he continued as ardent a friend of liberty as ever. And hence, when under Buonaparte she became

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more and more the oppressor that laid yokes on her neighbours instead of leading them to gain freedom for themselves, his voice was more and more raised against her perfidy.

The treaty of Amiens in 1802 having opened France to Englishmen, in the summer of that year Wordsworth crossed the channel to Calais. This visit saw the beginning of his sonnets dedicated to Liberty, and in the four or five months from August onwards he wrote some of the best of the series. Amongst them were those composed at Calais, such as "Fair Star of Evening, Splendour of the West," "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free," and those describing the change which had come over the French people, and the disgust he felt for his fellow countrymen who had crowded to the court of Buonaparte to do homage. He himself saw the unstable nature of the peace, and divined the true character of the First Consul. Wordsworth celebrated his return to England by two sonnets on Dover, the one beginning "Here on our native soil we breathe once more," and the other, "Inland, within a hollow vale I stood," each full of his rapturous joy in returning as a free man to a free country.

> "Thou art free,
> My Country! and 'tis joy enough and pride
> For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
> Of England once again."

A short stay in London produced several sonnets in which he expressed his anxiety at beholding the extravagance, avarice, and commercialism prevalent in the metropolis. He feared the loss of homely virtues "and pure religion breathing household laws"; but he was reassured by remembering the virtues of the great Englishmen who had left such noble examples, and he burst

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forth into the glorious sonnet so full of faith in liberty :—

> "It is not to be thought of that the Flood
> Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
> Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
> Hath flowed . . . . .
> Should perish ; and to evil and to good
> Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
> Armoury of the invincible Knights of old ;
> We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
> Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

This passionate love of freedom dominates the whole series of sonnets. When any nation fell a victim to Napoleon's rapacity, he mourns for the loss of liberty ; and when the nations rise in a struggle to regain their freedom, he sounds a trumpet call to them to be of good courage. He pays a tribute to Hoffer, Schill, and Palafox, to Touissant L'Overture, treacherously betrayed and cast into the dungeons of Joux ; and to Clarkson he sends warm greetings on the accomplishment of his arduous undertaking to secure the abolition of slavery in Britain. If a poet's verse could bring consolation to a prisoner, Touissant might have found solace in Wordsworth's tribute :—

> "Touissant, the most unhappy man of men !
> Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
> Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
> Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ;—
> O miserable Chieftain ! where and when
> Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou
> Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :
> Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
> Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
> Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;
> There's not a breathing of the common wind
> That will forget thee : thou hast great allies ;
> Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
> And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

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"Man's unconquerable mind," Wordsworth's faith in this was never quenched even in the dark days through which Europe passed when Napoleon's power was at its zenith. He saw the feet of clay in the image of molten brass, and convinced that the conqueror's power could not last, because it was divorced from moral qualities, his hatred of Buonaparte's tyranny was mixed with grief for the loss of those human feelings which he held to be essential for the exercise of true power. At the height of Napoleon's career he prophesied the Emperor's defeat. This brings me to remark upon the vital importance Wordsworth attached to moral greatness, and to the necessity of liberty being associated with virtue. Unless a country was possessed of these qualities, martial achievements would not preserve it; and similarwise all the genius of a great warrior, backed by highly disciplined and well-equipped forces would not, in the long run, triumph over a nation inspired with the love of freedom, and the courage that springs from it. This sentiment finds expression in the sonnet written when Spain was struggling to free herself from the French armies in 1811.

> "The power of Armies is a visible thing,
> Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;
> But who the limits of that power shall trace
> Which a brave People into light can bring
> Or hide, at will,—for freedom, combating,
> By just revenge inflamed?"

And again in a sonnet composed in the preceding year he declares that a nation's vital powers proceed from within, and not from the magnitude of its armies, and the vastness of its wealth. Though these sentiments are at present at a discount in Europe, let us hope the time will soon come when their truth will be realized.

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" O'erweening Statesmen have full long relied
On fleets and armies, and external wealth ;
But from *within* proceeds a Nation's health :
Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave with pride
To the paternal floor ; or turn aside,
In the thronged city, from the walks of gain,
As being all unworthy to detain
A Soul by contemplation satisfied."

The concluding line reminds me of Wordsworth's poem, " The Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle." It will be remembered that in the fierce feuds between the Cliffords and the Yorkists during the Wars of the Roses, Lord Clifford was slain at Towton and the young lord was hurried away to the hills, finding safety in a shepherd's life in the Yorkshire and Cumberland fells. When " these unhappy far-off things and battles long ago " were ended at the union of the houses of York and Lancaster by the marriage of Henry VII. to Elizabeth of York, the shepherd-lord returned to his estates. His return was celebrated by a feast, and at it the minstrel sang of the deeds of his ancestors, and with martial ardour invoked the coming of the day when the chieftain should do battle with the Scotch hosts. But Lord Clifford did not respond to his call, for the days of adversity had led him to see the hollowness and vanity of martial achievements and to aspire to a nobler life.

" Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills.
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the Race,
Revenge and all ferocious thoughts were dead ;
Nor did he change ; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth ;
The Shepherd lord was honoured more and more ;
And ages after he was laid in earth,
" The good Lord Clifford " was the name he bore."

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To a generation of readers who had come under the spell of Scott, and who had been enthralled by "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and "The Lord of the Isles," and by the romantic stories of the border country, such verses as these would seem insipid. They mark the difference in the temperaments of the two poets, and of their conception of the poet's office. Scott was moved by his love of the past, and his imagination enabled him to vividly describe historic scenes and heroic deeds in which kings and knights occupied a prominent place. Wordsworth averted his gaze from these, and listening "to the still sad music of humanity," sought the way to a happier future for man. It was not that he was oblivious to the past, or was unmoved by the events in his own day; nor was it that he was deficient in martial ardour. Dorothy Wordsworth has related in one of her letters how her brother "had gone to volunteer . . . with the greatest part of the men of Grasmere. . . . Surely there never was a more determined hater of the French, nor one more willing to do his utmost to destroy them if they really come." But Wordsworth controlled these ferocious passions, and instead of averting his eye, as is customary, from the seamy side of war, he exposed its cruelties and the heartless treatment accorded to its victims. As an example let me quote two lines from "Guilt and Sorrow," where the soldier's widow speaks of the callousness of her countrymen when she returned to her native land:—

> "And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
> And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food."

The experiences he had undergone during the French Revolution had convinced Wordsworth that unless a moral purpose was the animating

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impulse, no real progress would be made by man to a higher life. The movement for the uplifting of man had failed because avarice, rapacity, personal ambitions had been pursued instead of the common weal. Worldly pride and glory had been the idols to which the French had turned from their early faith in human liberty. In his own country Wordsworth saw, with anxiety, that the worship of materialism was beginning to take hold of his countrymen. He warned them of the dangers which their worship had in store for them —how in the pursuit of earthly gain, they ran the risk of losing the joys of the soul, that they could not outrage nature without dire loss to themselves. In a passage in "The Excursion" he represents the Wanderer as rejoicing in man's triumphs, of his exercise of an intellectual mastery over the blind elements; he hopes that these powers may be used for a country's need—but there must be the recognition

> "That all true glory rests,
> All praise, all safety and all happiness
> Upon the moral law."

Holding this belief, Wordsworth had the courage to raise his voice in its support. Critics denounced his philosophy, the public were indifferent, yet he stood resolute, and heroically continued to tell his countrymen

> "That by the soul
> Only the Nations shall be great and free."

This was Wordsworth's message. He insisted that a nation's greatness rested upon its spiritual freedom. And to-day, when the special need of the age is for a spiritual renaissance by means of which the forces of materialism shall be brought into subjection, Wordsworth stands as one of the prophets of the movement. He is qualified for this

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position, for he lived out what he taught, and his life at Dove Cottage proved that though he was poor in this world's goods, he enjoyed riches which brought deeper and more lasting joy than material wealth. He may be said to have set his seal on his life's mission as the heroic Poet of his age in "The Happy Warrior." No higher destiny could his country desire than that her sons should live in the spirit of these immortal lines; that each should follow in the steps of the man

> "Whose high endeavours are an inward light
> That makes the path before him always bright;
> Who, with a natural instinct to discern
> What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
> Abides by this resolve, and stops not there
> But makes his moral being his prime care;
> Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
> And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
> Turns his necessity to glorious gain:
> In face of these doth exercise a power
> Which is our human nature's highest dower:
> Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
> Of their bad influence, and their good receives."

When throughout Europe the welter of blood ceases, and men return "to homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes," and seek for the building of a better world on a surer foundation than that on which the old world rested, they will find a chief source of inspiration in the verses of this heroic poet.

WILLIAM GRAVESON.

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DRINKING AMONG WOMEN: A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

Prevalence of Drinking Habit.

THE amount of drinking among women varies in different places, and it is not easy to obtain reliable and unbiassed figures as to its extent. *Convictions for drunkenness* afford some indication of the amount of drinking taking place, though too much reliance cannot be placed upon them. Such figures may be misleading, as the practice of the police has been to arrest only those persons, men or women, who were both drunk and disorderly or incapably drunk, and to ignore all drunken persons who seemed at all capable of getting home, or were in charge of other persons.

Yet even with these limitations, the returns in various towns show a large amount, and in some districts an increasing amount, of drunkenness among women, particularly in the early months of the war. Statistics indicate this to have been the case, for example, in Portsmouth, Newcastle, Cardiff, Southampton, and Dundee.

Another means of measurement of a more intensive kind is to be found in the figures supplied by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association and other societies engaged in visiting soldiers' and sailors' wives are of interest.

In one district of Newcastle 1,500 families have been visited, 700 of which are receiving grants. In only 16 cases has the allowance been discontinued because of drunkenness. In a similar district 1,500 cases were investigated and 800 are receiving grants. In 12 cases the allowance has been discontinued on account of drunkenness. In the third district 800

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families are under supervision. Among these are four cases whose allowances are administered by the Association on account of drunkenness. One of the Visitors of the S. and S.F.A. stated that he had an intimate knowledge of 785 families. Among these there are 11 women who drink excessively, all being women who drank before.

At *Portsmouth*, 5,520 cases have been investigated by a well qualified Committee. About 200 of these are under special observation, mainly on account of drinking. About 50 allowances have been stopped by the War Office or Admiralty, mainly because of drinking. In 10 cases the allowances are administered by the Committee, nine on account of drinking, and one for neglect of children. Visitors working under the Committee report that among 1,000 soldiers' wives in one parish who are visited every week, only three cases of drinking are known. Among 358 club members no serious cases are known. Of 560 widows, 10 drink more than they should.

At *Norwich*, 3,502 cases have been investigated by a similar body. Among these, 16 women have been officially cautioned on account of drinking and immorality. In nine cases children have been removed from immoral or drunken parents; 15 cases have been privately cautioned and are under supervision on account of drinking.

At *Southampton*, a Salvation Army worker intimately in touch with 300 very poor families, stated that of these, 62 are abstainers, 60 have shown decided improvement since the war as regards drinking, and there are four bad cases of drinking among them.

Flagrant cases of drunkenness are relatively easy to discover, but it is in practice very difficult, if not impossible, to find out how many women are drinking, say, three or four glasses of beer instead of one or two, or are drinking at home even to excess, provided they cause no disturbance or disorder. It is almost certain, however, that although there may not be a large increase in the number of women who drink, there is a decided increase in the amount of liquor consumed. The women who are drinking most are probably the wives of soldiers or sailors. The majority of these women are not spending an

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excessive amount in drink, but a certain proportion cannot resist the temptation to drink offered by a regular income and the exclusive handling of an unusually large sum of money. There is also the loneliness naturally experienced by many of the women whose husbands are away and the desire for congenial company. There is sometimes the wish, when the husband has been unsatisfactory, to enjoy themselves while they have the chance. The wives of ex-casual labourers, hawkers, dock labourers, etc., who are not accuscomed to regular wages or good homes are said to be those most addicted to drinking.

Women and girls engaged in munition works are reported to be drinking very little. At one large Works the girls do not often take intoxicants, though they work long hours (12-hour shifts). The worker in charge of a Club for these girls stated that some girls began to frequent and linger in a public-house near the Works which was much used by the men, but that she assured herself that they did not go for the sake of the glass of beer consumed, which was often obviously distasteful, but really went to have a chance of meeting the men. Separate bars for men and women were arranged, and most of the girls ceased to visit the public-house. In another munition-making centre it was stated that a few of the rougher girls were in the habit of drinking, especially on Saturdays, and that others were accustomed to have their breakfast at public-houses after the night shift, but that on the whole there was little drinking among the girls. Speaking generally, the steadiness and sobriety of the women munition workers is beyond all doubt.

As has been stated, the amount of home drinking is difficult to estimate. Many working women are

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accustomed to reasonable dietetic drinking in the form of a glass of ale or stout with their dinner or supper. Convivial drinking also takes place at home to some extent, and is probably increasing, at any rate, temporarily. The increase is due partly to the restriction of hours and facilities for buying liquor imposed upon the public-houses by the Central Control Board, and partly to the special circumstances in which the soldiers' wives find themselves. Women are said to visit public-houses with increasing freedom and openness. Most working-class women seem to get their drink in this way. Surprisingly respectable-looking women are seen there, drinking either with other women, their husbands or even alone. Such women naturally frequent the better class public-house.

In other areas better-class women obtain their supply from the licensed grocers, and this is particularly the case in Scotland, where it seems to be the custom for the poorer women only to go to the public-houses. Better-off women buy small quantities of spirits or beer from the grocer for consumption at home.

The Beverage and the Public House.

Women higher in the social scale tend to drink at confectioners' shops and large stores (port wines, champagne, or medicated wines). Speaking generally, in *England* beer or porter seems to be the usual drink consumed by women, though habitual drinkers have a liking for spirits, especially gin or whisky, and women sometimes take port wine. In *Scotland* the women drink either whisky or rum, though beer is drunk more than it used to be. Most drinking takes place at the week-end; on Saturday, because wages have been paid and

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it is the shopping day; on Monday and Tuesday, because separation allowances are due on those days.

The type and construction of public-houses varies in different areas. To quote examples, from Dan to Beersheba, it may be said that in Aberdeen the magistrates have made a practice of requiring large open bars, and there are consequently few small back rooms; doors opening on to back lanes are not allowed; that in Plymouth a noticeably large number of the public-houses have back entrances on side streets, a condition which seems to encourage women to visit the houses and to lead to a good deal of unobserved drinking outside the building. In the part of the town frequented by unfortunates, separate bars for men and women are insisted upon. In Norwich there are a great many small public-houses, in a number of which the turnover is said to be insufficient to support the licensee; and in the towns of South Wales and the West of England the houses are often small old-fashioned drinking bars.

The police supervision of licensed houses is not stringent in many places, partly because of the depletion of the police force on account of enlistment and mobilisation and the consequent replacement of enlisted men by others, usually fewer in number, who are older, less active, efficient, and experienced, and partly because of the influence exerted upon the zeal of the police directly by the publicans or indirectly by the Trade, which is often strongly represented on the Bench and Watch Committee. As a rule, the police take a lenient view of drunkenness among women, especially soldiers' wives. In some places a woman is always let off for the first offence, and soldiers' wives are treated with particular consideration,

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being cautioned by the Chief Constable instead of being charged. In other places no distinction is made between soldiers' wives and other women.

Children and Home Expenditure.

Another question in which there is wide divergence in practice is that of leaving children outside public-houses or allowing them to remain in or fetch drink from the off-sale departments. In some towns even children as young as five or seven years are allowed to fetch bottles of beer, and parents not only leave children outside, but take them into the jug and bottle departments where on-sales as well as off-sales go forward, while the police do little or nothing to hinder this custom. In other districts licensees make special arrangements for the accommodation of children and perambulators by means of benches and tables in passages or lanes adjoining the public houses. The police in various places take the view that this is not illegal, and that nothing can therefore be done to stop it.

The majority of the women in receipt of separation allowances appear to be spending their money in a common-sense way. Many homes are said to be greatly improved. Women who lived in one or two rooms have moved to small houses. Furniture, domestic equipment, etc., is being purchased. One hears everywhere of the tendency to buy gramophones and pianos, and so long as these are not bought on a hire-purchase system with payments continuing over a long period, there is much to be said in their favour as rendering the home more attractive. Cheap jewellery and unnecessarily smart clothes are being bought, but this is also very natural in women who have never been able to purchase much finery for themselves, at

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any rate, since they were married. The cinemas are much visited in all parts of the country, but this is in the main a wholesome form of recreation, and is often the only acceptable alternative to the public-house. The enormous development of these places of entertainment is a remarkable feature of town life in England at the present time.

Then, again, children are almost always stated to be better fed since the outbreak of war. One clergyman in a South Coast port attributes the diminished sickness in his parish (a very poor one) to the improved nutrition of the people. Food bought is better in quality and increased in quantity. The clothing, particularly boots, is better, as a rule. The police in Newcastle, for instance, state that the number of cases requiring clothing or boots will be considerably less this year than formerly. In Dundee the Children's Welfare Committee has temporarily suspended its sittings, as no cases require supervision. Throughout the country the number of children which it is necessary to feed under the school feeding arrangement has greatly declined. Cleanliness has probably not improved so markedly as food and clothing.

A certain number of homes and children are more neglected and worse looked after than usual, on account mainly of the drinking habits of the women, but these usually belong to women who drank before the war. By way of summary it may be said that certain conditions and circumstances have tended to encourage an increase of drinking among women. Among the conditions there is the facility provided by wine and grocers' licences, one result of which has been an increase in secret and home drinking among women. The added war conditions of separation allowances to the

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wives and dependants of soldiers, combined with a diminution of home duties and the excitement of the war have further contributed to the same end. The result has been, unquestionably, an increase in drinking amongst women, from which, speaking generally, the factory and munition workers have been in considerable degree exempt.

Conclusions as to Prevalence.

The limited extent of the investigations made prevents anything but extremely tentative conclusions, and the following suggestions must not be looked upon as final or mature opinions. The general impression gained from the enquiries made is (1) that many women who drank to some extent before the war are now drinking considerably more than they did then; (2) that a relatively small number have taken to drink for the first time; and (3) that women, as a whole, are not drinking to any serious extent. More drink is undoubtedly being consumed by women, but the excessive drinking is almost entirely confined to women already in the habit of taking drink when they could get it. There is certainly much less drinking now than during the first two or three months of the war. That was a time of considerable emotional disturbance, and partly on this account, and partly because money was so plentiful (*e.g.*, arrears of separation allowances paid in lump sums), there seems to have been a marked increase in drinking and drunkenness. Even in such a place as Portsmouth, where drunkenness among women has shown a definite increase during 1915, it is fully admitted that the drinking is much less now than formerly, and that the people, as a whole, have steadied down, though there have been recrudescences of drinking from time to time. The various conditions (separation

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allowances, high wages, unusual leisure, loneliness, etc.) which at the present time tend to encourage the increase of drinking among a certain class of woman, and particularly among soldiers' wives, are largely temporary conditions which will disappear when the war is over, and much of the excessive drinking existing at the present time should then automatically come to an end from scarcity of money, unemployment, and so forth. Women, as a whole, and particularly working women, seem steadily to be growing more, rather than less, temperate, and among younger women especially there is a preference for sweets and cinemas rather than beer and public-houses. If that is the case, given reasonable restriction of facilities, the way to encourage a more rapid diminution of drinking seems rather along the line of providing counter-attractions and interests than of still further restricting the legitimate means of obtaining alcohol. Nothing will do much to cure the hardened sinner, but much might be done to make intoxicants seem less attractive to many women who drink relatively small quantities.

Proposed Remedies.

The question arises, what can be done to control or lessen this evil? The Orders of the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic) now in force for approximately thirty millions of the population, have without doubt had a most beneficial effect. The restriction of hours for the sale and supply of intoxicating liquor from an average of seventeen to an average of five and a half daily cannot be otherwise than restrictive of drinking, particularly if the morning and afternoon hours are unavailable. As a result of these restrictions convictions for drunkenness among women have declined, as most drinking women prefer to go to the public-

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house in the morning and afternoon, when the children are at school, rather than in the evening. In Newcastle, for instance, before the Order came into force women were said to go after seeing the children off to school in the morning and stay until about 11.30, particularly on Monday morning. They cannot do this now, and although some go at twelve o'clock, there is less temptation to stay, and after a brief visit, they usually go home to serve the dinner. If they wait until after dinner there is not much time for excessive drinking. The woman who goes mainly for a leisurely gossip with her friends will not go in the evening in the same way, for then public-houses are fuller, the men are in possession, and the children cannot well be left at home alone. Thus there is almost certainly less public-house drinking among women since the introduction of the Orders. The earlier closing of public-houses leads, moreover, to the family going to bed in good time and the children thus have more chance of securing a proper amount of sleep—a very desirable reform.

The *No Treating* Regulation has also been beneficial. There seems normally to be a considerable amount of treating among women, though less than among men, partly because women handle less money. Separation allowances, etc., probably increased the amount of treating, and there is some truth, at any rate, in the frequently-repeated story that on drawing their allowances, soldiers' wives are besieged by elderly impecunious harpies, who persuade them to "stand treat" at the nearest public-house. The no-treating order is thus bound to exert a good effect in limiting drinking among women.

Then, again, the regulation against credit sales affects women accustomed to get their drink at

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grocers, etc., more than those who go to public-houses. It prevents the secret buying of intoxicants which are entered in the bill as "groceries" both at ordinary grocers' shops and at large stores.

The restriction on off-sales and the necessity of buying in large quantities (quart bottles) has not always served its intended purpose. Most women cannot afford a quart bottle of spirits, but there seems no doubt that three or four women often club together to buy a bottle for home consumption. This is particularly the case in Scotland. Another effect in Scotland is that many respectable women previously accustomed to buy small quantities from the grocers are now obliged to go to the public-house because they cannot afford a whole bottle. Women are beginning to learn that they get more for their money if they buy a quart at a time than if they buy small amounts, and the purchase of relatively large quantities is likely to lead to an increase of excessive drinking, to drinking clubs, and to drunkenness in the homes. There is probably more home drinking among women in consequence both of this condition and of the restricted hours, though it is difficult to obtain reliable information. The off-sales at public-houses between eight and nine are often very brisk. Efforts are certainly being made by wholesale houses and grocers to increase off-sales, and a large flask and flagon trade is springing up. Tally-men tout for orders systematically up and down the poorer streets, followed by carts which deliver the beer at the houses. Wholesale dealers licensed to sell quantities above 4½ gallons make convenient arrangements for their customers. Credit is permitted and restriction of hours does not apply.*

*Since these words were written, the Liquor Board have imposed restrictions to meet this pernicious traffic.

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It is generally admitted that at first the Orders were being freely evaded in the Scotch towns. The first effect was good, but soon people learned how to evade the Orders or how to obtain their drink in other ways. It is comparatively easy for licensed grocers, of which there are many in these towns, to supply small quantities of spirits to known customers. The crowded condition of the public-houses during the permitted hours has been put forward as a reason for the impossibility of checking treating, which has not yet been entirely stopped. Still, even in Scotland, the Orders appear to have had an excellent effect on the condition of the streets and to have checked the amount of drunkenness.

The life of the average working woman is one of constant labour and drudgery, whether at home or in the factory. She has little opportunity for rest, and when she is able to leave her domestic duties for a time she has often no means of obtaining real recreation and enjoyment. She is tired, under-nourished, and worried; she feels she requires a more rapid and effective stimulant than tea, and a gossip in the public-house with her friends is often the only obviously attractive occupation. Apart from general questions of housing and industrial betterment, and putting aside questions concerned with the payment of allowances to the wives of soldiers and sailors, trustee-ship, and so on, the two chief needs seem to be (*a*) education and (*b*) recreation.

Education.

By education I do not mean classes or lectures, but rather the individual, informal education given by means of friendly, unofficial visiting in the homes, or attendance at institutions such as

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Schools for Mothers, Mothers' Meetings, Adult Schools, etc. The visiting under the S. and S.F.A. has shown how helpful this can be. A medical practitioner in Newcastle, for instance, largely attributes the small amount of drinking among soldiers' wives there to the effectiveness of such visiting. Provided these visits are not inquisitorial or unduly frequent, and are paid by the right person acting as a friend and not as a superior being, the interest taken often encourages the woman and makes her feel, after a time, that she has someone to turn to for advice in case of need. This leads, insensibly, to a raising of the domestic standard in many cases. Attendance at Schools for Mothers affords opportunity for more direct teaching and instruction, though this too, should be entirely simple and individual in character. The Clubs and Societies run by working women themselves also materially help to make the women cultivate interests outside the domestic routine.

Recreation.

Recreation is another greatly to be desired advantage. The cinema is a means of recreation which, if properly organised, is educative also. Many working women read little, if at all, and to some extent the pictures may take the place of books. Then the Clubs for Soldiers' Wives seem to have been successful in many places, especially when they have been organised on sufficiently social lines by women who understand what is wanted, and have not made the club too obviously educational. The critics who object to such clubs as tending to take the women away from their homes forget the conditions of many of the homes and how desirable it is that women should have interests which from time to time take them out of their homes into more cheerful and restful

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surroundings. Incidentally, such clubs may be used for the promotion of thrift and for various kinds of teaching. These clubs attract the respectable women rather than the black sheep, however, and the two classes do not usually mix well. There seems a field for bright, cheerful club rooms, especially in poor neighbourhoods, where the women in their ordinary clothes could drop in, buy a cup of tea, and do nothing more improving than gossip if they so desired. It is possible that if provision of this kind could be made by a certain number of public-houses during the hours when alcohol was not allowed to be sold, it might attract the lower class woman who habitually uses the public-house and has no desire to attend meetings or clubs.

Recreative Girls' Clubs on somewhat different lines to the ordinary Girls' Clubs, which would cater for a rather more flighty and rougher type of girl might also serve a useful purpose. The experiments made by the Women Patrols (*e.g.*, at Portsmouth, Aberdeen, and Dundee) are interesting in this connection, although the clubs have not been long enough in existence to judge whether they will be ultimately successful. Folk-dancing, singing, reading, letter-writing, etc., are favourite pursuits. Whenever the accommodation and organisation permit, it is well to allow the girls belonging to such clubs to invite men friends, say, once or twice a week. The establishment of *Mixed Recreative Clubs* for girls and young men is more difficult, but there seems a need for some place where girls can openly come with their young men, obtain light refreshments and, within limits, behave as they like, and where "drawing-room manners" are not expected. The alternatives usually open to them are the cinema and the

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public-house. Even if a girl does not drink, it is most undesirable that she should get into the habit of going to an ordinary public-house. An experimental Mixed Club has been organised at Norwich (where many soldiers are billeted) and, although it has evidently been a source of considerable anxiety to its promoters, it is said to have amply justified itself. Another type of Mixed Club is the Patriotic Hall at Southampton. This attracts a number of girls and soldiers, for whom no other provision of this kind is available.

There seems, indeed, little doubt that facilities for homely recreation and amusement should be greatly developed. The difficulty is in what way they can be provided. The need for occupying in a wholesome way the increasing leisure of the people (due to higher wages and shorter hours), is clear, and it has been suggested that there should be a local municipal entertainment committee in every area which would be in a position to bring some means of recreation or rest within the reach even of the poorest. Voluntary efforts carried out by social workers, or in connection with religious denominations might do more than is accomplished at present if the whole question could be approached *de novo* in an open-minded way and from a broad point of view. Numerous old-fashioned methods which are ill-adapted to present conditions might well be abandoned in favour of schemes better calculated to meet the present requirements of working women as a whole.

Improved Management of Public House.

Finally, though this is not the place to discuss the general reform of public-house management, there is much to be said for the management of all public-houses on Trust or Public Control lines. In

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this connection it should be remembered that already there is a distinct tendency for women to visit public-houses more openly and in increasing numbers, and that public-houses run more as cafés would tend to attract a still larger number of women. Better class women who, under existing conditions, would prefer to go to confectioners for their glass of port or whisky, might be induced to procure it at a reformed public-house. The construction of such houses ought not, therefore, to be such as to encourage unobserved and secret drinking, and children should not be admitted to a reformed public-house any more than to an ordinary one. Again, the strength of the drink consumed is, perhaps, an even more important matter for women than for men. Women are often more readily and obviously affected by alcohol than men. Moreover, they usually take less exercise and have less good food than men, so that their ordinary habits do less to counteract the effect of strong or heavy drink. If drinking women could be induced to consume light beer containing two per cent. of alcohol, as could probably be done in the case of many of the women who merely take a glass of beer with their dinner or supper, it would cost them less money and would certainly be more wholesome. Women have usually less money to spend on drink than men, and an increase in the cost of spirits should be a deterrent to whisky drinking, which is wholly evil.

There are certain other points in connection with ordinary public-houses which call for comment. (*a*) The practice of leaving little children to wait outside with perambulators or in charge of a child scarcely older, while their mothers drink inside is extremely undesirable. No one appears to have authority or power to take the

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action necessary to abolish this custom. Though actual cruelty or neglect may not be easy to prove, the habit is obviously an undesirable one, and there seems no reason why it should not be stopped. (*b*) Although in some cases publicans refuse to sell drink to children under fourteen, in others young children constantly fetch drink from jug and bottle departments. Now though it is urged that a young child takes less harm from a public-house than a man or woman, who may be tempted to remain, it seems most undesirable that children under fourteen should be allowed to visit a public-house for any purpose whatever. If practicable, the age limit should be raised and young persons, say under sixteen, prohibited from entering public-houses. (*c*) Drinking on the public highway, especially in the neighbourhood of public-houses, should be prohibited. (*d*) Drinking in the passages and corridors of the public-house or in the bottle and jug department should also be prohibited. (*e*) The side entrances in back streets sometimes opening into semi-private bars, are likely to encourage women who might not care to go in at the main street entrance to visit the public-house. They also lead to drinking outside and to irregular or illegal behaviour, which it is difficult for the police to supervise. (*f*) Separate bars for men and women may be advantageous in the case of public-houses known to be frequented by unfortunates or in public-houses frequented by both sexes. (*g*) Finally, there are good grounds for urging that women should not be employed as barmaids in ordinary public-houses, at any rate, under, say, 25 years of age. There is no question that there are many entirely respectable and sober barmaids, but it cannot be denied that it is an occupation which is associated with special

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temptations, particularly to young and attractive girls.

In making these suggestions it is necessary to emphasise the view that useful and permanent results are not likely to follow any attempt to treat women more drastically than or differently from men. A reduction in facilities for consumption on the premises, for instance, leads to increased off-sales and possibly drinking in the public highway. If the off-sale facilities for women are also curtailed, they have not much difficulty in finding men or boys to fetch drink for them, or they can combine to buy larger quantities to be drunk at home. Anything which tends to increase convivial as distinct from dietetic home drinking is greatly to be deprecated. Further, it would not be practicable to forbid women to buy drink of a certain strength only or to limit the quantity purchased, nor is it wholly advantageous to restrict women to special hours. Such special restrictions are easy to evade. Any restrictions imposed, therefore, on the sale of intoxicants should apply equally to men and women.

A general consideration of the whole problem seems to lead to the conclusion that excessive drinking among women is likely to be reduced or prevented by means of a general improvement in the social conditions of their life rather than by repressive measures. Both are needed, but the former is needed most; and such improvement is dependent in large degree upon voluntary service.

OBSERVER.

January, 1916.

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FRIENDS' QUARTERLY EXAMINER.

No. 199. Seventh Month, 1916.

FROM THE HOUSE OF THE FOUR WINDS. I.

THE House of the Four Winds is a long low house with seven gables. It stands high on the hill side not a hundred miles from London. Through its open doors comes in the sunshine, the songs of the birds, and the fragrance of roses. From its windows one looks out over the fair land of England. There lie the lowlands of the West Saxons—for ten, twenty, and thirty miles, across the Thames Valley and away to the Surrey Downs. There far off is the Crystal Palace glittering in the sunlight; there the lonely spire of Harrow Church; and there the well-wooded crests of the Chilterns. On this side is Mercia and on that Wessex. The woods are a protection on the north and the east, and in their giant branches an ancient rookery finds its home. In summer all is calm and still; in winter the wind roars in the trees like the sound of the sea and comes, as it seems, from the far points of the compass. But summer and winter the little house stands a home of peace and rest, a refuge from the storm and a covert from the heat. Within its walls are treasures and books—books old and new, some smart and gay and modern, others old and brown

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and withered with the mark of centuries upon their faded pages. As I sit at ease and look round the library I see that some tell of far-off lands and strange peoples, and some of the mind of man and his great journey in knowledge, of his arts and crafts and discoveries, of his thoughts and philosophies, from dark ages down to the last few weeks and months; and yet others, old and grey, tell an even more wondrous story of man's Faith and how it has been kept. For the Eternal has been his dwelling-place in all generations.

> The thought of our past years in me doth breed
> Perpetual benediction; not, indeed,
> For that which is most worthy to be blest—
> Delight and liberty, the simple creed
> Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest
> With new fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
> Not for these I raise
> The song of thanks and praise;
> But for those *obstinate questionings*
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings;
> Blank misgivings of a Creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized;
> *High instincts* before which our mortal Nature
> Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
> But for those *first affections*,
> Those shadowy recollections
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
> Uphold us, cherish, have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the Eternal Silence: truths that wake
> To perish never;
> Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
> Nor Man nor Boy,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy
> Can utterly abolish or destroy!

The hills and woods and flowers, and the song of the birds tell us that. Amid all our wanderings and doubtings, and amid the dark and devious

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ways of life, the path back to the Eternal is the road of obstinate questionings, of high instincts, and of our first Love. That is one reason, though not the only one, why they are the fountain light of all our day.

Within the last few months some old and senior friends have finished their course—Samuel Whitbread, John Gorst, Alexander Russell Simpson, Silvanus Thompson. Four great men who, each in a long life, achieved great things. I should like to tell you if I may, without trespassing and without presumption, something about them, for they were remarkable men. Samuel Whitbread, the head of the brewery business which bears his name, was born in 1830 in an old house near Bedford which was left to the Whitbread family by John Howard, the prison reformer. So he was in his eighty-sixth year when he died. He sat in Parliament for Bedford from 1852 to 1895, an uninterrupted term of 43 years for the same seat. He served in Palmerston's Administration and heard Gladstone's first budget (in which he abolished the duty on soap and promised to extinguish, except in war time, the income tax). After he left Parliament Mr. Whitbread devoted himself to local government work in Bedfordshire, and I first met him in 1899. He was with Lord Peel, the famous Speaker of the House of Commons, and I well recollect the impression which the two men made upon me in their devotion to parochial politics and affairs after so many years in the heart of Parliament.

Mr. Whitbread was a big man in stature and in mind. His was a rare personality, and he had a noble character. His dignity and courtesy combined with his extraordinary simplicity and width

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of sympathy, were very impressive, and won the affection as well as the respect of all who knew him. He was very generous in the distribution of his wealth, but also very wise. Above all, he was remarkable for his judgment, which was not only calm, cool, and well-balanced, but seemed to have in it the essence of rightness. He was the embodiment of integrity and honour, and did much for sixty years for the public life and standard of Bedfordshire. On the whole, I think Mr. Whitbread was the wisest man I ever met. With a never-failing modesty he always declined honours and office, though it is well known that he might have had an exceptional share of both. He inherited the family estates when he was forty-nine, and devoted a large amount of time and labour to the improvement of the land and the conditions of his tenants. He rebuilt farms and cottages, and restored churches. He was also an enthusiastic sanitarian, acquiring a wide knowledge of preventive medicine. I always felt that, without ostentation, he was "a good steward of the manifold grace of God."

Sir John Gorst was a different type of man. He entered Parliament some twelve or fourteen years after Samuel Whitbread, sitting for Cambridge, Chatham, and Cambridge University. A member of "the Fourth Party," Solicitor-General and Under-Secretary for India, he became what we should now call President of the Board of Education, immediately after Mr. Arthur Acland. He was concerned in the great education controversy of Lord Salisbury's Government. I first met him some ten years ago when he had discarded politics and wanted, as he said, to do some solid work. It seemed late in life to start a new subject, but Sir John Gorst was not to be dis-

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couraged. The subject he chose was the health of children, and he worked hard and acquired a wide knowledge, which he promptly applied to the solution of various child problems. His last years were saddened by the premature death of his gifted son, Sir Eldon Gorst, the Agent-General for Egypt after Lord Cromer. Sir John Gorst was full of reminiscences of social and political life, and shed around him a genial atmosphere of interest and willing service.

When I think of the Medical School at Edinburgh in its great days, I associate with it, among others, the name of Simpson. Sir James Young Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, served, like Lord Lister, to draw great fame to his *alma mater*. "When nature has work to be done," wrote Emerson, "she creates a genius to do it." In 1811 there was born to the local baker at Bathgate in Linlithgowshire, a son with a very large head. This boy became a prince of obstetricians, and rose from obscurity to the front rank of medicine. In 1847 he discovered the anæsthetic powers of chloroform, and so great was his practice that his biographer records that it was estimated that no less than £80,000 per annum was lost to the hotel, lodging and boarding-house keepers of Edinburgh when he died in 1870. His nephew, Alexander Russell Simpson, at the early age of thirty-five, became Professor of Midwifery in his stead, and he reigned thirty-five years. Though not immortal in fame like his predecessor, he also made a great name both as a teacher and practitioner. He lived in the same renowned house in Queen Street and maintained many of the characteristic hospitalities and functions which had been introduced there. I well remember my first dinner party in the room where chloroform had been

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discovered. Professor Simpson kept open house like his uncle, and there one met foreigners, English and American visitors, and Edinburgh citizens in endless array. Once I took tea there with the host, D. L. Moody, and Professor Henry Drummond. Professor Simpson was extraordinarily kind to the students at the University. He was not only a great teacher but a skilled operator, and possessed an almost encyclopedic knowledge of his subject. He had a mastery of foreign tongues, and as he travelled widely his social and professional connections became numerous and varied. Sir Alexander Simpson was a religious man, deeply interested in the Free Church, in evangelistic services and in temperance. Through a long life he stood for all that was best and of good report in the city and in the University. His influence for good was comparable even with that of Professor Drummond. His deep piety, his sincerity, his faithfulness and his forgiveness wore down opposition and exhausted criticism. He married Margaret Barbour of Bonskeid, the sister of the saintly Robert Barbour. In a strange accident in April last Sir Alexander was run over by a motor car in the street at night, and thus suddenly ended a long life of wonderful power, usefulness, and service, and thousands of men and women in all parts of the world lost a friend. My own debt to him is very great.

Elsewhere in the present issue will be found some memories of Professor Silvanus Thompson.

The conscientious objector to military service has made strong his protest and borne good testimony to his belief. When the Government passed their first Military Service Act, they included an

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ample conscience clause, and all would have been well if it had been administered as Parliament anticipated. Indeed, there would then have been little ground for protest, for the liberty granted was substantial and its terms wider than any previous conscience clause in the old Militia Ballot Acts. The trouble arose not upon the contents of the Act but upon its administration. Local Tribunals were established to grant the exemptions from military service made available in the Act. In the event of dissatisfaction appeal was allowed to superior Tribunals, and finally there was an ultimate Court of Appeal in a Central Tribunal sitting in London, presided over by a distinguished servant of the Crown, Lord Sydenham. At the Tribunals and as a pervading influence everywhere, the military representative had the duty of deterrence assigned him. Now the trouble came in this way. First, a certain number of the Tribunals deemed it their duty to oppose all conscientious objectors. They were not only ill-constituted to determine the genuineness or otherwise of any form of objection—being judge, jury, and counsel for both sides all in one—and particularly of a conscientious objector, but they set their face against granting the absolute exemption provided for in the Act. Thus a large number of men did not receive satisfaction. Many of them, it is true, eventually undertook some form of conditional national service of a non-military charactor, and the Pelham Committee and the Friends' Ambulance Unit came to the rescue of a situation created by a failure of the Government to provide reasonable machinery for men receiving conditional exemption—machinery which they believed they had, in fact, provided in the ill-starred Non-Combatant Corps. Many of

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the Tribunals were eminently successful and did their work admirably, but the failure of those which failed was so complete and disastrous that it created at the outset of the administration of the Act a serious and widespread problem. The Tribunals were instituted to solve a difficulty, but in practice many of them originated a larger difficulty than that which they were designed to solve. Secondly, the trouble initiated by the Tribunals was accentuated by the military authorities in their handling of the non-exempted objectors called to the colours. These men quite logically said: "We protest against this Compulsory Act; we decline to undertake any form of military service; we have been refused the exemption promised us by Parliament; we have been deemed to be soldiers against our will; we decline to share in any way in the military system; we will not obey military orders or recognise military authority. If they want us let them fetch us, and our conduct shall be that of a passive resister." This was exactly what happened. These men were quite unnecessarily called to the colours, and their acts of passive resistance were infringements of military law, also passed by Parliament, and punishable by divers penalties—detention, imprisonment, and many inconveniences and discomforts. In addition there was a considerable amount of horse-play and bullying. The position was made much worse by stupid threats of the death-penalty and by transhipping a number of these men with squads of the Non-combatant Corps to France.

No doubt both at the Tribunals and subsequently some of these objectors were vexatious, and to the military eye exasperating, but can anyone say that under all the circumstances they

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were wrong or unreasonable? Parliament had given them a great liberty of conscience, yet by mal-administration of the Act they were debarred from it. As a result there was a good deal of outcry and public criticism. The official answer to this was three-fold. In the House of Commons the Government replied that the matter was relatively small and insignificant, that the Tribunals had been admirable, that the Non-combatant Corps was happy and useful, and that whilst great respect would be shown to the genuine conscientious objector, discipline was necessary in the Army. In the House of Lords it was suggested by Lord Kitchener, a few days before his death, that conscientious objectors undergoing punishment would be drafted out of the Army into civil prisons. In the newspapers the War Office issued a communiqué explaining the ordinary punishments inflicted by the Army Act for infringements of discipline, and announcing that the conscientious objectors had only received the treatment prescribed for them by Parliament; and on June 29th the Prime Minister made a statement as to the new practice to be followed by the War Office for the conscientious objectors already soldiers and being punished for refusing to obey orders. The assurances will provide relief as far as they go, and if they are rightly and properly acted upon. But alas, they do not go very far, and we are convinced they are insufficient to solve the problem.

The whole of this trouble is gratuitous and ought never to have happened. The real thing for which our forefathers struggled was freedom of conscience. They won. We are the heirs of that inheritance. The Government granted us, and all men, the right of this legacy. Yet at the last lap it is wrested from us by sheer, careless mal-

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administration—a mal-administration which represented the worst and not the best public opinion, which played down to the gutter press, and which could not fail to lead to grave injustice. Sober and thoughtful persons throughout the country agreed with the view expressed in the following manifesto issued by the Bishops of Oxford and Winchester and other well-known leaders of religious thought :—

"This country entered into the war in the belief that it was a war on behalf of freedom. We believe that it is right to fight for such a cause, but we desire to be true to the cause while we fight for it.

"Those who were convinced that the national need justified the use of some form of compulsion to military service recognised the inalienable right of all men to freedom of conscience, and the right to claim and to obtain exemption from combatant service, and in some cases total exemption, was by the Military Service Act given to bona fide conscientious objectors to war.

"No one will have any sympathy with men who would shelter themselves under a pretence of conscientious scruples, and all will admit the necessity for careful examination. Some of the applicants are doubtless vexatious persons. The duty of the Tribunals is an arduous and delicate one.

"While fully recognising the difficulties of the situation, we cannot but fear that there is foundation for the charge that in many cases the examination has not been conducted with the fairness and respect for sincerely held opinions which Englishmen demand and expect. There is considerable evidence of brow-beating, and of a disposition to treat with scorn the very idea of conscientious objection. Conscience, however mistaken, ought not to be a subject for public ridicule.

"We desire to affirm our conviction that the preservation of freedom of conscience is a vital religious principle.

D. S. Cairns.
G. Campbell Morgan.
J. Clifford.
A. Clutton Brock.
J. Monro Gibson.
R. F. Horton.
Albert Mansbridge.
Edw. Winton.
W. Temple.
C. Oxon.
W. B. Selbie."

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The Bishop of Lincoln also wrote to *The Times* the following admirable letter :—

"Sir,—As I read of the handling of conscientious objectors by some local Tribunals, I am visited by some painful fears. The Act of Parliament under which these men were recruited provides in explicit terms that the conscientious objector to war is to be exempt from service. Now I have no wish to screen cowards or shirkers; if such there be, let them be exposed. But that there are among us conscientious objectors, all agree. The Friends are such, and are exempted. There are others outside of that body, in the Church of England for example—in spite of the Thirty-nine Articles. Need any man be ashamed of interpreting the Gospel as did Tolstoy? Such a man may be useless for war, but he may be a useful citizen. We want prophets and visionaries, and we shall need them still more. The will or capacity to take an enemy's life is not the only element in good citizenship. At all events, the honest objector is safeguarded by the law: let him enjoy its protection.

"Is the nation, in its military zeal, slipping into the old vices of intolerance and persecution? Conscience is a sacred thing. Is private judgment to be swept wholly aside in time of war? As I read these reports I am set thinking of the rough treatment of Faithful by the Court in Vanity Fair, as described by John Bunyan, or of the trials of heretics by the agents of the Inquisition. "What chance would Christ have to-day?" wrote Mabel Dearmer bitterly from Serbia: "Crucifixion would be a gentle death for such a dangerous lunatic."

"If I felt that what I have written could in the least degree hamper our Government in the victorious prosecution of the war, I would not write it. But it is perilous to trample on conscience; we must not try to deprive the honest objector of the protection secured to him by the law of the land.

Yours, etc.,

EDWARD : LINCOLN.

Old Palace, Lincoln, April 3rd."

There can be no question of the good sense and spiritual conception of both these documents, and in after years they may become famous. They are, at least, clear in their call. In the *Nineteenth Century* for May the Dean of Manchester (J. E. C. Welldon) a man of wide sympathy and catholicity,

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draws attention to other points over which every Quaker objector may well ponder :—

(*a*) The conscience to be a true guide must be informed and enlightened ; not every man's conscience is equally a true guide, invariable and inflexible ;

(*b*) The conscientious objector to the use of force must be willing to sacrifice all the advantages and safety which force brings to him ; he must be genuine all through ;

(*c*) The objector who receives the protection of society owes a return for the benefit ; we cannot escape our debt to the State ;

(*d*) The punishment of wrong-doing is necessary and right, and with all its great contributions and virtues, Germany has committed an offence against humanity in transgressing international law and morality.

We may think we know answers to these points, but they are worthy of our careful and prolonged consideration.

The *Westminster Gazette* has been printing a series of answers to the question " What is wrong with the Churches ? " Our friend Dr. Fortescue Fox replied by saying that " What is wrong with most of us, within or without the Churches, is surely that one way and another we have got out of touch with *reality*. And this is partly because the old expressions of division which we employ— " the Church and the world," " sacred and secular," the " clergy and laity," " Christian and heathen," even " spiritual and material," have lost their meaning and become unreal and even mischievous. In place of all this division and dualism a much more real and hopeful monism is stirring in the thoughts of men."

A very breezy answer was sent by Sir Harry Johnston of Uganda fame, who chased the bishops and " all ecclesiastics." The following extract from his letter possesses points for our consideration regarding sermons, hymns, and creeds :—

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"Must there always be a sermon whenever people meet together for prayer and communion? Must every sermon start from a text of the Hebrew and Neo-Greek Scriptures, which, after all, are only one compilation among the many great Bibles of the world? Why not preach sometimes from the equally inspired scriptures attributed to Shakespeare? From the sublimities of Tennyson, Dante, Victor Hugo, Hans Andersen, Goethe, Wordsworth, Walt Whitman, and one or two very modern writers whom I have not the courage to name? Inspiration began very much further back in the million years of man's history than the five or six hundred years before Christ when the Jewish Scriptures were first written down and edited. Inspiration is going on with ever-increasing force. It was not only the period between 600 B.C. and 200 A.C. which was remarkable (in Greece, Syria, Palestine, North Arabia, and Rome) for divine outpourings through the human brain and hand.

"It is the want of actuality, the curious "silliness" which has since the destruction of Jerusalem ever hung about the exposition of Christianity, which deters many innate Christians from taking part in Christian worship. Let creeds be pure matters of opinion—not one of them nor one of the Christian myths was promulgated by Christ; let prayers be brought into relation with modern needs and deeds; let all but the truly sublime among hymns be banished from the Church services, and many be gathered into the hymnal which are the composition of great men and women who have known life—not the outpourings of middle-aged unmarried women of delicate health, or country clerics with little knowledge of the rough ways of life; above all, when a sermon is preached, let it be on subjects of deep interest to the auditory; and once again intelligent men and women will become Church-goers by inclination. Sunday will undoubtedly—if the Church revives—become the principal day for willing Church attendance, but it need not be the only day. Our glorious cathedrals and great historical churches daily provide short morning and evening services (nearly perfect in style), which attract considerable congregations on week-days, who may nevertheless prefer on an occasional Sunday to be religious in other ways: at a good play, in the divine harmony of music, in the contemplation of nature, or of inspired human art."

Another writer declared, surely with much truth, that the trouble lies in the fact that modern preaching is the traditional art which once had

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the evangelical fire. "It has retained the method without the spirit." That is it in a nutshell, and if any church is to win or retain the men of the future it will be necessary to change all that.

I have been reading two delightful books, new editions of the two books I read long ago. In 1866 Huxley wrote his *Lessons in Elementary Physiology*, a model of what such a book should be, profound and thorough but simple, clear, short. It was profound because it was so simple. Subsequently this famous book was edited by Sir Michael Foster, the Professor of Physiology at Cambridge. Under these two eminent men it ran through between thirty and forty editions and re-prints. Now, fifteen years after the last edition, it has been re-issued under the editorship of our friend Joseph Barcroft, F.R.S., Fellow of King's. But it has the old fascination and he has dared to pour new into an old wine-bottle. Quite properly he claims only to a restorer of an "historic building designed by a master hand." There are signs of Barcroft's own valuable and original work, particularly in the sections dealing with the circulation, the blood, and respiration. There is also an excellent account of the newer views on nutrition and the nervous system. To have such a book covering systematically almost the whole ground of the elements of human physiology is an immense thing for the general non-medical reader. He now has available in cheap form three first-rate elementary books, Dr. Arthur Keith's *Human Body*, Professor McKendrick's *Principles of Physiology* (both in the Home University Library), and Barcroft's new edition of Huxley's book. This is very good, for a knowledge of physiology is of exceptional importance, per-

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sonal and national. Every boy and girl in the Friends' Schools should be taught something of the subject. I wonder if this is being done.

The other book is *The Spirit of Christianity*, by the late Frederick Seebohm, one of the greatest of the Quakers of the nineteenth century. The book was written in 1876 for private circulation, but not, I think, under this title. It came between *The Oxford Reformers* and *The English Village Community*, but it was a light hidden under a bushel, and we are glad that it has now been published. I well remember bringing home a copy of the private edition on loan and consuming it with the same sort of avidity that I experienced with Seeley's *Ecce Homo*. Both books, though different in purpose, move in a large orbit and amid the ample spaces. Like R. H. Hutton of *The Spectator*, these men were devoutly searching for the larger understanding of Christ's ideals in the light of the new biology. As the old dualism of thought had coloured the views of the seventeenth century Quakers, so the new biology of the middle of the nineteenth century coloured and in some degree inspired the thoughts of the best men and the keenest seekers and interpreters. Frederick Seebohm's book states the problem of the modern difficulty in the way of faith in Christianity; it then surveys the main facts of human religious experience antecedent to Christ, followed by the experience of sixty generations of Christianity; and on this foundation the author shows that the evidence of the religious experience of the individual supports the faith of Christianity but not its theological environments.



In closing my comments from this windy ridge on this cold day of summer, may I bid welcome

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to the two Friends, Jane E. Newman and Ernest E. Taylor, who have joined the publishing committee of this Review? The former brings not only an historical inheritance from two families, but a gifted pen and a ripe experience which long ago earned the full and glad confidence of us all; and the latter's gentle guidance and publisher's wisdom will, we trust, save us from the perils which in these troublous times encompass the path of those who endeavour. The old committee was Richard Westlake, Thomas Hodgkin, Thomas Newman, William C. Braithwaite, Joshua Rowntree, and George Newman. Four of these have now passed beyond the veil, though they do not seem to be far away. The new committee consists of William Braithwaite, L. Violet Hodgkin, Arnold S. Rowntree, Jane E. Newman, Ernest E. Taylor, and George Newman. The editorship remains for the present as before, though we understand that the editor is still engaged in his age-worn task of seeking a successor. It is pleasant to observe, if we may be allowed the remark, a continuance of the germ-plasm in the new committee. And may the old spirit of our fathers who begat us still accompany us and lead us into the paths of peace.

Beyond this veil of passing things
Our eyes behold—what nothing can destroy—
Eternal Beauty; and the vision brings
Eternal strength and bliss without alloy,
And youth that cannot end, and Victory's wings!

The House of the Four Winds,
July 1st, 1916.

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FIERCE FEATHERS.

A Story for Children.

THE sunlight lay in patches on the steep roof of the Meeting House of Easton Township, in the County of Saratoga, in the State of New York. It was a bright summer morning in the year 1775. The children of Easton Township liked their wooden house, although it was made only of rough hewn logs, nailed hastily together in order to provide some sort of shelter for the worshipping Friends. They would not, if they could, have exchanged it for one of the more stately Meeting Houses at home in England, on the other side of the Atlantic. There, the windows were generally high up in the walls. English children could see nothing through the panes but a peep of sky, or the top-most branches of a tall tree. When they grew tired of looking in the branches of the tree for an invisible nest, there was nothing more to be hoped for, out of those windows. The children's eyes came back inside the room again, as they watched the slow shadows creep along the white-washed walls, or tried to count the flies upon the ceiling. But out here in America there was no need for that. The new Meeting House of Easton had nearly as many possibilities as the new world outside. To begin with, its logs did not fit quite close together. If a boy or girl happened to be sitting in the corner seat, he or she could often see, through a chink, right out into the woods. For the untamed wilderness still stretched away on all sides round the newly-cleared settlement of Easton.

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Moreover, there were no windows in the log house as yet, though open spaces had been left for them. Another larger, open space at one end of the building would be closed by a door when the next cold weather came. At present the summer air met no hindrance as it blew in softly, laden with the fragrant scents of the flowers and pine trees, stirring the children's hair as it lightly passed. Every now and then a drowsy bee would come blundering in by mistake, and after buzzing about for some time among the assembled Friends, he would make his perilous way out again through one of the chinks between the logs. The children, as they sat in Meeting, always hoped that a butterfly might also find its way in, some fine day—before the winter came, and before the window spaces of the new Meeting House had to be filled with glass, and a door fastened at the end of the room to keep out the cold. Especially on a mid-week Meeting like to-day, they often found it difficult to "think Meeting thoughts" in the silence, or even to attend to what was being said, so busy were they, watching for the entrance of that long desired butterfly.

For children thought about very much the same kind of things, and had very much the same kind of difficulties in Meeting, then as now; even though the place was far away, and it is more than a hundred years since that sunny morning in Easton Township, when the sunlight lay in patches on the roof.

It was not only the children who found silent worship difficult that still summer morning. There were traces of anxiety on the faces of many Friends and even on the placid countenances of the Elders in their raised seats in the gallery. There, at the head of the Meeting, sat Friend Zebulon

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Hoxie, the grandfather of most of the children who were present. Below him sat his two sons. Opposite them, their wives and families, and a sprinkling of other Friends. The children had never seen before one of the stranger Friends who sat in the gallery that day, by their grandfather's side. They had heard that his name was Robert Nisbet, and that he had just arrived, after having walked for two days, thirty miles through the wilderness country to sit with Friends at New Easton at their mid-week Meeting. The children had no idea why he had come, so they fixed their eyes intently on the stranger and stirred gently in their seats with relief, when at last he rose to speak. They had liked his kind, open face as soon as they saw it. They liked even better the sound of the rich, clear voice that made it easy for even children to listen. But they liked the words of his text, best of all. "The Belovéd of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him. He shall cover them all the day long."

Robert Nisbet lingered over the first words of his message as if they were dear to him. His voice was full and mellow, and the words seemed as if they were part of the rich tide of summer life that flowed around. He paused a moment, and then went on, "And now, how shall the Belovéd of the Lord be thus in safety covered? Even as saith the Psalmist, 'He shall cover thee with his feathers and under his wings shalt thou trust.'" Then, changing his tones a little and speaking more lightly, though gravely still, he continued: "You have done well, dear Friends, to stay on valiantly in your homes, when all your neighbours have fled; and therefore are these messages sent to you by me. These promises of covering and of shelter are truly meant for you. Make them

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your own and you shall not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day."

Here the boys and girls on the low benches under the gallery looked at one another. Now they knew what had brought the stranger! He had come because he had heard of the danger that threatened the little clearing of settlers in the woods. For it was just before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War of 1775. The part of the county in which Easton Township was situated was so much distressed by visits from scouting parties from both British and American armies, that the American Government, unable to protect the inhabitants, had issued a proclamation directing them all to leave the country. That was the reason the scattered houses in the township were deserted, save only the few tenanted by the handful of Friends.

"You did well, Friends," the speaker continued, "well to ask to be permitted to exercise your own judgment, without blame to the authorities, well to say to them in all courtesy and charity, 'You are clear of us in that you have warned us'—and to stay on in your dwellings and to carry out your accustomed work. The report of this your courage and faith hath reached us in our abiding place at East Hoosach, and the Lord hath charged me to come on foot through the wilderness country these thirty miles, to meet with you to-day, and to bear to you these two messages from Him, 'The Belovéd of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him,' and 'He shall cover thee with his feathers all the day long.'"

The visitor sat down again in his seat. The furrowed line of anxiety in old Zebulon Hoxie's high forehead smoothed itself away; the eyes of

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one or two of the younger women Friends filled with tears. As the speaker's voice ceased, little Susannah Hoxie's head, which had been drooping lower and lower, finally found a resting place, and was encircled by her mother's arm. Young Mrs. Hoxie drew off her small daughter's shady hat, and put it on the seat beside her, while she very gently stroked back the golden curls from the child's high forehead. In doing this she caught a rebuking glance from her elder daughter, Dinah.

"Naughty, naughty Susie, to go to sleep in Meeting," Dinah was thinking, "it is very hot, and *I* am sleepy too, but *I* don't go to sleep. I do wish a butterfly would come in at the window just for once—or a bird, a little bird with blue, and red, and pink, and yellow feathers. I liked what that stranger Friend said about being 'covered with feathers all the day long.' I wish I was all covered with feathers like a little bird. I wish there were feathers in Meeting, or anywhere close outside." She turned in her corner seat and looked through the slit in the wall—why there were feathers close outside the wall of the house, red, and yellow, and blue, and pink! What could they be? Very gently Dinah moved her head, so that her eye came closer to the slit. But, when she looked again, the feathers had mysteriously disappeared—nothing was to be seen now but a slight trembling of the tree branches in the wilderness woods at a little distance.

In the meanwhile her brother, Benjamin Hoxie, on the other low seat opposite the window, was also thinking of the stranger's sermon. "He said it was a valiant thing to do, to stop on here when all the neighbours have left. I didn't know Friends could do valiant things. I thought only soldiers were valiant. But if a scouting party

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really did come—if those English scouts suddenly appeared, then even a Quaker boy might have a chance to show that he is not necessarily a coward because he does not fight." Benjamin's eyes strayed also out of the open window. It was very hot and still in the Meeting House. Yet the bushes certainly were trembling. How strange that there should be a breeze there and not here! "Thou shalt not be afraid for the arrow that flieth by day," he thought to himself. "Well, there are no arrows in this part of the country any longer, now that they say all the Indians have left. I wonder, if I saw an English gun pointing at me out of those bushes, should I be afraid?"

But it was gentle Mrs. Hoxie, with her arm still round her baby daughter, who kept the stranger's words longest in her heart. "'Shall dwell in safety by Him,—the Belovéd of the Lord'," she repeated to herself over and over again, "yet my husband hath feared for me, and we have both been very fearful for the children! Truly, we have known the terror by night these last weeks in these unsettled times, even though our duty was plainly to stay here. Why were we so fearful? we of little faith. 'The Belovéd of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him. He shall cover him with His feathers all the day long'."

And then, in her turn, Mrs. Hoxie looked up, as her little daughter had done, and saw the same three tall feathers creeping above the sill of the open Meeting House window frame. For just one moment her heart, that usually beat so calmly under her grey Quaker robe, seemed to stand absolutely still. She went white to the lips. Then 'shall dwell in safety by Him', the words flashed back to her mind. She looked across to

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where her husband sat—an urgent look. He met her eyes, read them, and followed the direction in which she gazed. Then he too saw the feathers—three, five, seven, nine, sticking up in a row. Another instant, and a dark-skinned face, an evil face, appeared beneath them, looking over the sill. The moment most to be dreaded in the lives of all American settlers,—more terrible than any visit from civilised soldiers,—had come suddenly upon the little company of Friends alone here in the wilderness. An Indian Chief was looking in at their Meeting House window, showing his teeth in a cruel grin. In his hand he held a sheaf of arrows, arrows only too ready to fly, and kill, by day.

All the assembled Friends were aware of his presence by this time, and were watching the window now. But not one of them moved. Mrs. Hoxie glanced towards her other little daughter, and saw to her great relief that Dinah too had fallen asleep, her head against the wooden wall. Dinah and Susie were the two youngest children in Meeting that morning. The others were mostly older even than Benjamin, who was twelve. They were, therefore, far too well-trained in Quaker stillness to move, for any Indians, until the Friends at the head of the Meeting should have shaken hands, and given the signal to disperse. Nevertheless, the hearts of even the elder girls were beating very fast. Benjamin's lips were tightly shut, and with eyes that were unusually bright, he followed every movement of the Indian Chief, who, as it seemed in one bound and without making the slightest noise, had moved round to the open doorway.

There he stood, the naked brown figure, in full war-paint and feathers, looking with piercing eyes

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at each man Friend in turn, as if one of them must have the weapons that he sought. But the Friends were entirely unarmed. There was not a gun, or a rifle, or a sword, to be found in any of their dwelling-houses, so there could not be any in their peaceful Meeting.

A minute later, a dozen other Redskins, equally terrible, stood beside the Chief, and the bushes in the distance were quite still. The bushes trembled no longer. It was Benjamin who found it hard not to tremble now, as he saw thirteen sharp arrows taken from their quivers by thirteen skinny brown hands, and their notches held taut to thirteen bow-strings, all ready to shoot. Yet still the Friends sat on, without stirring, in complete silence.

Only Benjamin, turning his head to look at his grandfather, saw Zebulon Hoxie, the patriarch of the Meeting, gazing full at the Chief, who had first approached. The Indian's flashing eyes, under the matted black eyebrows, gazed back fiercely beneath his narrow red forehead into the Quaker's calm blue eyes beneath the high white brow and snowy hair. No word was spoken, but in silence two powers were measured against one another—the power of hate, and the power of love. For steady friendliness to his strange visitors was written in every line of Zebulon Hoxie's face!

The children never knew how long that steadfast gaze lasted. But at length, to Benjamin's utter astonishment, for some unknown reason, the Indian's eyes fell. His head, that he had carried high and haughtily, sank towards his breast. He glanced round the Meeting House three times with a scrutiny that nothing could escape. Then, signing to his followers, the thirteen arrows were

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noiselessly replaced in thirteen quivers, the thirteen bows were laid down and rested against the wall; many footsteps, lighter than falling snow, crossed the floor; the Indian Chief, unarmed, sat himself down in the nearest seat, with his followers in all their war-paint, but also unarmed, close round him.

The Meeting did not stop. The Meeting continued—one of the strangest Friends' Meetings, surely, that ever was held! The Meeting not only continued, it increased in solemnity and in power!

Never while they lived did any of those present that day ever forget that Meeting, or the brooding Presence, that, closer, clearer than the sunlight, filled that bright room.

'Cover thee with His feathers, all the day long.'

The Friends sat in their accustomed stillness. But the Indians sat more still than any of them. They seemed strangely at home in the silence, these wild men of the woods. Motionless they sat, as a group of trees on a windless day, or as a tranquil pool unstirred by the smallest breeze; silent, as if they were themselves a part of Nature's own silence rather than of the family of her unquiet, human children.

The slow minutes slipped past. The peace brooded, and grew, and deepened. "Am I dreaming?" Mrs. Hoxie thought to herself more than once, and then, raising her eyes, she saw the Indians still in the same place, and knew it was no dream. She saw, too, that Benjamin's eyes were riveted to some objects hanging from the strangers' waists, that none of the other Friends appeared to see.

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At last, when the accustomed hour of worship was ended, the two Friends at the head of the Meeting shook hands solemnly. Then, and not till then, did old Zebulon Hoxie advance to the Indian Chief, and with signs he invited him and his followers to come to his house close at hand. With signs they accepted. The strange procession crossed the sunlit grass. Susie and Dinah, wide awake now, but kept silent in obedience to their mother's whispers, were watching the feathers with wide, untroubled eyes that knew no fear. Only Benjamin shivered as if he were cold.

When the company had arrived at the house, Zebulon put bread and cheese on the table, and invited his unwonted guests to help themselves. They did so, thanking him with signs, as they knew no English. Robert Nisbet, however, the visiting Friend, who could speak and understand French, had a conversation with two of the Chiefs in that language, and this was what the Indians said: "We surrounded your house, meaning to destroy every living person within it. But when we saw you sitting with your door open, and *without weapons of defence*, we had no wish any longer to hurt you. Now, we would fight for you, and defend you ourselves from all who wish you ill.' So saying, the chief took a white feather from one of his arrows, and stuck it firmly over the centre of the roof in a peculiar way. "With that white feather above your house," he said to Robert Nisbet, "your settlement is safe. We Indians are your friends henceforward, and you are ours."

A moment later and the strange guests had all disappeared as noiselessly as they had come. But, when the bushes had ceased to tremble, Benjamin stole to his mother's side. "Mother,

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did you *see*, did you *see?*" he whispered. "They were *not* friendly Indians. They were the very most savage kind. Did you," he shuddered, "did you, and father, and grandfather, and the others not notice what those things were, hanging from their waists? They were *scalps*—scalps of men and women that those Indians had killed," and again he shuddered.

His mother stooped and kissed him. "Yea, my son," she answered, "I did see. In truth we all saw, too well, save only the tender maids, thy sisters, who know naught of evil or terror. But thou, my son, when thou dost remember those human scalps, pray for the slayers and for the slain. But for thyself and for us, have no fear. Remember, rather, the blessing of that other Benjamin, for whom I named thee. 'The Belovéd of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him. He shall cover him all the day long.'"

L. V. HODGKIN.

[NOTE.—The outlines of this story are recorded in Pike's *Historical Anecdotes*. If any reader of the *F.Q.E.* can supply further details of the visit of the Indians to Easton Meeting House in 1775, or of Zebulon Hoxie and his visitor Robert Nisbet, I shall be glad to know where they are to be found.—L. V. H.]

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SONNET.

AT THE "BLUE IDOL."*

April 30th, 1916.

THE meeting ended, by the grave-yard stile
I lingered long to watch the sunset glow
Fade 'neath the solemn stars, and stilled, below
All nature felt the holy hush the while.
Flowers, which had basked beneath the sunlight's smile,
Gave out their sweet, spring scents, and, soft and low,
A nightingale's fitful carols come and go.
Yet human violence, and sin, and guile
Lay heavy on my heart. God gave a choice
To His poor, foolish world. Beyond our ken
The evil chosen. But there comes a voice
From graves of those who bought our liberty,
From lowly fane where worshipped William Penn:
"*We* served *our* generation—so must ye!"

MAUDE ROBINSON.

*Local name for the Friends' Meeting House at Thakeham, Sussex.

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JOHN BRIGHT AND WAR.

PERHAPS I might explain, in reference to Mr. J. Travis Mills' criticisms, that as my article was condensed from a longer chapter in an unpublished book on Friends and Peace, my "apparent object" is my real one,—to give a full account of Bright as a peace advocate. The chapter was submitted in manuscript to the two eldest children of John Bright, who approved it, and it was in response to a wish that it might be published that it appeared in the *Examiner*. My aim was to let John Bright speak for himself as far as possible, and to give my own words not as substitutes for his, but as comment upon them. If my comments are erroneous, the reader has the original before him by which to correct my mistakes.

A drastic cutting-down to the limits of magazine space drove out the passage of Bright's speech (December 4th, 1876) from the footnote on page 29. It runs as follows :—

"I do not in any case, as you know, stand forward as a defender of those sanguinary struggles, which continually or at times take place among the nations; but I know not how in some cases they are to be avoided. There can be no arbitration unless the parties to the dispute are willing. There can be no arbitration between a government such as that which reigns at Constantinople and the suffering peoples of whom we have lately heard so much."

I called this "the one specific case"; Mr. Mills considers it was selected as illustrative of a whole type. It is, I think, for the reader to decide between us.

The Society of Friends considers (as the principle is expressed in the Eighth Query), "all war as

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inconsistent with the precepts and spirit of the Gospel." At a Peace Conference in Manchester early in the year 1853 Bright, in a remarkable passage, distinguished his personal convictions upon war from the arguments, political and economic, which he employed in public controversy.

"I shall not read the Sermon on the Mount to men who do not acknowledge its authority, nor shall I insist on my reading of the New Testament to men who take a different view of it; nor shall I ask the members of a church whose articles especially justify the bearing of arms to join in any movement which shall be founded upon what are called abstract Christian peace doctrines. But I will argue this question on the ground which our opponents admit, which not professing Christians only, but Mahomedans and heathen and every man of intelligence and common-sense and common humanity will admit. I will argue it upon this ground, that war is probably the greatest of all human calamities."*

More than thirty years later he wrote a preface of high eulogy to a new edition of Dymond's *Essays*.

"I know of no better book dealing with morals as applied to nations. . . . I have been asked on several occasions, 'What do you think about the doctrine of the Peace Society, or of your own religious body, in their opposition to all war, however necessary or however just it may seem to be, or however much you are provoked or injured?' I think every man must make up his own mind on that abstract principle; and I would recommend him, if he wants to know a book that says a good deal upon it, to study the New Testament, and make up his mind from that source."

These passages, amongst others, form my excuse for believing (in common with his contemporaries) that Bright shared the views of the Society of Friends in regard to war.

*Report of Conference in the *Herald of Peace*, Feb., 1853, p. 182.

MARGARET E. HIRST.

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TEN YEARS OF QUAKER EXTENSION WORK.

I HAVE been asked to put down on paper impressions of Extension Work gained during ten years in one of the largest Quarterly Meetings in London Yearly Meeting. The members and attenders on the books together amount to over 4,400, and probably there are from 2,000 to 2,500 other persons in fairly regular attendance at Mission Meetings and Sunday evening special addresses. Taking the number as 4,400 only, this represents 15·6 per cent. of the total members and attenders in the Yearly Meeting, but only about ·11 of the population of the county in which there is one Meeting to every 82,000 persons.

At the beginning of 1905 there were 44 Meetings, 2,681 members and 1,416 registered attenders. At the end of 1914 these numbers were 49, 3,036, 1,367.

The Meetings are situated in all kinds of places. Eleven are in agricultural districts, thirty in industrial, and eight largely of the nature of pleasure resorts.

There are 45 children's schools in the Quarterly Meeting under Friends' care (with 2,852 scholars and 467 teachers), and four Friends' Boarding Schools. Two Home Mission and Extension Committee workers are resident in the county, and the Quarterly Meeting is in the Northern Friends' Peace Board area. Of other agencies or associations which either receive the assistance of Friends or give assistance to them, or both, it may be

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stated that there are 306 men's and women's Adult Schools (13,500 scholars), three non-resident Settlements (one largely under the care of Friends), and two Guest Houses.

The extension work of which I am writing has been performed by a Committee of the Quarterly Meeting, whose members (men and women) are taken from all five Monthly Meetings. The present membership is twenty-two, the past and present members together numbering sixty-six. The Committee has a Local Helper in nearly every Meeting, in order to try to keep in constant touch with congregations.*

When the Committee was appointed in 1905 the following departments of work were definitely committed to it :—

(*a*) Establishment of new Meetings.

(*b*) "Tramp" and "Week-end Settlement" work.

(*c*) Religious instruction, especially of children and young people.

(*d*) Lectures on religious and social questions, and assistance in arranging and giving Sunday Evening Addresses.

(*e*) Preparation and supply of periodical and other literature.

(*f*) Arrangements for visitation of Meetings on Sundays.

(*g*) Drawing all attenders of our Meetings into closer fellowship with us.

*Whilst ideally this appointment is satisfactory, in practice it has not answered expectations. The problem is how to get enthusiastic and tactful representation in each Meeting. It is clear that an ordinary Preparative Meeting appointment does not always secure this.

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Much work has been done under each of these headings, and in additional ways to be mentioned presently. Throughout the Committee has preferred to *suggest* work to Meetings rather than do it directly, and often such suggestions have proved fruitful. Whilst the Quarterly Meeting has been the base of operations, the Committee has always striven to make its work tell over as wide an area as possible, and in accordance with this decision Settlements have been held in other Quarterly Meetings, lectures delivered in Meetings outside the county, literature prepared with a view to the general demand in the Yearly Meeting, and visits encouraged to other Quarterly Meetings.

Marked success has attended the Tramp and Settlement work. The three Settlements held at Easter, 1906, have developed into one large annual Settlement, whose object has become more clearly defined as those who attend it have increased in numbers and earnestness. The first *Winter* Settlement was held in 1907 and has been followed by many more. The form and duration of all these have been adapted to specific needs. Thus, Boarding Schools have participated in them; groups of Meetings have been visited; special Peace work has been done; the flagging spirit of a particular congregation has been changed into a spirit of faith and adventure in great causes.

In relation to (*c*) and (*d*) an enormous amount of work has been accomplished directly and by suggestion. Single lectures (including lantern lectures) and "courses" have been delivered, the former sometimes in connection with a special Monthly or Quarterly Meeting. The subjects of the courses have included "The Rise of Friends and their Message," "Five Quaker Leaders," "Great Truths from the Prophets,"

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"The Life and Work of Jesus Christ," "Paul and his Work," "Problems of our Faith," and several courses on Social questions.

In connection with these the best text books have been on loan and on sale. This activity, with steady efforts to improve the libraries in the Q.M., has meant a real development in the outlook of members and attenders. The work has also quickened the preparation of literature and has helped to bring about the establishment of a non-residential "Settlement" in a city of half a million people.

Literature was required for distribution at Settlements and special addresses, and for individual study, and over sixty pamphlets have been produced in the ten years. With the exception of four at present out of print, all these are still in constant request, and many have been reprinted several times. Large numbers have been sold in America and Australia, and smaller quantities in Ireland and the Cape. Their circulation has not been confined to Friends. This has been especially the case with *The Inspiration of the Bible, The Preparation of the Adult School Teacher, Woman in the Church and in Life, The Life that is Life Indeed, The Problem of Authority in Religion, Poems for the Inner Life* (Whittier), all the Peace issues (especially by John Bright, Joshua Rowntree, Norman Angell and Canon Grane), and the small "envelope" series. Three biographical pamphlets on John Woolman, Margaret Macdonald and Agnes Jones mark a new development in this work.

Altogether nearly 400,000 pamphlets have been sold, and 170,000 given away, a total of over half a million copies. Other pamphlets have been widely distributed, including the "Malton Leaf-

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lets," which have themselves in one year reached a circulation of 138,000 copies.

The Swarthmore Settlement was created to meet the demand for more continuous study made by those who could only give their evenings to this. The Settlement was designed to be a centre of education and inspiration for men and women wishing to engage in religious and social work: a place for the formation of lasting friendships and especially for training for service. The success has been marked. In spite of the war there were more students in 1915 than ever before and the quality of the work done was higher.† The desire to serve others has also increased. It should, however, be noted that the benefits of the Settlement do not as yet appear to be so much appreciated by Friends and Adult School members as by others.

The visitation of Meetings has gone on from year to year, not without difficulties, due mainly to the want of more imagination in the visitor and more preparation by the Meeting. Visitors' conferences have been held to try to help in these and other directions.

A few new Meetings have been started in town and country. Not all of these have continued to be held, and this is one of the pieces of work in

†The following table gives the number of students and the average weekly attendances at the Settlement over six years:

Average number of tickets sold per term.

1909-10.	1910-11.	1911-12.	1912-13.	1913-14.	1914-15.
196	190	178	164	192	195

Average weekly attendance.

158 (est.)	162	174	180*	209*	209*

*Several students attend more than once each week. The three last years there have been additional attendances of about 100 weekly at Swarthmore classes held away from the Settlement.

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which the Committee has not succeeded up to its anticipations. At present there are demands for informal Meetings from several industrial areas. It remains to be seen whether the right people are forthcoming to meet these, and whether adjacent established Meetings can offer a sufficiently loving and "free" fellowship to make new comers feel at home.

So far I have given a plain statement of fact. The most difficult part of my task remains: to indicate the wider significance of this experiment, and to do this judicially whilst my heart is continually calling me to qualify statements in this interest or that, for some of the best of what I had to give has gone into the work, in close fellowship with young and old. These Meetings are more than Meetings to me: they are groups of Friends whose difficulties and joys I have been permitted to share.

I desire to make clear the fact that I look upon the experiment as a success; and that I believe that the experience of these ten years will enable still more successful efforts to be made in the future in this and allied fields of work.

The changed and changing times demand work of this character. When Fox began his missionary journeys many well-qualified men and women responded to the message he preached and gave their lives for its furtherance. Among them were gifted preachers, capable organisers, and, locally, substantial folk who became the "Pillar Friends" of the new movement. All these had earned a reputation with the public for character and gift. The Quaker yeoman or statesman farmer was able to free himself for itinerant work, and the daily demands on the man in business were not such as to cut him out from detailed service of the church.

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This service became the one great objective of the lives of these Friends. If in one sense the service seemed exclusive, it certainly included all helpful social duties. The conviction that God was present in human life opened out the heart and mind to the needs of the individual and the State, and quickened existing effort in these directions.

Now, during the last half century, the demands upon the thought and time of business and professional men, and upon all women, have greatly increased, as have the opportunities for citizenship offering to Friends. Even those who endeavour not to "overcharge themselves with trade or other outward engagements to the hindrance of their service," find that in practice they must prosecute their daily work with the utmost vigour —or lose it! They try to realise their deepest religious convictions *in* their daily work, but this means that the life of the church is not as virile as it should be, and its public ministry not as effective. Under present conditions Friends' work is not, and cannot be, a first charge upon many richly endowed personalities among us.*

Whilst our own "retired" Meetings may not be affected adversely by this change in outward conditions, do these admit of our expressing ourselves clearly and with ability through speech and through writing to thoughtful persons who want to know what our message is? Have we the strength to gather together groups of Friendly

*It is useful to consider the provision made by the Churches generally for whole-time and part-time ministerial and pastoral work. The Anglican Church has one clergyman for every 166 communicants. The total number of clergymen and lay workers represent one appointed worker to every 38 communicants. The Free Churches provide one minister to every 228 members. Adding Local Preachers to Ministers, there is one appointed worker to very 28 members.

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people, who will in time, under right leadership, form permanent congregations of Friends? Are there among us those who are able as well as willing to itinerate—who, feeling drawn to meet with different classes of people, can be "separated" for this work?

It seems clear to the present writer that we must discover some means whereby, under the leadership of Christ, controlled by His living Spirit, our Society may have the service of qualified men and women, drawn into the work by living concern, and continuing in it not in any "professional" or formal way, but by the natural compulsion of the Spirit of God. Such Friends should be free to move about as way opens, and they should possess the character and gifts necessary to a great forward movement. As stated later on, the present writer holds that the Society would be acting rightly if it were to make possible a service of this nature by providing (with adequate safeguards) the financial assistance necessary in most cases.*

Among our available forces for this work we shall at once think of several individual Friends who are, however, already more than full of engagements: the teachers in our Boarding Schools (who often in the past have been among our most gifted vocal ministers); Friends in connection with the Home Mission and Extension Committee, which body is serving the Yearly Meeting in increasingly helpful ways; lecturers for Woodbrooke and the Adult Schools, and the Wardens and lecturers of several non-resident Settlements. The last-mentioned give valuable help locally and nationally. Some of these could be more at liberty

*Consult "Work and Maintenance of Vocal Ministry" in *J. S. Rowntree: His Life and Work.*

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if Friends would dispense with certain central and local Committees.*

Then—and I want to emphasize this—there are our Extension Secretaries and the members of Extension Committees. Coming back to the experience of the last ten years, I believe it can be said that in the Quarterly Meeting described the existence of the Extension Committee has largely solved *in principle* the problem to which I have referred. That it has not done so *in practice* is, I think, due more to lack of response among Friends and Meetings than to deficiencies in the plan and carrying out of the work, although, of course, these have occurred.

In the opening out of Extension work, a group of enthusiastic persons is the first necessity. This group must be added to by natural processes, and should then separate off small groups for special or local work. Homes might be used as centres for group operations. From the beginning, the plan of work should include places where no Meeting Houses exist, and where it may not be desirable to build them. Friends should work

*The tendency to increase the amount of Committee work required from executive Friends is increasing yearly, and calls for careful consideration. It is obvious that if Friends who are qualified for leadership are urged to undertake an increasing amount of Committee work in London as well as in the provinces, their power of taking an active part in the work of the ministry, especially as this calls for the visitation of centres in different parts of the country, will tend to grow less. No modern development should be allowed to sap the power of prophetic utterance among us. Three practical ways of dealing with this question may be mentioned here: co-ordination of work which would allow of the amalgamation of two or three Committees; the laying down of certain Committees whose best work has been done, and whose present concern could quite well be delegated to some newer organisation; a reduction in the size of Committees.

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largely through homes as they did in the seventeenth century.

Success will be in proportion as we are constrained by the spirit of Christ within us, impelling us to service for His kingdom. As individuals we have been lacking in conviction, power, and devotion, and as a church in missionary spirit.

In her last illness Elizabeth Fry said: "Since my heart was touched at seventeen years old, I believe I never have wakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve my Lord."

The ideal the Extension Committee has before it is the formation of groups of those who "love Jesus and try to do the things which He commands." Continually the effort should be made to develop gifts and a feeling of responsibility in others in preference to the provision of a strong executive undertaking work in all directions.

The reality is too often in unfortunate contrast to the ideal. Some Meetings do not appear to be engaged in earnest work for the Kingdom. The atmosphere is more that of a club than of a missionary church. Some Friends have so little faith in the possibility of realising God's presence in their Meetings that they dare not take a stranger to them. Others value the opportunity of communion so little that they come late with extraordinary regularity, or do not come at all.

My own experience is that meeting in fellowship with one another and with God is one of the greatest helps to a tired brain or body; one of the best ways in which to gain effectiveness for the work of the week; one of the surest methods of wresting jewels out of pain, and joy out

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of sorrow; of finding selfishness laid down, and of adding to the power for service.

One great reason why our membership has not increased is that we have not given the impression in our lives and in our Meetings that we are asking others to join us in a great spiritual movement. To many enquirers we behave as if we believed ourselves to be a small sect, with regulations as to membership designed to make it as difficult as possible for the tender-hearted seeker to join in fellowship with us! We have been sadly parochial in outlook and method.* We want to regain the sense of a universal mission, full of meaning to men faced by the problems of the hour. Our members should be found at work wherever human need exists. Fox preached in country halls, public-houses, churches, prisons, market places, and on commons and the decks of ships. The message of the early Friends affected all departments of life. How many of us to-day have the courage possessed by Mr. Masefield's Quaker lady, who faced scorn and drunken licence in her mission of mercy to all the public-houses in the town?† How many of us are so truly consecrated to the work which Christ is calling upon us to do that, like Martha Gillett (afterwards Braithwaite), we could be found willing to undertake a systematic visit to houses of ill-fame in our towns or districts, and to the gaols?‡ Are the "every-day" implications of the doctrine of the Inward Light both joy and inspiration to us?

All this means that the Extension work of the future should be bigger than a denominational movement. It will, of course, be concerned with

*Refer to report on our attitude to attenders and others in *Proceedings of London Yearly Meeting*, 1915. †See *The Everlasting Mercy*. ‡See *Life of J. Bevan Braithwaite*, page 123.

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the existing Meetings of Friends and with the maintenance of that portion of the discipline which is effective; but, if is it to be successful, it will reach out to all Friendly people of whatsoever class and wheresoever found, and will recognise that Quakerism has a tremendous work before it in striving to bring classes and nations to recognise the presence of Christ in man, with all that this implies; in showing by example the beauty and helpfulness of the ministry of women in all spheres of life; in maintaining the liberty of the individual conscience; in looking to God for clearer light on our business relationships; in "standing for the principle that God deals directly with every soul of man, ever challenging the spirit of men to rest in nothing short of direct personal intercourse with God."* In other words, this principle will have to be worked out along practical lines at a time when large bodies of people are disappointed with the Christianity they know—yet drawn by an irresistible feeling to think and read and speak of Jesus of Nazareth.

If the Quakerism of the future begins with the cross of Christ and continues in a sense of His living presence, it should find its final objective in an effort to redeem the world from the deadening processes of modern life, which breed the warlike disposition in individuals and in nations.

In little groups, up and down the country, and in the corners of our large cities, Extension Committees should encourage study of the meaning of faith in Christ, individually and socially, and help one another in the conviction of a God near at hand to illumine and lead His people. The leadership of these groups should be organised largely out of the product of the Boarding Schools,

*H. T. Hodgkin, in *The Meaning and Message of Quakerism.*

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Settlements, and Adult Schools. Such leadership should be invited from among those who have no present connection with Friends or Adult Schools, as well as from those now associated with the work.

Our existing machinery provides adequately for all needs of organisation, if it is used in a living way. Extension Committees might encourage Quarterly Meetings to co-operate for special purposes, and to use help offered by central Committees in London. Where the honorary service of a Friend in the capacity of Extension Secretary cannot be obtained, I hope that we shall be ready to provide an adequate maintenance allowance. This seems to me as justifiable a proceeding as is the remuneration of a Recording Clerk or a teacher, for the Extension Secretary must be trained, he must spend much time in skilled organising work, and he must be free to serve at times when a business man is engaged. Yet, wherever possible, a professional or business career should be combined with such a secretaryship. In this connection the wardenship of a non-residential Settlement is an ideal part-time vocation.

If this work really comes upon Friends, as a great call from God and the nation, it will be worth while to concentrate upon it. This would involve special training (such as Woodbrooke and the smaller Settlements can give); and it might mean the forsaking of public positions or trade enterprises in which an alien custom or rule often exists, checking our best efforts and increasing the element of compromise in our lives.

In conclusion, there is one warning I would give. If we have set up machinery, or contemplate doing so, my experience goes to prove that this is effective in proportion as it is worked,

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because it *must* be worked by the force of the Divine Spirit impelling us to the task. I have realised that this power is most often and forcibly felt when the mind and heart are exercised over vital issues, helped by contact with inspired personalities.

Probably there is greater danger of encouraging the growth of idleness in ourselves and others from a fear of creaturely activity than there is o developing creaturely activity itself. It would be possible to criticise George Fox on Sewel's description of him, "He kept himself in a perpetual motion, begetting souls unto God," but history records that this itinerant work was remarkably blessed to his and later generations.

I have seen wonderful things happen in these ten years: the young consecrated to the work of the Church by heavenly influences: older companions in service inspired to new tasks. I have seen the results of faith where hamlets cluster under the eternal hills and in places where long rows of houses huddle together shamefacedly by gaunt mill chimneys. I have noticed how greatly money may be blessed when bestowed by those who give themselves with their gift; and have rejoiced in the beautiful service of those who, with no silver or gold, have given what they had in the service of Christ. I have seen family life rendered still more lovely by its admission of others to its healing and inspiring fellowship; and, on the other hand, have marvelled at the power of influence possessed by many men and women with no homes of their own—like their Master before them.

The work calls: Christ calls: new Publishers of Truth are wanted. Who will step out to meet this need?

ERNEST E. TAYLOR.

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THE SINN FEIN RISING:

A Narrative, and Some Reflections.

MUCH has been said, both in Parliament and in the Press, about the weakness of the Irish Government; but what has kept us in Ireland in a state of constant alarm, during several recent years, is not any mere personal or casual weakness, but the apparently intentional and deliberate suspension of all government. We have long known that we were living on the slopes of an active volcano, and that an eruption sooner or later was inevitable; but we had grown used to it, and, as we could do nothing to avert or delay the visible danger, we tried to console ourselves with the hope that, when the crisis should come, it would be found that the necessary precautions to overcome it had been provided.

The Home-Rule Act was not passed till 1914, but long before that event it was a foregone certainty that such an Act would be passed; and in that anticipation the Castle administration has pursued an undeviating policy of *laisser-aller*, dating at least from Lord Aberdeen's accession to the vice-royalty, in the vain hope that by turning a blind eye, and a deaf ear, to all the signs of the times, by ignoring difficulties and evading responsibilities, things could be kept going smoothly, and "nothing would occur" until, on "the appointed day," they should hand over the reins of the brakeless coach to their Nationalist successors, and the Lord-Lieutenant and his Chief Secretary should retire, with banners flying and bands playing, amid the plaudits of the multitude.

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The acute stage of the seditious operations which culminated on Easter Monday last was reached in 1913, when James Larkin with his still inchoate "Citizen Army" defied the Police at the foot of Nelson's Pillar. The Police were ready to grasp the nettle—had it in fact already in hand—and had they then been supported by the Castle in suppressing the syndicalist outbreak, and in the following year in preventing the gun-running exploit at Howth, it is safe to say that the Sinn Fein insurrection of 1916 would never have taken place; but to do this would have been to reverse the Castle policy, and instead of being supported, the Police were disavowed and humiliated, and their chief officers compelled to resign.

I do not think the magnitude and the danger of the late affair have been realised by the English people, and very few are aware how near it was to being a great deal worse. Had the Sinn Feiners on Easter Monday not hesitated at the Castle gate; had they believed the incredible fact that there was no force inside capable of resisting their attack, they had only to march boldly in, and the whole establishment and its precincts were at their mercy, and Sir Matthew Nathan would have been a hostage in their hands. Once in possession of the Castle (which I suppose everyone knows is no fortress; only a collection of reception-rooms and offices), the insurgents would have controlled a large district of the city which, without it, was not within their range, whilst the prestige of such a capture would almost certainly have led to the spread of the insurrection throughout the country.

It is probably known to but few persons in England that on St. Patrick's Day (March 17th) there was a parade—in uniform and with fire-arms

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—of the combined Sinn Fein and Citizen armies, during the carrying out of which Sackville Street was occupied by them, and the tramway service suspended, with the calm acquiescence of the Castle authorities and the consequent inaction of the Police; whilst on a previous occasion a sort of sham fight was allowed in the streets in the neighbourhood of Dublin Castle, with the same acquiescence.

The whole affair affords a ghastly proof of the wisdom of the maxim, so vehemently decried by pacificists; *si vis pacem, bellum para:* one can understand, and some can perhaps excuse, the infatuation of a Government who could stand by and persuade themselves that all this playing at insurrection was only "pretty Fanny's way," and meant nothing; but they must have known that there was at least a chance that, before their graceful exit from the scene could take place, the play-acting might become a reality. Had this contingency been provided against by even a moderate force, properly distributed and efficiently armed, it is highly probable that the rising would never have taken place, or at all events, that it would have been promptly quelled. It seems incredible—though perhaps no absurdity should be incredible in Ireland—but it is positively asserted, that the whole force available for the defence of the Castle consisted of seventeen men, and that those seventeen had only ten efficient rifles amongst them; and this was the state of things in face of the extraordinary fact that, from time to time, the movements of the Sinn Fein army were advertised in the newspapers beforehand. It is true that a belated notice appeared in the papers countermanding the full-dress parade which had been advertised for Easter Sunday. It

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is hardly credible that this was sufficient to lull the suspicions of so alert and efficient a body as the Dublin Metropolitan Police; but it seems to have been accepted by the Castle as a sufficient assurance that no disturbance was to be apprehended, and the officers of the garrison were allowed to absent themselves from the city on Easter Monday, at Fairyhouse races.

It is worthy of notice that, a short time before the outbreak, there was circulated through the country—in the now familiar German manner—a bogus circular, alleged to have been surreptitiously abstracted from the Castle, purporting to convey a set of instructions for the purpose, as was alleged, of disarming the Volunteers, and for the seizure and occupation by the Police and Military of a number of points of vantage in and adjacent to the City, and so "depriving the people of their liberties." The preposterous character of this publication may be judged from the fact that amongst the places named were the Mansion House of the Nationalist Lord Mayor and the Palace of the Roman Catholic Archbishop, Dr. Walsh. Presumably the inmates were in each case to be kept in durance as hostages. This absurdity was no doubt intended to inflame what may be called neutral opinion, and Mr. Ginnell, M.P., at any rate, affected to accept it as genuine, and drew attention to it in the House of Commons.

The plan of the insurgents, which seems to have been carefully thought out beforehand, was exactly of the kind foreshadowed in the bogus circular just referred to as a Castle plot. They were to have occupied, at the outset of their operations, by simultaneous surprise attacks, the Castle, the Post-Office, the Four-Courts, and the five terminal railway stations in the City; and at the same time

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to entrench themselves in Stephen's Green Park, a central space of upwards of 22 acres, the gift of Lord Ardilaun to the City in 1877. The attempt on the Castle failed for the reason already mentioned; but those on the Post-Office and the Four-Courts were at once accomplished, such employees of the former as were not already in complicity with the insurgents being turned out, but without any violence. Supplies were procured by raiding hotels and provision shops in the neighbourhood, promissory notes, at least in some cases, being given for the value of the goods taken, in the name of the Irish Republic; and it is said that when the Law Courts were repossessed by the Military, live sheep and goats were found in the enclosure. The flag of the Irish Republic was hoisted over the Post-Office, whence proclamations and general orders were from time to time issued.

Punctually at noon on Easter Monday the Dublin and South-Eastern Railway Stations, at Westland Row and Harcourt Street, were occupied by a small force armed with rifles and bayonets, who ordered the immediate discontinuance of all trains. The Terminus at Harcourt Street was soon abandoned as not being adapted for defensive purposes; but the Westland Row Station, which controlled the arrival of passengers and military from the mail steamers at Kingstown, was held for a week. The railway works, about three-quarters of a mile away, were at the same time seized, and continued in possession of the insurgents for somewhat longer. No attempt to occupy the Broadstone Station of the Midland Great Western Railway was made until Tuesday afternoon, when, to their disappointment, the insurgents found that they had been forestalled by the

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Military by just half-an-hour. Those of the Great Northern and Great Southern Railways were not captured. A bridge on the Northern line a few miles from Dublin was, however, blown up ; but ineffectively, only one line of rails being cut, so that the traffic was continued by working the single line. On the Midland Line a bridge was more effectively damaged, making it impossible for the crowds who attended the Fairyhouse races, including several officers of the garrison, to return to town by rail. On the Dublin and Kingstown Railway the use of the line was prevented by the removal of rails, at a point about a mile from Westland Row.

Simultaneously with these strategic operations a number of houses situated so as to command the streets by which military reinforcements might be expected to arrive were occupied by select detachments of snipers. In some cases empty houses were seized for this purpose ; in others the residents were either turned out or confined in the basement rooms. Amongst the premises thus occupied were the two corner houses at the foot of Sackville Street, East and West, which commanded the principal bridge across the river, and several corner houses, and others, on the line of march from Kingstown to the City, as well as some which overlooked Beggars' bush barracks, the Branch of the Bank of Ireland at the North-East corner of Stephen's Green, and many others. The College of Surgeons, on the west side of Stephen's Green, was occupied by a strong body of insurgents, as were also the offices and bakery of Jacobs' Biscuit Factory ; and both these were held as fortified posts till the final surrender of the leaders in the G.P.O. Liberty Hall, a large edifice in Beresford Place, facing the west side of

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the Custom-House, and the head-quarters of the Citizen Army—the grandiloquent title of Larkin's syndicalist union, in which Conolly, one of the ablest, most determined, and least scrupulous of the leaders, was the moving spirit—was another fortified post. For weeks before the outbreak it had presented the strange spectacle of a guard in the republican uniform, and fully armed, parading before the doors, under the very noses of the Police, whose Store Street Station was only a few yards away. From the beginning of hostilities the general head-quarters were in the G.P.O. in Sackville Street.

It does not appear that, in any case where inhabited premises were taken possession of, any violence or insult was offered to the inmates, nor was any wanton damage—that is to say any damage not intended to serve some military object—done to the premises or their contents. Provisions, and sometimes money, were commandeered; but there was no making hay of the furniture and ornaments, such as would have been done by a German army in a like situation. The indiscriminate looting which prevailed extensively in Sackville Street and its neighbourhood, and sporadically in some other quarters, was not the work of the Sinn Feiners, who endeavoured throughout to maintain an effective discipline. On the other hand, there is no doubt that in pursuance of one of their avowed objects, the extermination of every vestige of British Rule in Ireland, they systematically fired on every wearer of naval or military uniform, armed or unarmed, who came within their range; and, of course, as always must happen in this sort of promiscuous street firing, many quite unoffending non-combatants lost their lives by inadvertence. Perhaps

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the worst thing alleged against them, as being the most treacherous, was that of firing from the Post-Office on the officers and men of the Fire Brigade when they endeavoured to cope with the conflagration in Sackville Street.* Considering that to the Syndicalists, who formed the left wing of the allied army, violence, as an instrument of terrorism, is an end in itself, perhaps the self-restraint that was exercised is more to be wondered at than the want of it.

Once the serious nature of the outbreak had forced itself on the apprehension of the Castle the military measures taken were prompt and effective. By Monday evening troops had begun to arrive from the Curragh and Newbridge, and throughout Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, regiment after regiment, chiefly of Territorials, continued to pour into Kingstown from a succession of transports, until by the end of the week some fifty thousand men, with artillery and full campaigning outfit, had arrived in the city and suburbs, and the Commander-in-chief was invested with ample powers for the suppression of the rebellion.

Dublin is practically almost surrounded by two canals ; so that, except on the western side, there is no entrance or exit, to or from the city, without crossing a bridge. These were promptly occupied by military forces and no one was allowed to enter or leave the city without a permit. One unavoidable consequence of the limitation of road traffic

*It is possible that the firing at the members of the brigade was due to a misconception as to their function, the snipers supposing the uniform to have a British or military significance. A railway messenger in uniform was fired at on one of the early days, but when sent out afterwards in plain clothes he passed to and fro unmolested.

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thus necessarily caused, in addition to the restriction of railway operations,—partly brought about by the interference of the insurgents, and partly by military regulations—was that, by the end of the first week, there began to be a serious deficiency of food supplies in many places, particularly in the suburban districts which were accustomed to receive their daily supply of bread from city bakeries, and where the shopkeepers, especially provision dealers, depended largely on wholesale merchants in Dublin for the replenishment of their stocks.

The task before the military authorities was an exceptionally onerous and difficult one. British soldiers are not habituated to the Prussian doctrine that in the service of a Kaiser they should be cheerfully ready to fire upon their nearest and dearest relations; they do not take kindly to the sort of fighting called for in the suppression of civil disorder, and the psychological effect of this reluctance is to produce a kind of nervousness which, paradoxical as it may seem, often leads to serious irregularities, sometimes with deplorable consequences. Moreover, a large proportion of the troops employed were Territorial levies, who had never been in action before.

Again; only a small proportion of the rebel forces were in uniform; many of them only wearing at most a brassard or some such trifling distinguishing mark, (easily discarded at short notice), and, it need hardly be said, having no such alien aspect as would mark them at sight as obviously belonging to the forces of the enemy. Furthermore, the very nature of the street fighting, of which almost the whole operation consisted, is disconcerting and puzzling in an extraordinary degree. Every house along the line of march,

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inhabited or uninhabited, may contain a company of practised marksmen, who fire from behind protecting walls and breastworks ; whilst the soldiers are in the open. In this way, some of the regiments arriving from England were met immediately on their entrance into the city by murderous fire from houses carefully selected beforehand, by which the Sherwood Foresters, in particular, lost, in a few minutes, about as many officers and men as the number of the insurgent leaders executed at the close of the rebellion by judgment of Courts Martial.

Another source of extreme embarrassment, which doubtless lengthened the period during which the insurgents were able to hold out, was in the reluctance to demolish the buildings infested by Sinn Fein snipers. Liberty Hall was very properly destroyed by bombing at an early stage, and at a later period the Post-Office was cleared out in a similar manner, being finally burnt out, leaving the façade and portico and the side walls standing, so that it can perhaps be restored ; but in the case of the College of Surgeons such treatment would only have been justified by absolute necessity, and a continuous rifle and machine-gun firing seems to have been kept up, on both sides, with probably considerably more casualties to the soldiers than would have occurred had they been free to demolish it by shells or bombs. In the same way the loss to the nation by the destruction of the contents of the Law Courts would have been so great that only in the last resort could it have been contemplated. Jacobs' biscuit factory was saved by its very close proximity to the Adelaide Hospital, in which, besides the ordinary patients, there were a large number of wounded soldiers. It is pretty certain that in

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adopting the Bakery as a stronghold, the immunity to be expected from the proximity of the hospital was counted on as a valuable asset. On the other hand, so galling was the Sinn Fein firing from the corner houses at the foot of Sackville Street, making the passing of Carlisle Bridge impracticable without risk of great loss, that it became a military necessity to destroy them, which was accomplished by gunfire from points at some distance on the south side of the river. It is probable that it was this operation, together with the destruction of the Post-Office, that started the fires by which so terrible a devastation was suffered in Sackville Street and the adjacent streets.

One serious blunder was made by the insurgents in not taking possession of the Central Telephone Office. By their failure in this respect they lost an opportunity of breaking the connection between the military authorities in Dublin and those at the country depôts and in England, and so delaying the reinforcements which at once began to pour in. This oversight is remarkable, inasmuch as they were prompt in cutting, both at the Post-Office and at the Railway Station, the main telegraphic connections with the cross-channel submarine cables ; an operation evidently carried out by expert telegraph artificers in the Post-Office service, the main wires specially concerned being selected unerringly. It has been suggested, to account for this strange neglect, that the General Staff in Berlin, when drawing up the plan of operations, assumed that the telephone system, like that of the telegraphs, was centred in the General Post-Office, and would be dealt with there. A simpler explanation has been offered, that the detachment charged with the capture of

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the Telephone Exchange were misled, by false information that the soldiers were already in occupation, and feared to attempt to storm the building, As a matter of fact the operators remained at their posts day and night for several days and rendered very efficient service in aid of the Military.

Whether the plan of operations was in fact arranged in Berlin or not, the complicity of the Germans in the whole scheme is undeniable. The mode of Sir Roger Casement's landing from the emblematic "collapsible" boat, while the shipful of arms and ammunition by which he was to have been supported went prematurely to the bottom, seems to give a ridiculous aspect to his adventure, but there is no doubt that the rank and file were led to believe that not only was Sir Roger provided with a supply of munitions, but that German troops had already effected a landing in Kerry; and they were further fully persuaded that the Island was so surrounded by German submarines that reinforcements could not be brought across the Channel, so that they had nothing to fear except the small force already in the country. It is said that many of them believed that in this state of things they would not even have to fight; that once they were in occupation of the strategic points laid out, the Castle authorities would accept the situation and leave the Irish Republican leaders in possession of the administration. Besides these illusory hopes of German co-operation there can be no doubt that assistance was afforded from Germany both in money and in arms. That these latter were of little value was only to be expected; but they brought additional, and perhaps not wholly deserved, reproach on the Sinn Fein leaders; for the ammu-

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nition furnished for the discarded mauser rifles with which they had been supplied was, according to the evidence of Major Price, "of a terrible character. There were flat-nosed bullets, split bullets; and, in the Post-Office, reverse bullets were found." These are all inhuman devices, calculated not to stop or kill their victims, which is the legitimate function of bullets, but to aggravate the wounds inflicted by them, to render them more painful and more difficult of cure; their use has been condemned by the Hague Conventions, and is even admittedly illicit by German professions; yet they did not hesitate to supply their Irish dupes with them. It is to be hoped that their horrible character was not known to those who used them; but the Sinn Fein leaders, who were mostly intelligent and instructed men, are not entitled to the benefit of such a plea of ignorance. If they knew the character of these missiles they were guilty of intentional and wanton cruelty: if they did not know, they are *ipso facto* disqualified as leaders of any legitimate operations of either war or peace.

Except in the City of Dublin, serious risings occurred in only three districts; in the County Meath near Ashbourne, where a body of Constabulary fell into an ambush, and the County Inspector, the District Inspector, and six sergeants and constables and some other persons were killed; in the county Galway, between Galway and Athenry and Loughrea; a district which has long been a notorious centre of sedition and agrarian disturbance, where also, at least one constable lost his life; and in the county Wexford, around Enniscorthy, where a railway bridge was damaged, and the permanent way cut, and the town was partly occupied by the Sinn Fein Volunteers.

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It is said that an actual outbreak was prevented by a delay in the delivery of a message from the Dublin head-quarters, through which the military were enabled to arrive on the scene before the local leaders had received the instructions, without which they hesitated to act.

In its motives, its purposes, its methods and its results the whole émeute closely resembled the rising of the Commune of Paris in 1871. Both were undertaken at a time of great national difficulty; and, in both cases, a speedy suppression was essential to prevent a dangerous and destructive prolongation of the struggle. If we compare Sir John Maxwell's methods with those of M. Thiers, we shall, I think, see reason to admire the clemency and moderation with which this outbreak, the most dangerous that has occurred in the United Kingdom since 1798, has been dealt with.

It is clear that the whole movement depended for any possible chance of success—as Irish rebellions always have depended—on foreign aid and enemy co-operation: in the words of the Sinn Fein proclamation it was "supported by her [Ireland's] exiled children in America, and by *gallant allies in Europe*," and was undertaken at the present critical juncture, in reliance on the well-known national maxim that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." Had the leaders been men of the practical intelligence without which sentimental aspirations, however virtuous, are of little avail, they ought to have known that the time when the British nation was in the stress of a life-and-death struggle for its existence was the time of all others when the promptest and most forcible measures were certain to be taken

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to suppress a rising avowedly entered upon in alliance with the foreign enemy.

Like many other revolutionary movements, the Sinn Fein Association was, in its initiation, rather literary and philosophic than truculent or incendiary; and its leaders were imbued with altruistic aspirations and a genuine sentiment of the elevating effects, moral and spiritual, of political independence and republican self-government. But the higher the aspirations, and the greater the intellectual and spiritual attainments of the promoters of a popular movement, the greater their responsibilities; the claims made for them in this respect by their apologists seem rather to aggravate the turpitude of their conduct, than to palliate or excuse their action, in instigating an armed and violent insurrection.

> "Treason doth never prosper, what's the reason?
> "Why when it prospers, none dare call it treason."

I would not adopt the converse of Sir John Harington's epigram, and say that nothing can justify insurrection except success. There have been many cases in history in which intolerable oppression has maddened its victims into premature and hopeless revolt; the actors in which have, nevertheless, been enrolled amongst the heroes of their age; but was there any such excuse as this for the Sinn Fein rising? The answer from the practical side is to be found in Mr. Redmond's recent address to the Nationalist party, in which while condemning the outbreak, he enumerates the many benefits which during the past twenty to thirty years, since the passing of the Land Acts, have accrued to the people of Ireland by legislation—and not only by legislation; but by the free local administration

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and co-operation of the people of Ireland themselves.

It needs no recondite examination of Acts of Parliament or statistical returns to prove the enormous improvement that has taken place in agricultural and pastoral Ireland during the present generation.* No one who recollects the condition of the West and South of Ireland thirty years ago, and compares it with that of the same districts to-day, can fail to see that, in every respect, the present aspect of the country and of its people is so changed as to be hardly recognisable as the same. The agriculture is better; the live-stock are better; the houses are better; the people are better clothed and better fed. Instead of the woe-begone, apathetic, ragged denizens of miserable hovels, you now see comfortable looking, well-clad peasantry, for a large number of whom substantial well-built dwellings have been provided by the County Councils. There is probably no country in Europe in which there has been, in the last thirty years, a greater improvement in the general condition of the population of the agricultural and pastoral districts than in Ireland.

Under these circumstances the question is not unnaturally asked, "What good did these insurrectionists hope to gain if they had been successful?" There is no simple answer to this ques-

*It may, however, be worth noting that, during the thirty years 1881 to 1911, whilst the number of families dwelling in houses classified by the Census Commissioners as first-class increased from 57,673 to 77,351, and in the second-class from 403,862 to 576,311; those in the third-class decreased from 443,247 to 222,342, and in the fourth-class from 90,392 to 34,683; also that, whilst the emigration from the United Kingdom in 1913 was at the rate of 10.5 per thousand of the population, that from Ireland was at the rate of only 7.1 per thousand.

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tion. The true Sinn Fein leaders are philosophical and sentimental republicans, imbued with the belief in a sanctity of the principle of national self government which, in their view, is the root of every civic virtue and the only firm foundation of intellectual and spiritual development, or even of economical growth and physical prosperity. This is the significance of their title—Sinn Fein : "ourselves alone"—nothing, they conceive, can be achieved in realisation of their ideals, until we have released ourselves from the incubus of the English overlordship. In furtherance of this purpose they are ready to act on Swift's caustic injunction : "Burn everything English, except her coals," and it was under the influence of this obsession that they treated the mere wearing of a uniform as a challenging symbol, justifying the shooting of the wearer at sight, once their declaration of war had been promulgated.

In the rank-and-file they found a soldiery apt to carry out these behests ; brought up on a sort of gospel of hate, fostered, it is to be feared in too many of the National Schools,—it is to be remembered that several prominent instigators of the insurrection were teachers of intermediate schools or professors in the National University—like that German hymn of hate, the burden of which, "Gott strafe England," has become a by-word.

To make matters worse, and still further to confuse the issues, the Sinn Fein leaders allowed themselves, inconsistently with their own principles, to invoke the alliance of the Citizen Army, formed and led by James Conolly to enforce the syndicalist doctrines of Larkin, the leader, and almost the inventor, of the "sympathetic strike" which, since 1911, has done so much to impoverish the working population of Dublin ; an

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alliance which, while it gave them, for their immediate insurrectionary purpose, a ready and effective instrument, did much to degrade the character of the whole movement: for, while the Sinn Fein Association, however unpractical and visionary, had something of a sentimentally altruistic, and poetical character, the Syndicalist doctrine is purely materialistic and its methods those of violence, absolute, and unconditioned by any purpose save that of the destruction of what is called capitalism, and the elimination of the whole class of employers from the body politic, irrespective of consequences.

The history of revolutions makes it seem certain that had the Sinn Fein outbreak succeeded it would not have been long before the dreamers and the constitutionalists would have been cast aside, and the future conduct of the movement would have rested with the men of violence; just as the Girondins were annihilated by the Jacobins.

On the whole we may answer our question, that the movement had no definite practical object in view beyond the establishment of an Irish Republic —that once gained, its promoters trusted that all the idealised blessings of republicanism would automatically flow from the democratic fountain-head; in this resembling the Anarchists, the Nihilists, and the Syndicalists, none of whom have ever yet thought out their enthusiastic dreams beyond the revolutionary stage, or attempted to give practical shape to the utopian polity to which their revolution was to be the introduction.

Yet the leaders were not wholly without an object which seemed to them to justify a violent effort to give a different direction to the coming reconstitution of Irish Government. The Home-

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Rule Act is, by the admission of its own authors, imperfect; for it was hardly passed before an amending Act was freely spoken of, and even promised. The Sinn Fein thinkers denounce the whole scheme as unworkable and "insulting to Ireland": they want, like the Scottish Covenanters, "a godly thorough reformation," and this they consider can never be hoped for as long as Mr. Redmond's half-baked constitution stops the way.

They are out therefore, first of all, to undermine and destroy Mr. Redmond's influence and party. An initial success, such as they hoped to effect through the surprise of a sudden insurrection, in the unprepared and somnolent condition of the Castle Government, would, they believed, achieve this purpose by winning over to the side of the men of action the great bulk of Mr. Redmond's followers, especially the partly-trained National Volunteers; with this prospect before them, and with the confident expectation of efficient help from Germany and America, they considered the risk worth taking; and we have seen, and are suffering from, the result.

There is not, nor has there been, in any section of Irish people any desire for vindictive or harsh treatment of the defeated insurgents; but, "they that take the sword shall perish with the sword," and a dreamy philanthropy is no sufficient ground for exemption from this penalty. Enthusiasts may be justified in giving their own lives in the pursuit of their ideals, but when they embark on an enterprise, such as the late insurrection, the success of which can only be achieved by violence —and violence on a gigantic scale—they are gambling with human lives and with the happiness and prosperity of their country and its inhabi-

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tants. They wager their own individual lives against those of thousands of their fellows: and when the game has gone against them, who shall say that they are inhumanely treated when they are called upon to pay up the forfeited stakes.

The experience of Easter Monday, April 24th, 1916, enforces, above all other lessons, this; that there is an unsleeping Nemesis which, sooner or later, overtakes every Government which, failing to recognise that the first and most essential function of a Government is to govern, makes default in the performance of this fundamental obligation. It is the more vitally important that this lesson should be pondered by the Democracy to whose as yet untried hands the destinies of these realms have been entrusted; inasmuch as, while the defaulting rulers are often allowed to escape with a mitigated penalty, the full measure of retribution is relentlessly exacted from the misgoverned people.

"Where there is no vision the people perish." The rulers of Ireland have failed to discern the signs of the times; and the people perish accordingly. Must it be always so?

F. W. Pim.

June 21st, 1916.

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APRIL IN A NORTHERN DALE.

To those dwellers in "that restless hive of labour," the industrial part of Lancashire, who live near its northern edge, the adjoining stretches of agricultural country backed by fells and dales afford a welcome retreat for hours of recreation. On a sunny April afternoon, by means of the useful motor-car, a party of us, on pleasure bent, were soon free of the town and in the open country. One can judge of the standard of the agriculture, and consequently of the fertility of the soil, of a district, to some extent, from the hurried glimpses possible from a passing motor. We overhauled a stream of farmers' carts homeward bound after Saturday's marketing, the horses that drew them, and the ladies that drove those horses, being of the substantial work-brittle type that bespeaks good farming. The capacious empty baskets in the carts were doubtless full on the outward journey of butter and eggs, chiefly eggs, perhaps, as poultry-keeping is a marked feature of the district. A sure sign, too, of land well treated, with at least a fair share of natural fertility, was to be noticed in the condition of the sheep and cattle, the latter being pure 'shorthorns of a uniform type, very different from the nondescript beasts too often seen further south, especially near large towns. A glance at the geological map, showing broad tracts of the new red sandstone and millstone grit formations, leads one to suspect that the addition of lime to the soil would be advisable. Liming land, though as necessary as ever, has largely fallen into disuse, witness the

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frequent occurrence of half-ruined lime-kilns, the usual plea being that the process is now too expensive. But here, with northern thoroughness, the farmer sees that it is not neglected, and the small white heaps ready for spreading were constantly seen on both arable and pasture.

Alighting from the motor by a bridge spanning a small river, we passed through a farm-yard to pursue our way up the dale on foot. At once all the glamour belonging to a mountain stream was upon us. A pair of grey wagtails rose from our feet with their distinctive cry for "physic," to alight and pick their way daintily along the margin across stream; two dippers dashed past in all the glory of nuptial dress; chiffchaffs and and their cousins, the willow warblers, were singing in the alders, fresh arrivals from southern climes seeking out "in woods and fields the places they love best"; stretches of pebbly river deposit were covered with the curious leafless flowers of the butter-burr. Sure signs of spring, but the trees are still bare; only here and there a larch tree shows a slight mantle of tender green, for some subtle reason, before its fellows. On more open ground was another migrant bird, the wheatear, and a week since we were fortunate in seeing ring ousels, still earlier harbingers of spring, on their way to stone-strewn uplands.

Geology here is interesting and instructive. The lower and more open part of the dale consists of deposits of glacial drift; the river easily cuts a broad and rapidly changing course through this soft conglomeration of mud and stones, and old river banks, now high and dry, are ranged on either side. The terraces between these banks, being alluvial river deposit, are flat and level, in striking contrast with the higher ground, where

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the surface remains much as the glacier left it, and presents the curious hummocky appearance so typical of ice-action and moraine heaps in mountain valleys. The formation here is mill-stone grit, and though not so fertile as when they occur on mountain limestone, these moraine heaps carry excellent pasture and a very varied flora, and show the importance of the mechanical as well as the chemical nature of the soil to agriculture. A little higher up the dale the stream has cut through the drift and carved out a narrow bed in the underlying solid stone. Stranded in midstream a glacial boulder, with its corners smoothed and rounded, contrasts well with the banks of angular stratified rock.

The two mills that we pass were once, doubtless, indispensable factors in the life of the country-side, but their importance lies with the past, and they now advertise themselves as tea-gardens. The dale now becomes steep and narrow with well-wooded sides, where tree-felling, stimulated by the present high price of timber, is making considerable clearings. A southerner notes the frequent occurrence of the sweet cicely (*Myrrhis odorata*), a highly aromatic plant reminding one of anise; wood anemones carpet the ground, marsh marigolds brighten the moist places, daffodils and primroses are not infrequent, but the latter miss the heavy calcareous soil so dear to them. A little searching reveals the earliest blooms of wood sorrel, dog violet, and bluebell, the last-named so soon to carpet the woods with sheets of shimmering blue. A striking and beautiful leaf is that of the lady's mantle (*Alchemilla vulgaris*); a plant often found with it, the water avens (*Geum rivale*), is not yet visible, but we are told is there.

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Leaving the stream, we now mount rapidly to where the motor has been brought to await us on high ground. What a contrast with the sheltered dale! The few trees to be seen are stunted and wind-swept. Dry-walls commonly divide the fields; but hedges are to be seen and the farmers follow the excellent plan of mixing beech with the more usual "quick" or whitethorn. The gnarled beech stiffen the hedge and their brown leaves make it more useful as a shelter in winter, both important points on breezy uplands. There is a change, too, in the bird life. Peewits are conspicuous with the dashing swooping flight and peculiar notes that tell of eggs or young on the beneath them. The curlew's note attracts us, and, looking up, we catch a glimpse of the bird as it makes for the distant purple fells that recall his kind, and grouse and golden plover. Pipits rise before us, and in a reedy corner is a reed bunting easily identified by his black head. In winter, when he has lost this distinctive feature, and when he also forsakes the swampy regions of his birth in favour of sheep-folds and cultivated fields, he has puzzled many an ornithologist. But we are now rapidly falling on to lower ground and before us lies a forest—of chimneys.

HAROLD EVANS.

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THE BEECHCROFT SETTLEMENT.*

In speaking on this subject it would be easy to paint a picture of Industrial Unrest, the ominous stirrings of which, volcanic in their intensity, would excite your interest and your fears; but that is not what I am here for. I am here to plead for a new crusade, a recovery of the Elizabethan spirit of adventure, which will have for its object the exploring of the undiscovered and unknown tracts of the mind of man, and the colonising of it with new interests, new ideas, and new hopes.

These great untilled fields lie close to our very doors, in the large industrial areas of England. In them you may find the shipwrights, joiners, miners or textile workers, but they are not the places, pictured by Walt Whitman, where the most noble cities stand.

I will ask you to visit one with me. There are the usual sordid features, congested areas, and bad housing The ethical influences are practically nil. Less than one per cent. of the men go to Church. The local press is filled with little but war news, and the circulation of the two best labour weeklies can be counted with the fingers of the two hands. The public reading rooms are closed, and 3,000 of the elementary school children roam the unswept streets for the half of each day, because their schools have been lent to the military authorities. In this area there are 11,000 Trade Unionists, members of 71 Trade Unions, and an unusually large proportion of casual labourers.

*Address delivered at London Yearly Meeting, May 26th, 1916. Inquiries should be addressed to the Warden, Beechcroft, 15, Hollybank Road, Birkenhead.

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It is an industrial section of the community very like that of any other large town. At one end of the scale one sees overwork and strain reacting to low forms of amusement, desire deteriorating to drink and vice, and ambition limited to a mere rise in wages. At the other end are high wages, and men eager for knowledge. These men know that Labour numerically has great power, but that it does not know how to use it. They are anxious to learn how to guide their fellows wisely, and the best of them are mortally afraid of mob rule. Underneath all is a real unrest, and the danger of a jolt which will bring down in ruins the industrial fabric upon which the material wealth of the country depends.

Some such background is the setting of the Settlement at Birkenhead, and the question at its opening, two years ago, was how to reach, how to influence, how to touch the heart and mind of the mass of this great industrial population.

The first efforts were to develop and deepen the two movements which have for their definite aim the education of the democracy. I refer to the Adult School Movement and the Workers' Educational Association. Provision was made for the three men's and the three women's Adult Schools by means of a teachers' preparation class, week-end lecture schools, and a permanent centre for committee meetings and the like. As to the W.E.A., the Settlement is so closely allied with it that confusion exists in the mind of the public as to their separate identities. One Tutorial Class for women, a preparatory Tutorial class for men, two groups for the study of International Relations, a Local Government class which was attended by an alderman, three labour councillors, and five Trade Union organisers, French, Botany,

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and Debating Classes, an excellent series of Saturday popular lectures, and several study circles for women made the Settlement a hive of activity.

This was all useful work, but the fringe of the industrial population was only being touched, and the next attempt was to get into closer relationship with the Trade Unions. One class of 24 lectures, on the Rise of the British Empire, was formed for, and well attended by, engine drivers and firemen, and another course of six lectures on Industrial History was given to railway guards. These two sets of men, bitterly hostile in their trade organisations, met on Sunday afternoons, under the same roof, though in separate rooms, and a triumph was achieved when a deputation from one class visited the other and invited them to hold a joint Lecture School. This school has been held, and a very happy occasion it was.

But two Trade Unions are not 71, and time was passing. It seemed a slow process to get into touch with each one separately, and an attempt was therefore made to establish friendly relations with the local Trades and Labour Council. Thanks very largely to the help of the labour leaders, an experimental Sunday Lecture School for the members of the Trades Council was held. This consisted of two lectures, sandwiched with tea and a sing-song, and was a great success. Similar schools have since been held monthly during the winter, with such speakers as J. A. Hobson, A. E. Zimmern, G. D. H. Cole, Arthur Greenwood, and W. Mellor. The subjects have been mainly industrial, but in July we celebrate one of the centenaries of the year, with Professor Oliver Elton lecturing on Shakespeare.

It would overreach the time if an attempt were made to tell of the effect of these lectures; suffice

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it to say that they are being widely discussed in the Trade Union shops, and wherever two or three Trade Unionists are gathered together. A glowing account of the Settlement appears in the Trades Council Annual Report; and one of the students, a Trade Union organiser, nearly lost his job as secretary because, in a trade dispute only a week or two ago, he refused to resort to violence. It is satisfactory to note that, by the peaceful path of persuasion and discussion, he eventually satisfied all parties.

The Women's work is also worthy of special note, for during the winter there have been twelve afternoon Study Circles, with attendances ranging from 10 to 35, and many evidences go to prove that the place as a centre of fellowship and learning means much to the women. While the mothers are studying Industrial History or Literature, or taking part in Ambulance and Cooking Demonstrations, the babies are having a thoroughly happy time in the nursery with the toys provided for them.

One other side of the Settlement's activities might be mentioned, the Christian Political Fellowship. This is a group of men drawn from the membership of both the Anglican and the Free Churches. It meets quarterly, and discusses social and political subjects in the light of the teaching of Jesus.

Great help has been given to the Settlement by members of the staff of the Liverpool University. All the lectures, with the exception of those of the Tutorial Class, have been given voluntarily, and indeed the whole work of the Settlement has been a leisure time occupation for the Honorary Warden and his wife, added on to the ordinary work of the day.

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Such, in brief, is an outline of the work done. And what of the need that it is attempting to meet ?

England in war-time is like a large tract of gorse land which has been devastated by fire, leaving the landscape charred, blackened, and desolate : but here and there are a few patches of life left, vivid with fresh green and gold. Some of these centres of intellectual and spiritual life are in the middle-class districts of our towns, but the urgent need is for more oases in the big industrial areas. Such can these Settlements become. One can picture a new England remoulded and revitalised by such centres dotted up and down the land, with at least one in every centre of manufacturing activity, and organised by whom you will.

There is no reason why such Settlements should not be founded both by the Universities, and by the Trade Unions in conjunction with the Co-operative Societies ; and best of all, by such a body as the Woodbrooke Council, which has behind it a spiritual dynamic. But it must be a Council big enough to have for its aim not merely the serving of Friends, but the making of England.

Such work, however, needs men and women. Many of those who are at home while Europe is in flames, or who have relatives and friends suffering in prison, are looking for opportunities of service that shall be positive and constructive. Here is a new missionary campaign, a crusade for the uplifting of the minds and the deepening of the spirit of the workers of England. It is an opportunity thrilling in its possibilities, and one which, having once seen, it is not easy to disregard.

HORACE FLEMING.

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THE HERTFORD QUAKER TRIALS OF 1664.

THE passing of the Military Service Acts and the developments arising therefrom have caused many Friends to turn once again to the early pages of the history of our Society, to re-read the records of persecutions, trials, and imprisonments for conscience sake which our forefathers endured with such fortitude. As we read the accounts of the 17th century trials it is borne in upon us how little the world has advanced in an understanding of the position of the conscientious objector on religious grounds. To-day, under the Military Service Acts, the Tribunals are repeating, unconsciously it may be, the mistakes of the judges and magistrates who acted as the instruments of persecution under the Conventicle Act of the 17th century. The ancient borough and county town of Hertford was the scene of two famous trials in the year 1664, of which particulars have come down to us in the form of two pamphlets printed in that year under the editorship of William Stout, a well-known Hertford Quaker, who himself suffered frequent imprisonments.

The Quaker message was first published in Hertford in the year 1654-5, James Nayler being the bearer. George Fox followed shortly after, and he revisited the Meeting on more than one occasion. A considerable body of people allied themselves with Friends and before long a large and influential meeting was established in the town. At first the meetings were held at private houses, but in the year 1670 the members joined together and built a Meeting House of their own.

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That the work of construction was well done is witnessed by the fact that Friends at Hertford still gather Sunday by Sunday to worship in the same Meeting House. Tradition points to a carved oak chair in the waiting room as the seat which George Fox occupied on the occasion of one of his visits. If there be truth in this, it may well be that both William Penn and John Woolman occupied that self-same chair at later periods, for records show that they both visited Hertford Meeting.

Turning now to the particular subject of the trials of 1664, the first pamphlet in chronological order is inscribed on the title page as follows :

> " A true, short, impartial relation, containing the substance of the proceedings at the Assize held the 12th and 13th day of the month called August, 1664, at the town of Hertford (Orlando Bridgeman being Judge), chiefly with and against nine persons called Quakers ; as it was then noted and observed first in short-writing. Printed in the year 1664."

The opening paragraph of the report indicates that there were " many others who are called Quakers " in custody in addition to the nine specially mentioned. " The others had the oath of Allegiance read to them, and because they would not kiss the Bible and swear, were returned to prison again, where some of them had been prisoners some years."

At the onset it looked as though the nine would be acquitted by the Grand Jury, who on the first day of the Assize did not agree in their verdict, and on the following morning brought in the verdict of " Ignoramus." It is interesting to note in passing that the indictment was to the effect that the nine Friends had been present at an unlawful meeting " under the colour and pretence of religion." Those who apprehended them ad-

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mitted that they heard no words spoken, nor did they see Friends "do anything at their meeting but sit still."

The action of the Grand Jury put Judge Bridgeman on his mettle. Standing up and speaking with heat, he addressed the Jury after this manner: "My masters, what do you mean to do? Will you make a nose of wax of the law and suffer the law to be baffled? Those that think to deceive the law, and suffer the law, the law will deceive them."

Thereupon one of the Jurymen said, "that it concerned them to beware, and be well satisfied what they did, for they were upon men's lives, for what they knew." This hesitation on the part of the jury to bring in a true bill confirms the impression that there was a considerable amount of local sympathy with the Quakers, and that neighbours did not relish sitting in judgment on one another in the matter of religious beliefs. But this was not the mind of Judge Bridgeman, who replied to the juryman: "I desire not their lives, but their reformation." How often has this been the excuse for persecution, both by Governments and Ecclesiastical Courts?

After the troublesome juryman had been upbraided as "not being purged from his old dregs," the Judge gave the Grand Jury directions for finding a true bill, which they at once proceeded to do, "at which the Court seemed well pleased."

On being charged, the Friends pleaded "Not guilty," for, as one of their number added, they had "transgressed no just law." Thereupon the Judge reminded them that they had been "twice convicted already upon record," and added, "if you are found guilty by the jury this time, I must

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pass the sentence of transportation upon you. Now, therefore, you shall see that we do not desire to strain the law to the highest severity, neither do I believe that was the aim of the law makers, to be severe; but for conformity. If you will promise that you will not go, or be at, any more such meetings, I will show you this favour, as to acquit you for what is past."

The Friends replied: "We can promise no such thing." So a jury was called and the trial proceeded.

The Judge's charge to the jury contains some strange reasoning, of which the following is an example. Referring to the character of the meeting at which the Friends were taken, he said: "My masters, you are not to expect a plain, punctual evidence against them for anything they said or did at their meeting; for they may speak to one another though not with or by auricular sound, but by a cast of the eye, or a motion of the head or foot, or gesture of the body; for dumb men may speak to one another so as they may understand each other by signs; and they themselves say that the worship of God is inward, in the spirit, and that they can discern one another in spirit: so that if you find a belief in your hearts that they were in the meeting under the colour and pretence of religion in their way, though they sat still only, and looked upon each other, seeing they cannot say what they did there, it is an unlawful meeting, and their use and practice not according to the Church of England."[2]

Later in his charge, the Judge asserted that the said Conventicle Act was "not a law against conscience, for it doth not touch conscience at all, as I confess some other laws do, which enjoins coming to Church, and some other things, but

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this law leaves men's consciences free (so they do not meet)."*

In considering the verdict of guilty brought in by the jury against these Friends, it should be remembered that the trials at Hertford took place before Penn and Mead had vindicated the rights of English juries at the famous trial at the Old Bailey in 1670. In a small country town the presence and words of such a noted Judge as Orlando Bridgeman would naturally inspire awe among the simple folk who would form the juries in these cases.

The sentence of transportation beyond the seas having been delivered, the Judge made one last effort to show mercy to the Quakers. Addressing them, he said : " Now I have one thing to acquaint you with, that if you and either of you will pay down here into the Court an hundred pounds before the Court ariseth, you and every one of you shall be discharged and clearly acquitted for what is past."

Whilst one agrees that the Friends concerned did right in refusing this bribe, one cannot but feel a good deal of sympathy for the Judge, who as servant of the law, was called upon to perform a distasteful function in sentencing to transportation nine worthy countrymen of his own ; men not guilty of felony as that term is generally used, but of faithfulness to the dictates of conscience.

*William Stout, the editor of the pamphlet, deals with the Judge's pronouncement on conscience by two pertinent footnotes : (1) If that law (the Conventicle Act) is not against practices performed in a conscientious duty to God, then it is highly perverted by the executors of it. (2) How doth the law leave men's consciences free when it's their consciences to meet apart from those places called churches, where drunkards, swearers, etc., meet ? And how are his former words contradicted therein.

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The names of the prisoners under sentence were Francis Pryor, Nicholas Lucas, Henry Feast, Henry Marshall, Jeremiah Herne, Thomas Wood, John Blendale, Samuel Traherne. John Reynolds was acquitted as he was not actually taken at the Meeting, but in the street near to. Some of these Friends bear names well known in the annals of the Society of Friends. Nicholas Lucas seems to have had regular meetings at his house in the early days. Contemporary records indicate that he also had a house in the village of Tewin, about five miles out of Hertford. The family of Lucas occupied the mill there for many years.

In summing up the results of the trial, the writer of the old record addresses his readers as follows: "And now let all sober and moderate people consider such proceedings and the end of them, and wherever there was such a president [precedent] especially among professed Christians, as that innocent people or persons should be sentenced to transportation or banishment for innocently sitting together in silence (waiting upon the Lord) when no evil or injury against any man's person nor any unlawful act could in the least be evidenced against them, so as they are sufferers for worshipping of God without any colour or pretence for any evil design whatsoever. In which case we must only appeal to the Lord God of heaven and earth (by whom men's actions are weighed) for justice and right, which we cannot have from men."

History repeats itself. Two and a half centuries later the enactment of compulsory military service has revived the issue Friends had to face in the 17th century. From the Tribunals Friends have obtained much law but scant justice, and the conscientious objector is forced back to "an

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appeal to the Lord God of heaven and earth for justice and right which he has not obtained from man."

The second pamphlet which deals with the Hertford trials is entitled :—

> "Second relation from Hertford containing the unjust proceedings of some called Justices there at the General Quarter Sessions upon the trial of one and twenty innocent persons called Quakers for a pretended breach of the late Act. With an account of the most material passages between the prisoners and the Court, the 3rd, 4th, and 5th days of the 8th month, 1664. Whereby it appears that meeting to worship God in spirit and truth is the great crime for which they are under so grievous a sentence and that whatever is pretended by those that love the title of justice, yet in very deed they hate justice itself, as by these proceedings appears. By W. S."

It will be noted that the proceedings this time were before the General Quarter Sessions. The Chairman of the Court was one Henry Chauncy, the famous historian, whose delightful record of the annals of the county of Hertford forms one of the literary treasures of this period. Two other well-known county names appear on the list of magistrates present, Viscount Fanshaw and Sir Brocket Spencer, Bt.

The Friends were tried in batches of four at a time. They were charged with unlawfully assembling under the colour and pretence of religious exercise, some at the house of Thomas Baldock of Baldock.* and others at the house of Nicholas Lucas in Hertford. All the Friends pleaded not guilty, one of their number, Thomas Burre, adding, "unless it can be proved to be unlawful to meet in the name of the Lord."

*Readers of George Fox's *Journal* will remember that Fox called at Thomas Baldock's on one of his visits to Hertfordshire.

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When asked how they would be tried, the Friends replied, "By the witness of God in our countrymen's consciences." Thereupon a jury was called, sworn, and charged. The trial followed the usual course of such trials. No evidence was forthcoming that the Friends had uttered any words or done any act whilst assembled at their worship. One of their number, William Burge, said he had frequented meetings at Baldock for seven years. On being interrogated as to why he met there, he replied, "Because the Lord God of heaven and earth required me, and my eternal salvation was upon it, if I disobeyed the Lord, and therefore if I suffer, I suffer for obeying the Lord."

Viscount Fanshaw here interposed with "Where doth the Lord command or require you?"

W. B.: "In my heart and conscience."

Viscount Fanshaw: "That is the light within you, but your light is darkness and a melancholy vapour of the brain, and leads you to one thing one day and another thing to-morrow, and I know not what the third day, so you change every day."

W. B.: "I desire that the light may not be villified."

Viscount Fanshaw: "You have broken this law (meaning the late Act), which is not to hinder you from your religion, but to hinder you from your Meetings; and you are not to meet."

W. B.: "If men or laws command one thing and the Lord requires another, which should I obey?" Unto which the Court returned no answer.

Among the second batch of prisoners was a Friend named Richard Thomas, who was a member of the town corporation and also, I believe, a

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magistrate. His name figures prominently in the early minute books of Hertford Monthly and Quarterly Meetings. That he was a man of good education, with a thorough understanding of the law, is evidenced by his bold stand before the magistrates. He debated legal points with his judges with determination and acumen. Whilst reading the accounts of these trials I have wondered why it was that a man with the power and personality of Richard Thomas did not figure more prominently in the general councils of the Society. That he was a pillar of strength to Quakerism in Hertfordshire local records fully testify.

Viscount Fanshaw appears at the trial in the role of both judge and public prosecutor. He evidently belonged to that class of which we have seen examples on the Tribunals, that utilises temporary authority to bully rather than to administer the law with equity. In Richard Thomas he met a man who knew the law as well or better than himself. Some light is thrown on Viscount Fanshaw's connection with the Conventicle Act, by the statement made by Richard Thomas. Addressing his lordship, he said with quiet sarcasm, "I think thyself shouldest understand the intent of the Act, in regard thou wert one of the principal promoters of it in the House of Commons." Then followed this interesting exchange :

Viscount Fanshaw : "That's more than you know."

R. T. : "It's credibly so reported."

Viscount Fanshaw : "Come, to the point, you have met there at other times for religious exercise, and therefore for that end you met there then."

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R. T.: "That doth not follow; you sometimes meet at the Bell in Hertford to proportion assessments—do you always therefore meet there for that end?"

Viscount Fanshaw: "When we meet at church (which you call the steeple-house) we always meet to worship God."

R. T.: "Not always so, for sometimes there are visitations kept there, etc. But, however, I am upon my trial, and the matter of fact done there should be proved by witnesses against me, and not supposed and imagined."

Henry Chauncy (interrupting): "Set him by."

R. T.: "Jurymen, the indictment should be grounded upon the late Act, and the matter of fact should be proved against us, or else you ought to acquit us, for you are judges of law and fact."

H. Chauncy: "They are of fact but not of law."

R. T.: "Yes, they are of law, as well of fact, and that may be proved."

H. Chauncy: "The wise, judicious, and worthy Judge Bridgeman was of the opinion. That if any person shall meet with others, above five in number, at such houses which are the common meeting places, and can give no good account what they did there, there is a presumption in law, and not only a presumption, but a violent presumption. And they say that they meet in the fear of the Lord to worship Him in spirit. This they confess."

After this the records were read. The jury brought in the usual verdict of guilty and the next batch of prisoners were charged. All alike met with a similar fate and sentences of transportation were duly passed.

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The story of how the authorities attempted to carry out the sentences on the Friends brought up at the first of the Trials at the Assizes is told in a third pamphlet, also issued in 1664 under the following title :—

> " A true and impartial narration of the remarkable providences of the living God of heaven and earth appearing for us his oppressed servants called Quakers, Nicholas Lucas, Henry Marshall, Jeremiah Hearn, John Blendall. Francis Pryor, Samuel Traherne, and Henry Feast," etc., etc.

Space will not permit of a detailed account of the remarkable providences, but briefly narrated, they were as follows : William Edmonds, gaoler of Hertford, was instructed to treat with a shipmaster for the transportation. He made terms with one Thomas May, of the ship called "Anne of London." Thomas May agreed to take the Friends on payment of five pounds per head to the Barbadoes. The Friends were escorted to the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate. Here the shipmaster met them, but on his finding they were not ordinary passengers, he refused to take them on board. Persisting in his refusal, the Friends were removed by their gaoler to a " dark house " and there locked up. Meantime the King's Secretary was interviewed. The gaoler Edmonds then took them to Ratcliff, where they were forced into boats and taken to the ship, where the mate received them in the absence of the captain. On the shipmaster coming on board, he tumbled the Friends back again into the boats, and their goods after them. On reaching shore, one of their number, Samuel Traherne, returned to Hertford, where he was promptly apprehended and sent to prison for seventeen days.

The shipmaster having at last agreed to take the Friends on board, they returned to the ship

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and sailed as far as Deptford. Hereabouts rough weather was encountered, and the vessel was driven back to Limehouse, where the friends were again ordered ashore and then aboard, after which contrary winds prevailed and little progress was made. In all this the Friends saw what they believed to be the hand of the Lord. The writer of the pamphlet tells us that "many other ships, with the same wind, tide, and time sailed by us quite away down the river," and adds, "This sign surely is to be minded by all that acknowledge and know the living God who the winds and the seas obey."

Finally, at Deal, the shipmaster put all the Friends on shore with this certificate :—

"Whereas there were seven men called Quakers, brought on board my ship called the Anne of London, by William Edmonds, gaoler of Hertford (to wit), Nicholas Lucas, Henry Feast, Henry Marshall, Francis Pryor, John Blendall, Jeremiah Herne, Samuel Traherne, all of which have continued waiting upon my ship from London to Deal from the 14th day of September last, till this day : And I seeing Providence hath much crossed me hitherto, whereby I perceive that the hand of the Lord is against me, that I dare not proceed on my voyage to carry them, they being innocent persons, and no crime signified against them worthy of banishment; and that there is a law in force that no Englishman shall be carried out of his native country against his will, and also my men refuse to go the voyage if I carry them, which will be much to my hindrance, men being very scarce by reason of the long continued press. For these reasons, therefore, and many more, I will not carry them. These are therefore to certify any person or persons that shall question them, or any of them, that they did not make an escape, but I put them on shore again to go whither they please. All this is certified under my own hand this tenth day of November, 1664.

THOMAS MAY.

Witness hereunto—

JOHN BANCKS.
HUMPHREY BIGGLESTONE.
JOHN CLEMENTS.
THOMAS HOLLYMAN."

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This action on the part of Thomas May is another indication of the sympathy extended to the suffering Quakers by the common people. The milk of human kindness was not dried up in those far-off days, and when it was seen that Friends were honest, industrious people, and that there was no evil intent behind the doors of their meetings for worship, public opinion came round to their side, and the Government was compelled to use less harsh measures against them. Still, many of the Hertford Quakers who escaped transportation to the West Indies spent long years in prison in their native town. Of one of these worthies, Henry Stout, it is recorded :—

"He was the first called a Quaker who suffered imprisonment in Hertford gaol, for the testimony of the truth; where his sufferings were great, the prison windows being shut, that he might not have the benefit of air or the light of day. After that he was released of that imprisonment, he was a prisoner five times more in that town of Hertford, the last of which he was sentenced to banishment, and continued a prisoner nearly eight years to the great detriment of his health, being often put into the common gaol, which trial the Lord carried him through with much patience, contentedness and quietness of mind, he being given up to the will of God."

SAMUEL GRAVESON.

Hertford, June 10th, 1916.

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A FRAGMENT.

PEACE reigned, and lo! therewith was lethargy,
The semi-sleep of satisfied ambitions,
Nor wrong nor right in startling form was there.

As 'neath the sky is seen the mass of sharp-lined clouds,
So men's affairs were dark and large enough forsooth,
And loom-ed real before the great unknown
But moved with quiet measured majesty
Within an orbit, seemingly, defined, till Death,—
New-pulsed, gigantic, sped to fearful flight
By man's own sacred, burning, zest of life
That saw in war, a fitting price, if payment must be made,
When thought did counter thought, to yield seemed false,—
Then beat his wings among the clouds of men's affairs;
And passing to and fro on pinions vast
He took control as ne'er before, and seemed the God,
The very God of all, the near, the ever present,
New descended o'er the whole expanse of states,
As when the storms of thunder and of winds
Control the heavens and the earth in darkness,—
And yet but far beneath the vault of heaven,
Whose wondrous light shines, brighter, purer, more serene
When caught through riven curtains black o'erhead,—
The footstool merely of the throne of God.

And so hath Death in majesty new clothed,
Raised eyes to search the far beyond,
Which in the wonted light and shade of daily life
Ne'er looked from earth and things thereon,
And through oppressing darkness, find new light;
The living God above the frowning form of Death.

Peace reigned, and fairly grew the cultured things of peace,
The brotherhood of men, and altruistic rule,
Flowers of a favoured soil, tilled with patience, love, and care,
And many other sown by church in gardens walled;
And of this crop and tending, was not the God commensurate?
A God of peace, of gentle winds within the gardens,

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With but this charge, endowed with aims most accurately gauged
And in minutest detail alterable by man's request ?
Till Death with awful flight above the gardens came,
Not well-accustomed Death, he of the fore-doomed toll on life
Permitted by the Churches' God of peace, but rampant,
Fed on warfare, black winged, and all o'er shadowing.

Then, in amaze thereat, of Him, a new conception grew,
A God, of harmony of universal rule, the peace triumphant
Of force in balance held, to work an unknown destiny,
No more a deity conforming to the needs of garden peace.

Traverse the star-space by thy thought,
Seeing no end,
For farthest orb by fancy caught
Doth message send
Of farther realm beyond—the infinite,
Where worlds and void succeeding blend in night.
Closed portal of the throne of God.

Mirror a star-ray in thy soul
And thou shalt find
Some knowledge of the mighty whole
Suffuse the mind,
Though dark and vast the intervening space ;
And from afar and from thy lowly place,
Unblinded see the throne of God.

E. L. P.

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THE CHRISTIAN IDEALIST AND GOVERNMENT.

"Finally, let us not forget that we are disqualified, as Christian idealists, from taking at this moment the helm of the State ourselves. If a consistent Friend were invited at this time to be Prime Minister or even a member of the Cabinet, he would be obliged to decline. He could not carry on the war, and he would not be permitted by the nation to refuse to carry it on. We are not fitted at present to administer the State, and must leave it to others of different views. Therefore, for the moment, and before the complex of evil in which human affairs are entangled, we ought not to block the administration to which we cannot provide an alternative. We have perforce left the task to others."—"*Resistance to the Act,*" *by John W. Graham in The Friend.*

The paragraph quoted occurs in an ably-written article, the purpose of which is to put forward certain "counsels of moderation" in regard to opposition to the Military Service Act. To this particular subject, however, it is not intended to refer here, but only to the conclusion at which the writer arrives.

Herein is involved the practical question of the position of the Christian Idealist in relation to Christian citizenship. How far is he able as a member of an organised community to dissociate himself from the responsibilities of the maintenance of the nation and its Government? It may be noticed that the writer specially emphasises the point that it is "at this moment" that the Christian Idealist does not feel himself capable of taking the "helm of Government." It is certain that at no previous period in history has such a

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possibility presented itself; but if the reiterated phrase implies the expectation that the opportunity is likely very speedily to arrive, he is more sanguine than most of us feel able to be. Well may "the wish be father to the thought." But the visions of the Idealist can only be fully realised in an ideal world, and there is much to be accomplished in the evolution of nations before such a devoutly wished-for consummation can be reached. Even in the scheme devised by a Peace Idealist for a "League of Nations,"* provision is made for "joint action in repelling an attack made by an outside power or group of powers upon any members of the League," and this by "force of armaments." Of course, William Penn's time-honoured *Holy Experiment* will be cited. But in reading the unvarnished history of this, perhaps the most fascinating and lovable of Quaker worthies, it is easy to see that even under the exceptionally favourable circumstances of the case, his paternal Government was a failure, and within thirty years of its establishment the dear old Idealist was tired of it and was anxious for an opportunity to relinquish his sway to the British Crown.

The position in which the Christian Idealist leaves us, therefore, is this. He theoretically and conscientiously objects, *toto cælo*, to the methods of the Government for the maintenance of the safety of the Realm and the Empire, but is hopelessly bankrupt as to an alternative. It is true that it is asserted by some that they believe that divine protection would be vouchsafed even in the event of (apparently) an immediate national disarmament. Let us examine the logic and consistency of this attitude and, be it said, with

**Towards International Government*, by John A. Hobson.

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deepest reverence for divine things in the truest sense. Surely if the appeal be made to divine interposition in the great things, why not in the less? Would the conscientious ship-owner feel free to sail his ships to-day, did he not know that they are safeguarded by the guns of the British fleet?

How many even amongst the mightiest in faith will leave their front doors unlatched and their office safes unlocked to-night? Or if a burglar should enter the house or an assault take place in the street, who would scruple to call a policeman? If one were not sufficient to afford protection, then two—or twenty—or two hundred. If ordinary methods of force would not avail, batons must be drawn or even more lethal weapons still.

What is the Christian Idealist's alternative in such a case as the recent Irish rebellion? If ever there has been a genuine attempt to "overcome evil with good" it has been exhibited by the British Government of late years in its relations with the Sister Isle. There was no grievance to account for the outbreak but only an implacable and treacherous hostility. Could any other means be suggested for its suppression, other than the employment not only of civil but military force?

To attempt to discriminate by a distinct line of demarcation between these two forces in the realm as some endeavour to do, is the purest casuistry. The fact is that no one really believes that public order and safety can be maintained, save by a reserve of force, and its exercise, if need be; rulers must be a "terror to the evil-doers," and the Idealist, like everyone else, takes the full advantage of these conditions. The

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measure of force needed to be exercised is only limited by the measure of resistance to be overcome.

Let us pass on to a vaster consideration, the all-absorbing question of the time. The circumstances will be stated as briefly as possible. The great Empire of Germany has for the past forty years been aspiring to become the dominating power of the world. Especially during the latter part of this period her methods for the accomplishment of her ambition have been more and more definitely developed. Military force, ruthless and overwhelming; the open avowal of an entire disregard of the rights and independence of nations so far as they stand in her way; the official repudiation of treaties; the claim of justification to employ any and every method, however barbarous and inhuman, are all in her programme. These are not merely the principles of the military caste, they have been studiously inculcated into the very life of the nation. It is idle to speak of the Germans as "simple, kindly folk like ourselves," though perhaps until within the past two years many of us had never realised it was otherwise than true. Let those who still cling to this charitable belief read *Degenerate Germany* and Prof. Morgan's official report, *German Atrocities:* but I warn them that they must be prepared for horrors almost beyond human imagination. We know, too, that the massacre of a million Armenians by the Turks was connived at and approved by their German allies (see Lord Bryce's report). Again, we positively know without the possibility of gainsaying, that it was part, and the major part, of the scheme of Germany that the whole power of the methods I have mentioned, should be brought to bear against

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England. "England is to be annihilated." Most of us probably never dreamed of such a possibility, but we know it now. It is sometimes asserted by "pacificists" of a certain type that England is as bad as Germany; "six of one and half-dozen of the other." They do not attempt to prove it, and confine themselves to ignoring facts. Far be it from me to attempt to justify everything England has done in her history; there are, alas! many sad pages. But the loyal attitude of her colonies and dependencies and of practically all neutral nations of the world at the present time is at least a recognition and a proof of the general justice and wisdom of her government.

In a marvellous measure it has been "righteousness that has exalted the nation."

But, it may be urged, What of England "threatening" Germany? True, she had a mighty navy, but it could not sail to Berlin! With our extended coast-line, our world-wide colonies and vast mercantile marine, the Fleet is the equivalent of our front-door bolts and bars. England possessed a Regular Army of 170,000 men! Literally a "contemptible little army," in view of any continental war. A study of the politics of the last few years convinces us of the honest and persistent attempts of the British Government to come to a better understanding with Germany and to work towards a mutual agreement as to disarmament. The efforts of our Foreign Secretary to maintain peace during those tragic days early in August, 1914, are well known to all of us. War was the last thing desired or looked for by the nation. With all these facts in view well may the Christian Idealist say he is not prepared with an alternative. *There was no alternative.* A war of aggression or

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aggrandisement may well be open to condemnation, but no reasonable or fair-minded critic can possibly attribute such motives to England in this war. Honour and justice towards other nations and her own very existence as an Empire were at stake. This was the problem the Government had to meet almost at a day's notice, and for which the Idealist offers no solution unless it be—let all be sacrificed! The determination of Germany was set, everything had been long-prepared, all details were minutely settled, even to the utmost "frightfulness."

Belgium, first; then France; then—England; and the same measure for one and all. With these impediments out of the way the rest of the world would be comparatively simple; Germany would at last be the World Power. Is this a step towards the blessed consummation of the Idealist? The demands of the Government now are, as multitudes believe, a call "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Millions "among the people have offered themselves willingly." J. W. Graham's moderate counsel is, "as a piece of political action, not to clog the machine." but there are some who, while they may not "clog," are not willing to help. There are others, too, whose principles would permit them to prevent by violence an honest workman from performing his willing duty to his employer, should he refuse to join in some Trade Union strike. They might even batter him to death. But their consciences now revolt at the idea of compulsory service for their country or the "liberty of the subject" being interfered with. Truly Friends have found some strange associates. Let the Christian Idealist disabuse his mind of the impression that his fellow-country-men who fail to grasp the prac-

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ticability of his position are blood-thirsty militarists. They, too, are inspired by high ideals and acknowledge humble allegiance to Christ. But they think they see, dimly and confusedly perhaps, even as John the Divine (the Apostle of love) foresaw, that even the horrors of this war and these torrents of blood and of tears, are themselves leading on towards the coming of the Ideal Kingdom, the New Heaven and the New Earth. In his vision John beholds in the opened heavens, the Faithful and True who "in righteousness doth judge and make war." The King of Kings and Lord of Lords comes forth to "smite the nations and treadeth the winepress of the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God."

With all their faults and failings; their misunderstandings and wrong doings, He may, through all this tragedy, even now be employing human agents to bring about the ultimate triumph of His Kingdom on earth.

W. CLARKSON WALLIS.

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PROFESSOR SILVANUS THOMPSON AND HIS MESSAGE.

I.

"We who were at school in York imbibed, perhaps, a considerable amount of culture from the softening influence of York Minster, that glorious architectural relic which dominates our city as its central feature." These words were spoken by Professor Silvanus Thompson at the opening ceremony of the new school buildings at Bootham in 1902. He always had a deep affection for that ancient city. There in 1851 he was born, there he went to school, and there his father was for 33 years a schoolmaster. Under the shadow of that great cathedral the boy grew up to young manhood and dreamed his first dreams of fame. There too he learned the lessons of industry and application as well as the observation of nature, faculties which served him well in later years.

From York School he went to the Flounders Institute at Ackworth to train for the teaching profession. He took the London B.A. in 1869, and became a junior master at Bootham, studying in his spare time for a Science degree. After passing the first examination for such a degree while teaching at York he gained a scholarship at the Royal School of Mines at South Kensington, and came up to London to work under Huxley, Guthrie, and Sir Edward Frankland. He lived in lodgings in Chelsea, and attended the old Westminster Friends' Meeting

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House in St. Peter's Court. In 1875 he passed his B.Sc. degree, being first in the honours section that year. In the following year he paid a visit to Heidelberg and heard lectures by Bunsen and Quinke, and there too he acquired his facility in speaking German.

"Silvanus and I were much of an age," writes Alfred Kemp Brown, "he a trifle younger, and both of us in his father's class in the Lower Room at Bootham for a time. He was never a popular boy somehow; perhaps his being a day scholar prevents one remembering so much of him as one otherwise would. In the Senior Class (1866-7) he took a good place; if I remember right when we both left York in the summer of 1867, he was third (James Baker and Bob Taylor, both since deceased, being above him). I sat next him and came fourth ('longo sed intervallo'). I suppose the 'Observer' or other annals of Bootham would show what his schoolboy literary output was in those days. His father was a botanist; no doubt he profited much by Edmund Wheeler's periodical lectures on science and possibly to him he owed his interest in scientific subjects.

"At the Flounders his capacity for work was enormous, but he never shone in games, was no cricketer or athlete. I find from the Bootham Register that he was Science Master there from 1870-5. His lessons at York were admirable, illustrated with diagrams prepared with his special artistic talent. What I chiefly remember of him was his absorption in Good Templar work; he became a member not only of the local lodge, but of the District Lodge, and later of the Grand Lodge. He often talked to me of the question upon his mind, whether he should give his life to Good Templarism or pursue a scientific career, and I believe the office of 'Grand Worthy Chief Templar,' or the candidature therefor, was rather pressed upon him. However Science carried the day.

"Both at the Flounders and at York I remember the spirituality of his convictions in religious matters, and his interest in any little private talks or gatherings that may have taken place among the students at Ackworth or the junior masters at York. But what I am chiefly thinking of belongs to a rather later time, when his exceptional insight into scientific law might well have led him, as others were led, to abandon the faith of his early years, and to tread in

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the footsteps of Huxley or Tyndall. His early training and associations had moulded and fashioned the development of his character as a youth, but it was, I doubt not, his friendship with Dr. J. H. Gladstone, Professor at the Royal Institution and an eminent man of science, that safeguarded his allegiance to the Christian faith during his years of study in London. Silvanus used to tell me, I remember, of his frequent visits on Sunday afternoons or evenings to Dr. Gladstone's private house; the latter was deeply interested in the conflict then raging between science and religion, and was a member of the Christian Evidence Society."

Silvanus Thompson became lecturer on Physics at the University College at Bristol, and was appointed to the chair in that subject in 1878," the same year in which he took the degree of Doctor of Science. Thus he found himself at the age of twenty-seven a college professor in his chosen subject, with a broad path of opportunity and usefulness lying straight before him. He set to work with a will both as a teacher and writer, and rapidly built up a great position. He was nine happy years at Bristol, and they were among the most constructive of his life —immense industry combined with rare gifts of mind bore fruit a hundredfold. In 1881 he married Jane S. Henderson, of Pollockshields, and thus began "a wedded life of singular beauty, which gave a background of peace and harmony to all the varied interests and activities of his life."

In the early days of electrical engineering Professor Thompson thus achieved a foremost place not only as a scientific expert but as a literary exponent of his subject, year by year adding to his reputation. His removal from Bristol to London in 1885 to become the Principal of the City and Guilds of London Technical College at Finsbury and Professor of Physics and Electrical Engineering in the same institution,

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gave him a large field of influence. Electrical science was emerging as a separate branch of engineering, and as Professor Coker writes, "Thompson was one of a very few brilliant young men who grasped a unique opportunity to establish its principles on a thoroughly scientific foundation, a work shared in by Professors Ayrton and Perry, both of whom were connected with the foundation of the Finsbury Technical College." In those days Finsbury was almost the only place in London where instruction in electrical engineering could be obtained by evening students, and the College was soon crowded with young men attracted by the lectures of rare fascination which Thompson delivered. "His bearing was most dignified," writes a student of 1888, "and he maintained perfect discipline and order without any apparent effort. I should say we had three or four lectures a week from him. They were always pure joy and marvels of lucidity. He possessed the power of exposition in an extraordinary degree, and his experiments too were almost invariably successful. From Finsbury I went to the Westinghouse Electric Company at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and found that Silvanus Thompson's name and fame were just as good in America as here." It was at Finsbury that Professor Thompson fulfilled the promise of his early days. He was head of it for thirty years, and throughout that long period his influence spread not only through his own profession but all over the world as professor, original worker, expert adviser, author—a steady growing influence, an influence for thoroughness and good workmanship, an influence of truly educational value bringing forth both fruit and seed. More than once he was invited to occupy high positions in

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the academic world, but he resisted all temptations and stuck to his college—a rather dark, dull college in a dull part of London—and there he climbed the steep stairway of fame and poured out his life and wonderful gifts through the long day and far into the night, ungrudgingly, for the devoted students who came from all parts to sit at his feet. It was a hard and heavy task, and it slowly but surely wore him out. Faithfulness, integrity, courage, and a consuming love of science carried him through to the end, and he died at his post. Yet he had his reward—rich, full, and enduring.

II.

Among my happiest recollections of Professor Thompson are those associated with the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. He became a member the year after he came to London, and began to lecture there in 1891, the same year in which he became a Fellow of the Royal Society. It is almost safe to say that every scientific man of eminence, or of any original claim to distinction, is invited at some time or other to discourse at the Royal Institution. It has existed for a century as the home of the highest kind of scientific research and of the best and most specialised kind of scientific lectures. Here the Quaker physician, Thomas Young, worked at the undulatory theory of light; here Sir Humphrey Davy first showed the electric arc lamp and invented the safety lamp; here Faraday laboured for nearly 50 years; here John Tyndall carried out his investigations into radiant heat; here Frankland, Odling, J. H. Gladstone, Dewar, Lord Rayleigh, and the Thomsons handed on the torch of chemistry and physics. It is a wonderful place, a library, a

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club, a college, and a learned society all in one; rescued from ruin by the brilliant youth Humphrey Davy, re-established by Faraday, and adorned and supported by the giants of science ever since. Professor Thompson's research work was not carried out there, but there he moved among his scientific friends in his happiest hours, there his fertile mind expanded in a congenial atmosphere, and there he delivered many of his brilliant lectures and became one of the first leaders of science in his day.

The Royal Society and the Royal Institution did not absorb by any means the whole of the time, very considerable in the aggregate, which Professor Thompson devoted to various learned societies. He became in turn the President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, the Röntgen Society, the Physical Society, the Optical Society, and the Association of Illuminating Engineers. He was member of a large number of similar societies at home and abroad, and as life went on he received many marks of academic honour. He was made an honorary Doctor of Medicine (M.D.) of the University of Koenigsberg, an honorary Doctor of Science (D.Sc.) of Bristol University, and an honorary Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) of Birmingham University.

III.

The most interesting part of his home in Hampstead was the library. It was a downstairs room, furnished and fitted to be a compendious receptacle of pamphlets and books, severely business-like and scientific in method. Here he stored his wonderful collection of works on electricity and magnetism, a collection to which additions were continually made, and to which

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precious "finds" were carefully brought. It consisted of about 13,000 items, including a few ancient manuscripts relating to magnetism; about 900 scarce magnetic and electrical books and works relating to the early history of the science printed before 1825; more than 2,500 modern works of science and textbooks of electricity and magnetism printed after 1825; 8,000 pamphlets; 1,200 volumes of periodicals and proceedings of societies; 200 autograph papers of eminent scientific men; and 34 previous Faraday MSS. It is hard to say which group of "items" is the most interesting, though it is certain that their learned possessor was able to make any of them of absorbing and transcendent interest whenever he chose. He would gloat over his collection of autographs and do a swap with the keenness of a schoolboy; or he would handle some old manuscript with reverent and even loving care; or he would argue and protest, and explain and declare, that before us and in our very hands was a document which conclusively demonstrated that such and such a much belauded theory of thermo-dynamics, believed of all men, was unthinkable, incredible, impossible! It was this unique collection which often-times furnished Professor Thompson with the material for those delightful papers and brochures, biographical or other, with which he regaled first this learned society and then that. There was one on *Peter Short, printer, and His Marks*; the Boyle Lecture on *Magnetism in Growth*; there were several on Dr. William Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth, who in 1600 wrote "De Magnete"; there were two on Volta, one on Sturgeon, and a biographical dissertation on Petrus Peregrinus de Maricourt, a thirteenth century authority on the magnet and

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the lodestone; and there was the ingenious paper on the origin, history, and development of the compass card entitled *The Rose of the Winds*. Professor Thompson was a brilliant expositor of the mysterious and the occult, and to hear him discourse on the magnet, the lodestone, or the mariner's compass was to be taken into a world of magic. Many of the books in his library were valued not only for their great age, authority, or rarity, but also because of some special interest attached to the particular copy. Here is one with the Aldine Anchor Mark in one of its rarest forms; some belonged to Ampére, Faraday, William Gilbert, Claude Delaunay, S. T. Coleridge, Volta, Archdeacon Barlow, Ridley, and others; some were peculiar or unique in form or substance with something quaint or rare about them which their owner had discovered or understood; and yet others were like dear and tried friends who had led him by the hand on his own upward path of invention or discovery.

As we have seen, Professor Thompson's fame was achieved partly by his contribution to human knowledge, partly by his brilliancy as a teacher, and partly by his writings. His books alone carried his name over the world. In 1881, in his Bristol days, he brought out a book entitled "Elementary Lessons in Magnetism and Electricity"—a work comparable to Huxley's Elementary Physiology—and this became the standard textbook on the subject in schools and colleges, and ran through more than 40 editions and reprints. The latest edition was issued last year. Progress in the development of industrial applications of electricity had been so great in the previous decade that the book was largely remodelled and rewritten—traction, electric light, dynamos, tele-

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graphy, and wireless telegraphy occupied increased space. His daughter, Helen G. Thompson, B.Sc., helped him in this last revision. His other great professional book on "Dynamo-electric Machinery" followed three years later, and has passed through seven editions. These two books established his reputation. In the Bristol period also was published his biography of Philipp Reis, the inventor of the telephone.

IV.

It was in this same period that he first set his hand to the warm advocacy of technical education. In 1878 he read a paper at the Association for the Promotion of Social Science at Cheltenham, and in the following year recounted his experiences of the apprenticeship schools in France and his proposed scheme for a central institution for technical education in England. One of his students writes :—

"Technical education was new and on its trial, much less developed in England than in Germany and the United States, and was in England at any rate looked at askance by the 'practical man.' He was therefore most anxious to demonstrate to each side the benefits of co-operation between science and industry, and he constantly impressed on his students that when we got into the Works we must keep good time, conform to all the rules, and be willing to do any job assigned to us however dirty and disagreeable it might be. But while inculcating the necessity of bearing the yoke cheerfully in the workshop he was also careful to awaken what he called 'the professional instinct' in his students, and as one means to the end encouraged all to become student-members of the Institution of Electrical Engineers and attend its meetings and those of other scientific societies. Such meetings were great times when we saw and heard all the big men of the electrical world."

Thompson was always inspiring when he took up the cause of scientific industry. His wide

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experience brought him endless examples of how to do it and how not to do it, whether in electric work, glass work, or the dye-stuff industry. "Belittle the teachings of science," he would cry, "ignore the expert trained in science; carry on your works without him; if you must pay him, pay him less wages than you pay a fitter; put him under non-technical directors and managers who know no science. Then, when after years of this neglect your chickens come home to roost, and you find the progress which ought to have been made here is made in foreign countries instead, blame the patent laws, blame the lack of protective tariffs, blame the Trades Unions. Blame everything and anything except the chiefest cause—the blindness of manufacturers and men to the truth that *that industry is doomed whose leaders despise and neglect science.* It was so before the war; it will be so after it."

His great books all pointed in this direction. They were not merely theoretical and abstract. They demonstrated the practical application of electricity, and it was in them and out of them that he proved his fourfold policy of reform

(1) To remodel all education in all branches, in order to remove the disadvantages which arise from men devoid of any idea of scientific method growing up into civil and industrial life;

(2) To reconstruct the Universities as centres of earnest work from which idlers and triflers are rigidly excluded;

(3) To ensure that University degrees shall be a mark of thorough training under competent teachers and not mere attestations of cleverness in passing examinations.

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(4) To associate in close and living alliance the industrial enterprise and the scientific laboratory, Industry helping Science, equipping its laboratories and ensuring that they are directed by men of scientific worth and experience.

"We are twenty years behind the States," he said only the other day, "in our appreciation of the importance of science to industry. . . . Until we have made good for backwardness and blindness it will be mostly idle to talk of Great Britain capturing the industries which have been destroyed on the Continent of Europe by the great war. . . . *In persistent collaboration and co-operation of industry with science lies the road to progress.*" This was his gospel of industry and of industrial betterment. He wanted every kind of improved condition for the worker, a fair wage, a good prospect, an old age pension—but most of all *science*, for upon it all things depended.

V.

But to return to his books. After Professor Thompson went to Finsbury three more well-known volumes were issued, namely, his lectures at Finsbury on the Electro-Magnet (1891), Polyphase Electric Current (1895), and Light Visible and Invisible, the popular Christmas lectures delivered at the Royal Institution in 1896. Professor Coker says that "to his artistic instinct experimental work on light appealed with especial force, and it always remained a dominant attraction. His knowledge of this branch of Science, in fact, was quite as encyclopædic as in the electrical field, and one could go to him, as I often did, with some perplexing question, perhaps on polarisation phenomena, or an allied topic, and find in him a

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mine of information." Next to scientific industry he was the persistent advocate of popular exposition of the advances of science. At the Royal Institution, at the British Association, to popular gatherings of working men he laboured hard and with a perfect genius for the task to forth-tell the great messages of science. The same sort of enthusiasm led him into scientific biography, and in addition to many biographical fragments he was the author of "Michael Faraday, His Life and Work," in the Century Science Series (1898), and the authentic *Life of William Thomson, Baron Kelvin of Largs* (1910). Both books reveal not only their subjects but their author. He claimed Faraday as "beyond all question the greatest scientific expositor of his time," and Lord Kelvin as the greatest scientific mind of the nineteenth century. Kelvin helped Thompson in the first stages of the book, but died before it was finished. The two volumes were extraordinarily well done, and from a biographical as well as a scientific point of view. These two books dealt with two of the great men which England produced in the nineteenth century. Faraday was born in 1791, the son of a blacksmith and himself in his early days a bookseller's errand boy. He became assistant to Sir Humphrey Davy and eventually Director of the Laboratory at the Royal Institution. He died in 1867. Sir William Thomson was born in 1824, and was the head of the world of science for many years. He died in 1907. The two men were remarkably alike in many ways, and their anchorage was deep. Silvanus Thompson greatly enjoyed the task of telling the world of their work, a duty which he was doubly well qualified to fulfil. "Indeed," writes Professor Coker, "it was this special combination of scientific

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ability and literary charm which gave him so prominent a place among his contemporaries, and he was almost as well known in the sphere of literature as in that of science."

VI.

Professor Thompson's catholicity of mind and heart revealed itself perhaps most of all in Religion. He had been brought up from childhood after the manner of Friends, and from his earliest days he had lived in a world of evangelical mysticism. He had passed through the normal experience of young Quakers of his day surrounded by somewhat narrow but very kindly influences of an evangelical sort. When he came to young manhood he expressed himself privately and in public in terms consonant with that atmosphere. But as he grew older he found the scientific spirit growing within him and overflowing into the realms of his religious experience. This led to a time of waiting, of doubt, of healthy agnosticism and of self-examination. Out of it he emerged stronger, broader, and more catholic. Indeed it is hardly too much to say that he emerged a prophet. "In the seventies I had it laid upon me," he writes, "to take a relatively active vocal part in meeting [the meeting for worship which he attended at Westminster]. And then it was laid upon me to wait, and to be silent. And though not entirely silent, I waited for something like fifteen years, and found that I had much to learn —and some things to unlearn—in waiting. About 1889 the path began to seem clearer, the call of duty to be more frequently for speech, but with many differences from the previous time." This is the modern way of saying that he felt what is described as "a call to the ministry," a duty to

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preach and forth-tell the spiritual truths of which he found himself the channel or voice. So in the last twenty-five years of his life he became a great exponent of spiritual things. He wrote articles and delivered addresses, one of the first of which was at the Conference of the Society of Friends at Manchester in 1895.*

But others followed, and some were printed.† In 1915 he delivered the Swarthmore Lecture in London, choosing for his subject "The Quest for Truth." He also spoke not infrequently at the Westminster Meeting. He spoke with deliberation and great reserve. There was a fine wideness of vision, studied emphasis, courage and fervour, but also balance, detachment and wisdom. There was no declamation, no gestures, and very little direct appeal. But the effect was wonderful, and the hearers very willing, reverent, and responsive. He would choose a line from Browning, Tennyson, the Book of Wisdom, or George Meredith; or he would dig up from a long dead or hidden treasure-house some brilliant and glistening gem and polish it before our eyes. He would draw his parables and similes from the ends of the earth, from history, science, literature, art, or music, and he would unfold, reveal, and prophesy. He was a seer, and he came to tell us what he had seen—and so all unconsciously, and as if by accident, he became a prophet.

What was it that he had seen? To answer that question would be to furnish a synthesis of a great mind. Without attempting so formidable a task, a few words may be said as to what his

* *Can a Scientific Man be a Sincere Friend?*

† *Christ and Modern Life; Agnosticism and Christianity* (1908); *Intuitional Religion* (1907).

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message was. At the outset we may say that it was broad in understanding and catholic in spirit. Professor Thompson comprehended the meaning of the universality of the spirit. Yet his interpretation of it took a definite Quaker form and within somewhat wide limits it was strongly evangelical. On the whole the way to present it most naturally and historically is to take it in steps, and as far as possible in his own steps. First, then, we must remember that he was a man of science with a keen appreciation of the *scientific method and spirit.* He lived in a world of law and order. The inorganic laws of motion enunciated by Newton, the conservation of energy, the indestructibility of matter, and the principles of thermo-dynamics dominated his conceptions of the material universe. The organic laws of biology—growth, development, heredity, degeneration, controlled his understanding of the forms of life around him. And thus was born within him a grand confidence in the universe and in the unity and ways of Nature. Further, the methods of science—observation, experiment and control experiment, classification of data, deduction, and standardisation of conclusion—were his stock-in-trade. Now it was this scientific spirit and method which first caused him to question and examine the religious dogmas in which he had been brought up, which made him doubt them, check them, and re-examine them, which made him *wait,* and then which, when the time arrived, impelled him forward into new apprehensions not alone of the material but also of the spiritual world. In short, the beginning of Professor Thompson's message is to be found in his own splendid endeavour to find the Truth and in his persistence that each man must for himself thus

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seek and thus find. To be diligent in search, to be accurate, to observe, to experiment, to classify correctly, and to standardise conclusions—this was the grand programme he laid before us in our pathway to Reality. And he seemed to win rather than claim our assent.

The second step in the process was the *testimony against external authority and orthodoxy.* "I have long come to the view," he wrote in 1904, "that orthodoxy—the whole idea of orthodoxy—in religion is a mistake; that we are fashioned differently in spiritual apprehension and in intellect; and that nothing but evil comes of every attempt to make men think or feel or believe in one mould. We are after all individual in our souls as well as in our bodies. Individual conviction leading to *necessary* differences must take the place of all or any creeds. Theological difficulties are only aggravated by argument; they are to be exorcised only by 'fasting and prayer' (or their equivalent spiritual exercises); and the exorcism in my case is ending in the elimination of all 'theology' as a barrier to the true following of Christ." The inwardness of this declaration is obvious. The scientific method and spirit were, as we say, coming up against the current orthodoxy and the ancient authority. The result was something in the nature of a collision. And so Professor Thompson became the uncompromising critic of orthodoxy. He would get hold of half a dozen precious and hoary passages from some ecclesiastical creed and he would slowly and mercilessly dissect them until there was nothing left, summing up his verdict with emphasis:—"an incomprehensible, self-contradictory, metaphysical muddle"; or he would enter into the historicity and philosophy of certain sacerdotal rites and

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ceremonies which in the course of centuries had gathered around and hidden, or at least obscured, the primitive gospel aud character of our Lord.

"Did He say anything about the Compact of the Trinity," he would ask, "or about Total Depravity, or Prevenient Grace, or the Filioque Clause, or Apostolic Succession, or the Symbol of Nicæa, or the correct position at Celebration, or about the Reservation of the Host? If not, how can they form any part of the Gospel He preached? Are they any part of Christianity at all? They are no part of the Christianity of Christ. In view of the Master's own teachings and life, what becomes of the rubbish of the scholastics and the shibboleths of the theologians, and of all the neodoxies and orthodoxies and kakodoxies that have been invented in these nineteen hundred years since His death?"

He would in similar manner ask questions about the Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed, and the Athanasian Creed; or he would inquire as to the rise and fall of churches and synods, of Popes and of Holy Books. He would turn his critical and analytical faculty upon the forms and prejudices of the Society of Friends; or upon the practice of politicians in adhering to worn-out and exploded theories; or upon the iniquity of the Government in following some ancient precedent by which they could not, or would not, recognise the claims of science; or he would plead for a larger conception of University education—all, without exception, part of his persistent and consistent attack on every kind of conventional orthodoxy and pseudo-authority. "There is no external authority," he would exclaim, "which can serve as the foundation of practical religion. If there ever was any external authority it is gone. Man must therefore rest his religious beliefs on some other authority, spiritual subjective, inward."

The third step was positive and not negative; it was constructive, not destructive; it was the bed-rock of his Faith. If there be no infallible

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Church or synod, nor Pope, nor Book, what is there? The splendid answer shall be given in Professor Thompson's own words: "The great fact, the greatest fact in all religious life, the one thing which when all external proofs fall away remains immutable, is the fact of *the divine Immanence in man.* Will God indeed dwell with men on the earth? To that question in all ages the answer has come, in one form or another, in a divine affirmative. God does indeed reveal himself to man. . . . . The dwelling of the Divine Life within the soul of man, illuminating his conscience and quickening his will to follow its dictates, is a primary and elemental fact of religious experience. It existed before a line of our present Bible was written; it would remain if all our Bibles were to be lost. The Eternal, the Immortal, the Invisible needs no book to prove His existence or to demonstrate His goodness." This grand piece of universalism was often in his mind, and a frequent theme of his sermons. It is, of course, the fundamental Quaker doctrine, the profoundest conception of biology, the oldest of all the human faiths of the world, the deepest, most solemn and most potential of all the experiences of the human soul. When Professor Thompson found it for himself he found the Reality for which he sought; the trifling things of life fell away from him; he became a prophet; and the rediscovery or fuller comprehension of this truth was like the touching of his lips with a live coal from the Altar.

But there was a fourth step—one which must be spoken of with reserve, for it had a deep and hidden source—*that the Reality is unveiled by the Christ within.* Speaking in the Yearly Meeting in 1906, Professor Thompson said,

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"we know of no Inner Light but that of the Lord Jesus Christ in the soul. Let us not be the slaves of words. When we talk of the Inner Light we mean nothing more nor less than George Fox meant by the words, the Christ Within; the same that the Apostle Paul meant when he said to certain converts that he was in travail with them 'till Jesus Christ be formed in you.' We recognise no Inner Light that is not an emanation of God Himself. By whatever name we call it—whether Inner Light or Holy Spirit or Christ Within—it is the same thing." Deep down below his philosophy of life there lay an allegiance—a warm, growing, faithful, clear allegiance—to Jesus of Nazareth. In Him he saw the perfect man, the divine incarnation, the Son of Man, the revelation of the Father of the human race, the Evangel. Down to the depths He makes His appeal; out of the depths we cry to Him, and He brings us to the answers of God—that was the Faith of Professor Thompson and that his conception of Christianity and its message. And in Quakerism he found the instrument, the means, the fellowship, for the cultivation and propagation of this gospel.

VII.

The joy of life had a large part in Professor Thompson's days. He did not win the happy leisure for which he sometimes sighed, but the long rest came at last. Work was his dominating passion and the master word. When it was laid aside delightful change took its place, but the change was—more work! He would walk, and the walk was talk, a steady bright clear stream of experiences, hypotheses, or reminiscences. He would whip out his little note book, which he always carried, and enter a *bon mot*, or a happy

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thought, a statistic, a reference, or a quotation. He went through the world observing, measuring, and recording. Every day brought its heavy round of duties, but always the seeking mind and the heart that loves truly on to the close. Never surely was there a man who was more catholic in his charity or understanding. Form and colour, music and song, grand prose, and sublime poetry, wit and rejoinder, the lofty ideal and the splendid vision—he entered into them all and drank deeply. He had, as we all have, some characteristics which were open to misunderstanding; he could be over-emphatic, a trifle severe, hard to please, hypercritical, but deep below it all was kindliness and after it all came sunshine. When he began life in London he joined the Portfolio, the essay meeting of the Society of Friends in the Metropolis. For thirty years he there gave and received friendliness abundantly—charming guest and delightful host—full of ingenuities and contrivances, riddles, and discoveries. He carried much the same sort of atmosphere into the quaint club, *the Sette of Odd Volumes*, of which he became President. His oddship was entirely successful in being as odd as the other oddships, regaling them merrily with oddities. Another of his pastimes was sketching and painting. He began in water-colours when he was 18 years old, and has left behind some nice pieces of Whitby. Then in 1874 he began sketching in Switzerland, and again three years later with Walter Palmer of Reading. He first attempted the painting of glaciers at Grindelwald and the Bel Alp in 1883; but Scotland, Suffolk, Whitby, the Black Forest, and the Rocky Mountains were all tried, and in later years Arolla, Saas Fée, and the Austrian Tirol, and in 1911 and 1913 happy and fruitful

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summer days were spent above Chamounix. The last of those golden holidays was spent in the Dolomites in 1914 when the tragedy of the war began—and he painted no more.

A few short weeks ago the shadows gathered and lengthened, and he heard the Evening Bell. It made him very solemn, and a contented stillness crept over him. But there was no need of supreme regrets, for he was ready, his lamp well trimmed and burning, his day's work done. He could turn at the end of the road and look back over a well spent life—life's race well run, life's crown well won.

> To know, to do, and on the tide of time
> Not to drift idly like the cockle-sailor,
> Whose pearly shallop dances on the blue,
> Fanned by soft airs and basking in brief sun ;
> But to steer onward to some purposed haven,
> And make new waves with motion of our own,—
> That is to live.

G. N.

London, July, 1916.

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SKETCHES FROM FLANDERS (1915).

I.

EASTWARD from Calais we were speeding along the straight white road. The two lines of chestnuts bordering the highway, planted, as it seemed, with mathematical exactitude, each one so many metres and even millimetres apart from its neighbours, seemed to converge in a vanishing point somewhere in the blue haze right ahead. Above us fleecy white clouds were sailing majestically across the blue vault of the sky, and gave us now and then a welcome shade from the hot July sun. On either side the cornfields were gently waving, the ears still green and just beginning to nod on their stalks. Crops—and such crops !—everywhere. Not an inch of ground uncultivated or unused. How did they manage to get the ploughing done, we wondered, and the sowing ? How did they—

Crack ! there goes our offside back tyre. We hear the hissing and squealing of the brakes instantly applied, and the speedometer needle on the dash board drops from 40, where it has been oscillating for the last half-hour, down and down to zero, and we alight, still eighteen miles from our destination and evening meal. But our trusty driver has not forgotten his spare wheel, and we turn to stretch our legs and light cigarettes for a hurried whiff, to find three rustic rugged figures beside us, as if sprung from nowhere. Two old men with stubbly chins and horny hands, and a little twelve-year-old boy are watching us and the car, with shyness, shrewdness, and curiosity

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gleaming in their dark eyes. Gradually drawing nearer and taking courage, the old men indicate in broken phrases their high respect and admiration for all gentlemen dressed in khaki and also for English tobacco. Moved at last to bestow on one of them a pipeful of my John Cotton (medium), I gasp to see him throw his head back and drop the tobacco straight into his mouth. An animated argument follows between him, as he masticates, and the medical man of our party, for and against the hygienic merits of this treatment, but the old labourer insists that it is "bon pour la poitrine," while we clamber back into the car. The rugged, tanned, peasant faces resume their wistful anxious look, as they venture a parting question, "Bientot fini, la guerre ?"

Ah ! wiser than we could not answer you that. Back to your fields, my friends ! This is not the last harvest you will have to reap without your brave sons to help you.

II.

The scene is changed, though still we speed eastward. Still the white level road stretches before us, but not so broad now, and bordered by ditches, marshes, and sandy dunes, in place of the waving cornfields of yesterday. The sky is overcast, and a driving west wind lifts clouds of sand before and behind us. Progress is much slower, for the surface is execrable and traffic more frequent. Motor lorries, parties of foot-soldiers, parties of horse, coming and going, artillery wagons jogging along with deafening metallic clatter. To our left, a mile or so across the tufted dunes, we know the sea lies though we cannot see it.

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Now we slow up to thread our way past a long procession of grey motor wagons with canvas hoods, lumbering noisily along. Each wagon is crowded with soldiers clad in light blue, with their packs and their rifles. What! a regiment of grey-beards? is our first thought. Have they then called out the last reserves? But as we thread our way closely past wagon after wagon, we see it is the white dust of the long road that thickly powders their dark beards, their blue caps, their shoulders, their very eyebrows. Silent they sit, with patient stern faces, while they are being drawn nearer and nearer to the line of trenches which seems to us the boundary of the civilised world, beyond which lies chaos and the unknown.

At last we leave them behind. We crossed the frontier of Belgium some time ago. We press on through one or two small hamlets, with Flemish names over the little shops, and women and children still going unconcernedly about. But soon the road takes us through a straggling wood of young birches, curiously broken and chipped, and some snapped off short; the splintered wood shows white and fresh. Queer-looking mounds and hummocks are dotted about, like huge ant heaps. These are dug-outs.

Then we reach a village which seems deserted, and some of the little brick houses are in ruins, or have great holes pierced in their walls. But no! the place is not quite empty. Round the corner suddenly appears a company marching towards us, with the glitter of fixed bayonets above their heads, and a colour carried solemnly in their midst. We draw aside to let them pass. A bearded officer marches at their head. They have just come out of the trenches. They are marching at attention, tall, erect, bronzed, with

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set faces and stern blue eyes looking neither to right nor left. They are unmistakably men of the sea—short jackets with sailor collars, showing a striped jersey that leaves the muscular brown throat bare to the wind and sun. Blue Tam O'Shanter caps with a big scarlet tassel.

A little further on we approach a town. Our car stops behind a house on the outskirts. From here we must needs walk to the aide-post we have come to visit.

It is only a few streets away. But what streets! Not a man or beast to be seen—heaps of debris, broken bricks and mortar everywhere. Not a single house with a roof left on it. Here and there a whole house-front has been torn away. There hanging in an upper room whose floor has fallen away, is a print of the Holy Family in a gilt frame, and in the ground floor room now open to the street stands a piano open, with sheets of music lying about it.

Suddenly a "Brancardier" puts his head out of the shattered window of the next ruin and exchanges friendly greetings. He emerges to guide us to the aide-post, which we are told is just round the corner beyond the next "boyeau." The "boyeau" proves to be a deep narrow communication trench zig-zagging down a side street which leads to the river a short distance away. Beyond the river and a field or two we see a wood. There is no sign of life, no sound can be heard, but somewhere between us and that wood, which is not more than a quarter of a mile distant, run the front line of trenches, and the wood is in German hands. We find the aide-post, a ruined workman's dwelling with its roof demolished, its windows broken and mended with paper. On the green door which hangs by one hinge, is

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scrawled in white chalk " Poste de Secours," and the number of the regiment concerned. This is where our ambulances find their passengers, but all is quiet this morning, and the house is empty. A French working party is busy moving bricks from one side of the street, a short distance away, to improve its temporary quarters at the other side. The quietness, the humdrum, bored aspect of the workers, contrasts strangely with the evidences of a reckless fury of destruction that must have raged not long ago over this spot.

Suddenly the quiet is broken by the long-drawn, unmistakable swish, high overhead, of a German shell on its course, followed after some seconds by the crash of a burst far away to our rear. Then another, and another. No one seems to notice it, or even looks up from his work. Then silence settles again on this scene of desolation.

III.

Once more a blue sky, and golden sunshine bathing a wide and gently undulating expanse of vegetation. A neat little two-storeyed cottage stands back from the road, among the cornfields. The medical man in charge of this outpost of Quakerism leads us with warm welcome through the little garden, overgrown and untended for a twelve-month, and exhibits with pride the interior arrangements of this " dressing station," the only medical provision for the civilian inhabitants of a wide stretch of country. The sleeping quarters of the small staff, the dispensary, the operating room, are models of ingenious improvisation in bare unfurnished rooms. Confused chalk markings on the doors, half obliterated, indicate successive waves of occupation. Since the rightful owner fled months ago, at the time when the

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neighbouring town was bombarded and destroyed, it is evident that a French line regiment was succeeded by B Company Royal Scots, whose former office is now the operating room of the Quaker dressing station. All the doors are chalked with stern injunctions to wipe your feet in three languages.

Peering cautiously from an upper window, at the back of the house, one's view ranges across a tangled orchard and past a sheltering row of poplars, over a broad stretch of cultivation sloping gently down to a hollow, evidently the course of a stream, beyond which a low ridge forms the horizon a couple of miles away. That ridge is German ground for the time being, and somewhere in the hollow run both lines of trenches. Not a sign of life anywhere, nor a sign of war, except for a gentle popping noise borne faintly on the breeze, now rising in fitful sputtering gusts of sound, now dying down to silence. With field-glasses turned on the row of cottages that break the sky-line of the opposite ridge, one fails to detect the slightest movement or sign of human life. Those houses, one discovers, are in ruins: one of them is roofless, the ends of rafters sticking up bare and twisted. Another shows the sky plainly through a great gap in its walls. But to the naked eye everything seems to lie basking in the sun, as peacefully as a summer landscape in the heart of Warwickshire. The green cornfields show the merest tinge of gold here and there. Again we notice how after a year of war, every inch of land is covered with splendid crops—beans, potatoes, grain, and great patches of hops with their tall poles, and we wonder how the fields were ploughed and sown, and still more how the harvest will be gathered in, on the very battle-

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field. Wonder becomes amazement when some figures come suddenly into the field of our glasses. Between us and the firing line, down towards the hollow, two farm-women, bareheaded, and a golden-haired little child are sauntering across the cornfield.

* * * * * *

As we leave this scene, so strangely dream-like, so different from what at home we pictured, we pass something that jerks us back to reality with a shock. What is this patch of bright new-turned earth? A patch cut from the waving barley-field, close by the road side, apparently for some special purpose. We approach. There is a long low mound, quite unenclosed. Our car passes rapidly, but not so rapidly but that the sight burns itself into the brain. The mound bristles with hundreds of sticks each with a short cross-piece fastened to it, and in a few cases a piece of paper attached. . . . .

Beside the mound runs a long shallow trench, a good six feet broad.

It lies open and ready. . . .

"Bientot fini, la guerre?"

J. Raymond Little.

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CHRISTIANITY AND FORCE.

A PRESENT-DAY scientist has drawn attention to the fact that "properties can be possessed by an aggregate or assemblage of particles (of matter) which in the particles themselves did not in the slightest degree exist."* For example, he says, "A meteoric stone may seem to differ from a planet only in size, but the difference in size involves also many other differences, notably the fact that the larger body can attract and hold to itself an atmosphere. A circumstance of the utmost importance. The earth is big enough to do it, the moon is not."†

This principle holds good with humanity as well as with matter. Society is more *impartial* in its judgments than the individual, and can, in consequence, be entrusted with greater powers. When men by mutual consent incorporate themselves and form a community or state—whether same be large or small—they do so for mutual protection, and they at the same time acquire powers not possessed by individuals as such. This condition of life is called "*Society*," and is obviously a great advance on the original form of government which was *patrimonial*, when the head of each family dispensed justice according to his own sweet will. The succession in patrimonial government was from father to son or to the next

**Life and Matter*, page 73. †Page 72.

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male kin. The social or community form of government was by delegation, and it ended the idea that every man should be the judge in his own cause.

As Wm. Penn quaintly puts it, "*out of* society every man is his own king, does what he lists at his own peril; but when he comes to incorporate himself he submits that royalty to the convenience of the whole, from whom he receives the return of *protection*. So that he is not now his own judge or avenger, neither is his antagonist (if he has a quarrel) but the law in indifferent hands between both." In this society or corporate condition of living, each man yields up some of his liberty but he gaïns more than he loses in the matter of safety. "The safety of the society" (as Penn puts it) "being the safety of the particulars that constitute it. So that while we seem to submit to, and hold all we have from society, it is by society that we keep what we have."

Now it is obvious that society could not exist without laws. These are practically nothing more or less than agreed on rules for government. Government must be in the hands of some ruler or body of rulers. There must be an executive to administer the laws and uphold justice. This executive can only exist and maintain these laws by *force*. From the beginning law has always depended on *force* to uphold it.

There are only two ways in which human nature can be controlled, one is by divine grace in the heart, making it law abiding. The other is by

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the control of law having behind it the collective power of society to enforce same. Every citizen therefore in the first place enjoys the *protection* of the State, and in return he owes *obedience* to it. The State is a divinely-appointed institution, and has been so since the earliest times, and all citizens owe loyalty and obedience to it, especially Christian citizens. Romans xiii., 1-7, is absolutely clear on this point; no casuistry can upset the Apostle's concise instructions in this matter. It is our *duty* to obey the powers by which we are governed, and the only exception to this rule is when we believe that the command of the government conflicts with God's command. This is the point at which there may be divergence, and before we refuse to obey the executive we should be able to give convincing scriptural proofs that its demands are in conflict with the divine will. First, in order to satisfy our own consciences; and, secondly, to justify our action in the minds of other Christian people.

Friends have invariably based their objection to war upon our Lord's commands in the Sermon on the Mount. These are so familiar it is unnecessary to repeat them. I am far from objecting to our taking these commands in their obviously-meant sense as being indicative of the right attitude of Christians towards those who injure them. Possibly in the question of social strife, which in no way differs in principle from civil and national strife, I might object to do things which some Christian people look upon as being quite allowable, *e.g.*, as an employer I have never seen my way to join

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in an "Employers' Federation," and if I was a workman I could not conscientiously become a member of a Trades Union.

Whilst I take up this attitude, personally I have no hesitation whatever in stating my belief that these commands do not apply, and were not intended to apply, literally to State control. The duty of the State is to protect the persons, the liberties, and the properties of its citizens, and to administer justice as between them, and so prevent every man trying to take the law into his own hands. This has been so from the earliest times, and it is a power which the Apostle says is derived from God, *i.e.*, it was of His establishing. Governmental control is derived from God. It is of His establishing. "Justice and judgment are the foundations of His throne." Throne here is obviously only another word for government. Human rule is stable, as it rests on the same basis; and human rule includes the power under certain circumstances to take life. The instructions given to Noah in this regard have never been countermanded, either in the Old Testament or in the New.

Therefore the position taken up by those who condemn the State for quelling disorder and taking human life in doing so, basing their arguments on the Sermon on the Mount, is illogical and untenable. One might with equal propriety say that the children of Israel as a nation had no mandate to exterminate the Canaanites and possess their land, because the sixth commandment declared "Thou shalt not kill." Surely it must

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be clear that the latter command related solely to the *individual,* and simply meant "Thou shalt do no murder." That it could not possibly refer to the community is so obvious it is scarcely worth arguing, for how could the authorities execute a murderer if they considered it an *absolute* command; that is, one precluding the taking of human life under any circumstances.

In this connection most illogical arguments have been advanced by some, differentiating between the police and the military, as if there *could* be any real difference in principle between the two forces. The simple facts are, it is the duty of the State to maintain order. Force of arms is its ultimate compelling power. The extent of the use of force by the State depends on the strength and intentions of the opposing forces of disorder. If batons and mild measures are sufficient, well and good; if not, then it is the duty of the State to take human life if necessary. The Apostle Paul's action is a case in point; when his life was threatened he did not adopt the present diligently-inculcated method of non-resistance, but immediately had the chief captain, Lysias, informed of the proposed attempt on his life. There can be no question here raised as that Paul *did not know* what Lysias would do; the previous action of the latter in bringing what he calls an "Army for Paul's rescue" proves this. Lysias evidently was a man who took no chances, for we read that he ordered an escort for Paul of 400 infantry and 70 cavalry to conduct him from Jerusalem. Comment is needless.

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The fact is we search in vain throughout the New Testament for any evidence to show that either our Lord, John the Baptist, or the Apostles considered it wrong to uphold the social fabric by force. Obviously, if it is the duty of the State to do this, it follows that it is equally the duty of the State by similar means to maintain its just right as against another nation seeking to deprive it of same, and naturally the Christian Church has no scriptural warrant for interference with the State in such case. And incidentally I may remark that the advance in this direction and its extension to decrying and interfering with the efforts of the State to *protect* itself is, amongst Friends as a body, a later *development* rather than an important primary principle of the Society.

The first generally-adopted "*advice*" on record on the subject is "London, 1730." This is to be found in the first *printed Book of Rules and Advices* (Dublin, 1811); the advice in question voices the objection of London Yearly Meeting against Friends being concerned in "bearing arms, or fighting." It was not until 1743, or nearly one hundred years after George Fox commenced his ministry, that the question of Friends "bearing arms" was introduced into our *Irish Queries:* several years after, or in 1758, this was extended to being "concerned in privateers and armed vessels," and in 1761 this was further extended to "the *Militia.*" I myself remember the query very much as it stood in the 1811 *Book of Advices,* viz.:—"Are Friends faithful in our testimony against bearing arms, and being in any manner

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concerned in the militia, in privateers, letters of marque, or armed vessels, or dealing in prize goods."

The 1840 edition of the *Book of Discipline* was superseded by that of 1864, when, as well as I remember, we, following suit with London (which revised in 1862), condensed the above into the single phrase, "our testimony against all war." This period seems to have marked the beginning of our political movement on the subject, one of the greatest mistakes, as I believe, which the Society has ever made. I have for years looked upon this as a degredation of the true Christian idea. A much lower depth has, however, since been reached by some of our extreme modern Peace advocates in joining hands with Socialists.

The early Friends do not appear to have held the strained views with regard to war which are now being urged by some. In 1659, or about ten years after G. Fox commenced his ministry, we find him "telling the Council of Officers of the Army that they had done well if instead of allowing their power to be used for persecution, they had gone to Spain and abolished the Inquisition, or to Rome and broken up the bars and gates where all the just blood hath been shed, you had gone, he tells them, "in the cause of God and His truth."*

In 1693, or 34 years later, we find Wm. Penn, in *An Essay towards the Present and Future Peace of*

*Barclay's *Inner Life of the Religious Societies of the Commonwealth*, page 138.

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Europe, advocating a "European Dyet," or Parliament of representatives of the several European States for the maintenance of peace on the lines of justice. In other words, this European Diet would dispense justice as between the nations in the same fashion as the executive of a single State dispenses justice as between its own citizens. This Imperial Parliament or Diet was to be invested with the power and means, as he says, to "*Compel* submission and performance with damages to the suffering party and charges to the sovereignties that obliged their submission." Wm. Penn had none of the modern illusions about "human nature," for he says "It is so depraved, that *without compulsion some way or other* too many would not readily be brought to do what they know is right."

The Society has gradually slid away from its original position in this matter, and curiously enough, like the persecutors of the early Friends, some of our members now go to the extent of seeking to establish the principle that the church and the State should be co-extensive. In other words, they would oblige the State to carry out in practice what they deem—and, as I have shown, erroneously deem—to have been the invariable teaching of the body on the question of the use of military force.

Coming nearer home, however, it is worth considering the action of Dublin Friends in the year 1739. Rutty tells us in his *History* (page 369, 1751 edition) of "A certain grievous suffering

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(which) befel some Friends on a particular occasion, which was owing to the imprudence of some on the one hand, and the inveterate rage of a party on the other, newly awakened." Shortly, the facts are viz. :—Certain journeymen and servants belonging to some Friends living at Timahoe County Kildare, countenanced apparently by a few of the juvenile members of their masters' families, had what seems to have been a "Guy Fawkes Celebration," with the usual accompaniment of a bonfire.

Notwithstanding that all such things were inconsistent with the declared principles and practices of the Society. The affair was aggravated by "misrepresentations and lies," and Friends were unjustly supposed to have been responsible. "This rabble," Rutty says, "carried their resentment to such a degree of insolence and barbarity, that they first burnt Friends' Meeting House there, and afterwards several of their Outhouses; there was great reason to apprehend that their fury, unless speedily repressed, would have been extended to many other Friends in distant places. Hereupon Friends of Dublin made application to the Government for protection, and personally to the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Lieutenant, whose great tenderness towards Friends on this occasion deserves to be gratefully commemorated, in sending down instantly upon their application, parties of soldiers to Timahoe for the protection of Friends there, in issuing a proclamation for apprehending the offenders, and ordering a Commission of Oyer and Terminer to bring them to

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justice ; which, though it did not succeed, through a defect in, and gross prevarication among the evidences, was such an instance of the countenance and regard of the Government as was of great service ; and the damages were afterwards recovered upon the Popish inhabitants according to Act of Parliament."

This incident speaks for itself. There was no hesitation on the part of the large body of Friends of Dublin in appealing for Government help, and none on the part of Timahoe Friends in accepting it, and Rutty's sentiments are those of gratitude to the Duke of Devonshire and regret that the offenders were not brought to justice. The fact

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is, we look in vain in the original writings of the Early Friends for the latter-day spirit of condemnation of the Government for using force for the legitimate purpose of national defence or the suppression of disorder. Isaac Penington, who was without doubt a well-educated and thoughtful man, whilst maintaining the convictions of Friends with regard to fighting is far from taking up the modern attitude with regard to these two branches of military service. Thus we see the Early Friends held no extreme ideas, and the doctrine of non-resistance as being applicable to national life did not enter into their teaching but was, as previously stated, a development of later times.

In conclusion, I may say that the present position of the various nations is in principle no more advanced than that of the earlier or patrimonial form of government. Then every patrimonial ruler did what he conceived to be the best for his own clan, at his own risk. Now every nation acts precisely on the same principle. Clearly what is needed for the nations is that which Wm. Penn proposed 220 years ago, viz. :— An International Union with a representative executive, to which all national disputes should be referred. Its decisions to be final, with means at its disposal sufficient to enforce submission to its decrees. For without power to compel obedience it is obvious that these decrees would, under similar circumstances to those which now prevail, become mere "scraps of paper."

WM. THOMPSON.

Brookville,
Wexford, Ireland,
July, 1916.

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FRIENDS' QUARTERLY EXAMINER.

No. 200. Tenth Month, 1916.

FROM THE HOUSE OF THE FOUR WINDS. II.

ONE of the delights of the garden is an ancient rookery. And whatever the farmers may say, the rook can be a very nice person. He is big, black, human, and loves a crowd. Nor is he by any means as destructive as some people suppose. We have a large colony and would not willingly part with a bird of it. In the morning they caw us awake, and in the evening they croon us to sleep. What more would you have? And when they talk it is comparable only to the Devonshire House yard at Yearly Meeting. People say the caw of the rook is raucous, harsh, and unmusical. It is a great mistake. Where is there sweeter music than the grand choir of a rookery? Those resting in their nests coo and murmur; those on the wing soar in grand circles in the wide spaces crying and singing of the largeness of the world and of the glory of life. And they sing together and call; and no music or singing is great that is not purposive and united, that is not *calling* us to wonderful things unseen and undreamed of. The unison of the rooks is no mere accident. Of all birds they are most gregarious, sociable among

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themselves, selective and communal. They have their rules of behaviour, of congregation and assembly, of flight, of attack and of defeat. A solitary rook is unhappy, a pelican in the wilderness. They belong to a society of their own, and play and work together, agreeing and quarrelling. like so many noisy children. To this society strangers are admitted with a caution and suspicion truly Quakerly. Indeed, it is well known that birth-right membership holds sway among them, and they behave accordingly.

But they can be naughty and even cruel. A field of ripening wheat or a crop of young potatoes newly planted, is a temptation not resisted. And they will sometimes, in moments of forgetfulness, bully little birds and bag their food ; and worse, they will destroy their own or their neighbours' young, biting their heads off and throwing their bleeding bodies out of the nest. A rookery will soon empty the wood of other birds, save and except game and wood pigeons. They build with the same vigour with which they destroy. The nest is composed of large sticks, cemented with clay, mixed with grass and lined with roots. It is placed in position with extraordinary skill, lightly perched but secure. When winter comes and the north wind blows, the giant branches swing and sway threateningly, but the nest is safe and the rooks are all serene and happy as a sailor at sea. At night a cloud of birds hover and circle over a handful of nests, and slowly one by one they crowd in, closely packing themselves, on top of each other, warm and cosy. No bye-laws restrict their overcrowding, and no inspector other than their own Overseer controls the cubic capacity of their dwelling. Swift and cunning builders, home-birds, companionable, adventurers

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—we speed you forth with gladness in the early morning and welcome you home with thankfulness at sunset, a long line of dark wings over the tops of the trees and against the crimson and gold of the evening sky.

Alas and alack! There came a day this summer when the wood was lone and deserted, and filled with a terrible stillness; no fluttering of wings, no cawing and crooning. What is this silence in the morning light and this empty home in the evening? There is but one answer, another trouble has fallen upon us, *for the rooks are gone.* The War Office have placed a search-light in the adjoining meadow, and its flashing night beams have pierced the wood and driven the rooks from their old haunts to seek a new home otherwhere. Will they ever return?

* * * *

One bright spring morning eighteen years ago I stood in the laboratory of Mechnikov in the Pasteur Institute in Paris. It was a never-to-be-forgotten day, full of wonderful hours. The mighty genius that presided over that great institution had been dead three years, but his spirit was alive and marching on in the hearts of his friends and fellow workers. And two of them were at my side, busy at research work on the outposts of human knowledge, Roux and Mechnikov.

Ilia Mechnikov, or "Elie Metchnikoff," as he was called in France, was born on May 15, 1845, at Ivanavka, the property of his parents, in the Russian province of Kharkoff. His father was a Russian whose Moldavian ancestor followed Prince Cantemir into Russia as "sword-bearer" in the

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beginning of the eighteenth century. Mechnikov is the Russian translation of "sword-bearer." Mechnikov's father was an officer of the Imperial Guard, and retired with the rank of Major-General; his mother, whose family name was "Nevakowitch," was of Jewish origin.

From his childhood Mechnikov showed a strong taste for the study of nature. When he was eleven years old he entered the "lycée" or "high school" of Kharkoff, and at the age of seventeen entered the University of Kharkoff, where he completed his studies and degree-examinations in two years in order to proceed in 1864 to Germany for further biological training. He went first to Heligoland (then a British possession) to study marine organisms, and this was his first step in biological research. From Heligoland he went, in 1865, to Lenckart, who gave him a place in his laboratory at Giessen, where he was then professor. In 1866 Mechnikov followed Lenckart to Göttingen on the latter's promotion to that university. Thence he went for a few months to von Siebold at Munich, and then to Naples. He returned to Russia in 1867 to present his thesis for the doctorate, and was made "docent" in Zoology first at Odessa and then at Petrograd, but after a few months there was appointed in 1870 "Professor Ordinarius" of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy at Odessa. That appointment appropriately ended the first part of his college career. Mechnikov's earliest printed works date back to the days of his student life when he was only eighteen years old, and before he left Odessa in 1882 there were more than eighty separate publications to his credit, almost all of them on zoological subjects—animal anatomy, embryology, entomology, and anthropology.

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In 1868, at the age of twenty-three, Mechnikov married Mlle. Ludmilla Federovitch, a charming girl, who unhappily was attacked by pulmonary tubercle, and in spite of every care and a long sojourn with her husband in Madeira, died there in 1873. It was whilst at Madeira that he commenced his geographical studies. In 1875 Mechnikov married again. His second wife, who has ever since been his devoted companion and active aid both in the laboratory and in literary work, was Mlle. Olga Belocoyitoff. She attended after her marriage the professor's zoological teaching in the university, and has been a valued assistant in her husband's work. At the time of his second marriage Mechnikov was in full and enthusiastic work as an embryologist. He and his distinguished friend Kovalevski, of Petrograd, between 1866 and 1886 laid the foundations and built the main structure of that "cellular embryology" of the invertebrates which has since become a fruitful department of zoology. Kovalevski confined himself throughout his career to embryology, histology, and the morphology of animals whilst Mechnikov roamed widely over the field of nature, and entered with enthusiasm into political and social affairs, deeply interested in reform and betterment, not alone for Russia, his beloved fatherland, but for humanity.

In 1882 after twelve years as Professor at Odessa—when disturbances broke out in the university in connexion with the assassination of the Tsar Alexander II.—Mechnikov migrated to Messina. It was here that his views matured with regard to "phagocytosis," the function of the colourless floating corpuscles (or "phagocytes' as he called them) of the blood and lymph. He published in 1882 a paper on "Intracellular Di-

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gestion," in which he showed that this process goes on not only in animalcules like the amœba, but in the cells of the surface layer (ectoderm) of sponges and in those of the mid-layer or mesoderm of jelly-fishes and of transparent marine larvæ, in which owing to this transparency the living cells and their movements could be studied. This was a great discovery, for, although Haeckel had in 1857 observed the engulfing of particles of vermilion powder by the amœba-like colourless corpuscles of the blood, the fact of the regular and normal intracellular digestion of organic particles by such cells and of the wide, in fact universal, occurrence of the process in the animal kingdom had not been known.

Mechnikov subsequently connected his discovery with Cohnheim's theory of inflammation and with Pasteur's demonstration of the causation of infective diseases by the fermentative activities of various specific disease-causing bacteria and allied "microbes." He wrote a memoir entitled "*The Struggle of the Organism against Microbes*," in which he enunciated the view that the phagocytes have been developed and established by natural selection in the animal organism, chiefly as a protection against invading disease-causing bacteria, though also acting as "scavengers" which remove all intrusive foreign bodies and dead or injured parts of the organism of which they are part. In 1884 he demonstrated the infection of some water-fleas (Daphnia) by a kind of yeast (Monospora) which multiplies in their blood and kills them. Owing to the transparency of the water-flea, Mechnikov was able to watch, and to publish convincing drawings of, the activity of its phagocytes which he saw engulfing the minute parasitic yeast and thus in some cases success-

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fully arresting the disease, though in others the infecting yeast gained the upper hand and caused the death of the water-flea. The zoological studies which had been for twenty years the chief subject of his scientific development were thus the basis of his study of disease. Henceforth he was a pathologist.

* * * *

Mechnikov returned in 1886 to Odessa for a brief time as director of a new bacteriological laboratory, with the determination to devote his life to the development of his doctrine of "phagocytosis." In 1888, requiring greater facilities for his work, he went to Pasteur, in Paris, who provided him with a laboratory in the École Normale, where the great French discoverer was then established. Pasteur afterwards gave him ample laboratories and assistants in the new Institut Pasteur in the Rue Dutot, and here he worked for the remainder of his life, a loyal Russian in the heart of hospitable France. Having, as we have seen, brought his theory of phagocytosis into relation with the Darwinian theory of natural selection and with Pasteur's doctrine of microbes as the agents of disease, he proceeded to apply it further to the recently discovered facts as to inflammation.

With a growing body of investigators who came to Paris in order to work in Pasteur's laboratory, Mechnikov pursued with triumphant success, but not without opposition—especially from the older medical men—the establishment of his views as to the essential importance of "phagocytosis" in resistance to disease. In 1892 he produced a remarkable volume on "The Comparative Pathology of Inflammation," in which he showed that that process is essentially a curative one—namely,

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a local arrest of the blood stream under the control of the nervous system, resulting in the outwandering of phagocytes chemically attracted to an injured spot where, rapidly arriving like an innumerable crowd or army of scavengers, they proceed to engulf and digest tissue which has been killed by injury and to isolate or destroy injurious foreign substances and microbes. According to Mechnikov the bacteria are absorbed by the phagocyte cell and digested by means of ferments (cytases) produced by the cell itself. But the cell cannot act apart from the serum which is its medium; nor can it act at all if the bacteria have time to fortify themselves by the formation of a capsule or the secretion of substances which paralyse the phagocyte. It is, in short, a struggle between the body cells and the invader. Fortune goes to the predominant. The bacteria invade the body secreting their toxins, and producing intoxication; the toxins in the blood stream "irritate" the body cells and phagocytes, which, if healthy, produce antitoxins, which destroy the toxins or absorb the bacteria. Where the bacteria or their toxins predominate disease results, where they are overcome health, recovery and immunity against that disease result. It was a dogma of Hippocrates that the factor which produces a disease is also capable of curing it.

Mechnikov now took up the great question of "immunity." How is it that some individuals are either free from the attacks of infective micro-organisms to which their fellows are liable, or if attacked suffer less seriously than others do? To answer this question is to go a long way to the solution of the great practical question as to how to produce immunity to infective disease in man. In 1901 he published his book on "*Immunity in*

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Infectious Diseases." With that convincing method of argument which he had always used —namely, the production of careful records of experiment, thus setting forth his conclusions and meeting the objections of other observers, step by step—he established the doctrine that it is to the healthy activity of our body cells that we have to look, not only for temporary protection, but for immunity against the micro-organisms of disease. It is the body cells, as we have seen, which act upon the "toxins" or poisons of disease-causing bacteria, and, converting them into "anti-toxins," are the actual agents of immunity.

Mechnikov made two great contributions to the elucidation of this subject. First, he showed that the body is its own defence against invading microbes, the body cells and fluids providing the antitoxin. Secondly, he demonstated the means by which the artificial use of such antitoxic serums might be adapted to the cure of disease. Out of these two facts arose the new process of Serum Therapy. Speaking generally, his contribution to science was larger in conception than is indicated in the term serum therapy, for he demonstrated the unity of biological science and the interdependence of form and structure upon function and purpose, and though a strict seeker of truth for truth's sake, he turned his knowledge always to practical issues and to benevolent ends. His goodness, unselfishness, and gentleness seemed to find in such a goal its only true reward.

* * * *

In the midst of his work on immunity Mechnikov found time in later years to study the bacterial flora of the alimentary canal, originally with the purpose of acquiring further knowledge and con-

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trol of diarrhœa, dysentery and cholera, diseases to which he devoted much attention 1892-1894. In the course of these studies he was led to the conclusion that very commonly the absorption of the poisonous products of the decomposition set up by bacteria in the large intestine (colon) is a cause of ill-health in mankind and promotes those changes in the tissues (the hardening of the arteries and the destruction of the "nobler" tissues, such as that of the brain and great glands) which lead to senility and to an earlier death than would occur in their absence. To check this decomposition he made use of a diet including sour milk and excluding alcohol. These are suggestive, but, at the moment, less conclusive portions of his work. They have attained greater publicity than his work on phagocytosis, inflammation and immunity, owing to the fact that he has discussed them, and the cause and significance of "old age," together with other profoundly interesting subjects in a popularly written book, *The Nature of Man*, published in 1903 and translated into English. In the same year he began experimental work on syphilis, with a view to discovering a vaccine. Though this remarkable achievement fell to Ehrlich, the great German savant, Mechnikov added greatly to our knowledge of the nature of syphilis. Subsequently he investigated the plague. But the subject to which the last fifteen years of his life were devoted was that of the causes and prevention of senile decay. In his *Studies of Optimism* he developed his theory of longevity, explained the idea and philosophical meaning of natural death, and traced the psychical states of pessimism and optimism to natural causes. Though opposed to the Tolstoyan view of life and science, the work of

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Mechnikov breathes with a deeply humanitarian spirit. Though a ceaseless worker he lived a life of peace and happiness. Though one of the world's greatest experimenters he was tender-hearted, gracious and lovable. Though not a believer in immortality he was a convinced optimist. Though he had a consuming Faith it was in the all-powerfulness of science. He died at the Pasteur Institute, July 15, 1916.

* * * *

Occasion took me recently, for the first time, to Lichfield. Standing in its quaint market place, I remembered that strange visit of George Fox in 1651. He saw across the fields those three wonderful cathedral spires, and forthwith "the word of the Lord "bid him go thither, and so having put off his shoes, he walked up and down the streets crying with a loud voice, "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield "—

"and being market day, I went into the market place and went up and down in several places of it and made stands, crying 'Woe unto the bloody city of Lichfield,' and no one touched me or laid hands on me. So when I had declared what was upon me, and cleared myself, I came out of the town in peace."*

When he got safely outside again he tells us that he bethought himself as to the reason for this announcement and discovered it in the martyrdom of a thousand Christians at Lichfield in the time of Diocletian. By chance I fell in with a local musician who had great reverence for Lichfield and considerable knowledge of its history. He had, however, never understood George Fox's visit or why he condemned the city. It was a hundred years after this event that Samuel Johnson's dictionary was first published. He was born

**Journal of George Fox.* Cambridge ed., 1911, pp. 15-16.

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at Lichfield in a corner house on the market square, opposite which there has stood for ninety years the well-known statue of him. Close at hand there has recently been placed a delightful statue of Boswell, jaunty and perky. "You are an idle set of people" at Lichfield, said he to Johnson one day. "Sir," replied Johnson, "we are a city of philosophers; we work with our heads and make the boobies of Birmingham work for us with their hands." Johnson's house was purchased by the Corporation, and is now a museum and memorial of Lichfield's greatest son. But the little town of Lichfield reared more than one famous man. Almost next door to the house where Johnson was born there formerly lived Elias Ashmole, the founder of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford; David Garrick, though born at Hereford, was brought up at Lichfield; Joseph Addison, essayist and writer, Day, the author of *Sandford and Merten*, the Edgeworths, and Erasmus Darwin all lived here. Indeed, some of its fame is because it is, as Johnson said, "a field of the dead."

There is one beautiful thing, a priceless gem, set amid these old houses of a sleepy town, and that is the cathedral. "A witness for God, a perpetual offering to His glory," said Archbishop Maclagan, describing it in 1884, "its very face inscribed, as it were, with a sculptured Te Deum, with its angels and archangels, its prophets and apostles, its virgins and martyrs, its priests and its kings, and the Lord Himself as the Head over all the church; and yet again its three fair spires, like the trinity of Christian graces, pointing upward to the great church above, the grace of Faith, the grace of Hope, and the grace of Charity." It was a quiet summer's evening when I wandered

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round and round this glorious building, and the sunset light made those splendid spires glow as I have seen the brown old walls of San Rufino at Assisi. I walked out of the town by the field path to look back on them in their green setting of English landscape, and they seemed to me to form an image of exceeding beauty, endurance and peace.

* * * *

Recently in Glasgow I heard much of the drink evil. The Liquor Control Board, which is steadily making a difference in England, has not yet come to its reward in Scotland. Its restrictions are much the same in both countries—reduction in hours of opening of public houses, no treating, no credit sales, restricted off-sales, no hawking, and dilution of spirits—but in Scotland there is not only a larger problem to solve, but a larger degree of infringement. It is true that there, as in England, the restrictions themselves have inevitably led to certain abuses. If you reduce the hours of opening from seventeen in the day to five and a half, and likewise reduce the number of licences, you must expect a greater degree of concentration in the opening hours; particularly is this the case where the population has been increased by an addition of thousands of munition workers, both men and women. Over and above this, however, Glasgow and the Clyde provide serious difficulty to the reformer, whose desire for reform is strictly confined to such changes as will not disturb industry or retard or interfere with the prosecution of the war. There are still people who assume that the Liquor Control Board is a temperance body designed to provide them forthwith with their own particular panacea for the solution of the drink problem, and, if disatisfied,

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these excellent folk now join with the Liquor Trade in criticizing the Board. The difficulty in Scotland is simple and known of all men. The Scotch people love their whiskey, and therefore do what they can to evade any regulations for its restriction. In spite of this, the effect of the Board's action has been a reduction in the sale of both spirits and beer, and a reduction in the number of convictions for drunkenness. But much remains to be done.

It is a miserable thing, this slavery to alcohol. Nothing is more depressing than to visit scores of public houses in the evening darkness in the underworld of Glasgow, Edinburgh or Aberdeen. The crowded bar, the odour, the dismalness, the selfishness, the evil; one comes out into the darkness and open air of a slum to find it purity in comparison with the gin shop. Here are young men and women seeking refreshment and life and yet often finding death. It is full of pathos and tragedy. Yet how blind we are! We allow conditions of life and labour which give to thousands nothing better than this. Happy is the man who faithfully and continuously strives to do what he can to prevent or amend this situation. Two broad lines of policy seem to be practicable. First, an improvement in the conditions of life and labour—better wages, better conditions of industry, better housing, and a better social life; and secondly, the control of this dangerous trade. And there are three ways of control. (*a*) There is some form of Restriction, such as the Liquor Board has carried out during the last twelve months, and which is having a marked and direct effect upon the sobriety of the nation more than was ever dreamed of. (*b*) There is State Purchase and local control, accompanied

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by a policy of restriction, a reduction in licences, and disinterested management. (*c*) Thirdly, there is Prohibition. There is much to be said for each of these policies. The Liquor Board have carried out the first policy for upwards of 30 millions of people, and they are now busily at work preparing the ground for the next step. They have four experimental areas in which State control is in operation, and, it is understood, other larger areas are under consideration.

One evening, wearied with the labours and experiences of the day, I walked up to the University at Kelvingrove and feasted my eyes upon that grand view of the Clyde and its shipping and those far-off mountains which lie on the southern shore. I returned by Park Crescent and there, set in the wall, I saw for the first time, and all by chance, a memorial to Henry Drummond, a bas relief in stone fixed over a running fountain of clear water and the words :—

1851—1897.
H. D.
" There is a river
the streams whereof
make glad the city of God."

That was a pleasant sight and brought back many tender and happy memories. And next morning I betook myself to his old church in Edinburgh—Free St. George's, the church of that venerable leader of Scotland, Dr. Alexander Whyte —and sat in a sanctuary filled with a cloud of unseen witnesses, and listened to a sermon by Dr. John Kelman on those wonderful words, " Ebenezer, hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Twenty-five years ago I sat in that same sanctuary with men, since dead, who through tribulation shared that same belief, and added their experience to the ever-accumulating experience of man-

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kind, that from generation to generation God does indeed dwell with men and by His spirit guides them, and carries them, all the days of their lives. Some men describe this experience in words and terms unacceptable to others, and some explain it in a way which is a mystery to others, but the *fact* remains—and the fact is the hope of the world. And thus that strange truth comes about—that Hope is the child of Tribulation, which so often seems at the time to be our hurt and undoing. For tribulation worketh patience ; and patience, experience ; and experience, hope ; and hope putteth not to shame. It is a strange and unexpected sequence ; but it is a true one, which neither time or knowledge condemns.

* * * *

The winds of June are clowns in the clover
  Riding the tops of the early rye,
Turning the spur-winged plovers over—
  Silvery gleams on a purple sky.

Winds of September come roughly sweeping
  Like tyrant kings through the ripening corn,
And behind them the summer lies weeping, weeping
  For poppies trampled and roses torn.

Winds of October are friends returning
  When the orchard aisles are withered and brown,
Breaking the twigs for our winter burning
  And flinging the ripe red apples down.

The House of the Four Winds,
October 1, 1916.

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CONTROLLING FACTORS OF PROGRESS.*

WHEN we reflect upon the history of nations, the great importance of external conditions is one of the first broad facts to impress us.

Man, we say, is the product of his circumstances: they are the mould into which he is pressed, and whose stamp he bears: as with other animals, the law of natural selection holds, and the types of man survive that best suit and respond to their surroundings.

And then the poet and the prophet with a few mighty words shatter our slavery to circumstance and tell us, with Shakespeare,

> Men at some time are masters of their fates:
> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings;
> (*Julius Cæsar*, Act i.)

or with Wordsworth,

> We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love;
> (*Excursion*, Bk. iv.)

and,

> By the soul
> Only, the nations shall be great and free;
> (*Dover, on the Day of Landing.*)

and we begin to see that the inner world of life—the force that we call personality, expressing itself through groups, or, in more recent history

*Introductory Address given August 5th, 1916, at the Woodbrooke Summer School on "Progress in History."

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through individuals—is continually moulding and changing and mastering the outer world in which man finds himself. History becomes the story of the way in which man has tamed his external conditions—how he has made a way through the sea and pierced the mountain and irrigated the desert, how he has hunted the wild life of land and water for his prey, and has domesticated animals and plants to serve his needs; how he has turned the hoarded wealth of the earth to his uses in this age of coal and steel, and has even harnessed the lightnings for his messengers. Man stands before us not as the creature but the architect of circumstance.

But further: As we realize this shaping of circumstance that man has been able to achieve, we find that history is not only the story of how man has mastered nature: but is still more vitally the story of what man has done with his kingdom: how far he has secured through it the fuller growth of mind and spirit which lifts him out of the brute creation into a higher order of life. We need no reminder to-day that the mastery of nature is only one part of the art of life. Europe is a slaughter-house because material progress has out-distanced moral growth, and we have devoted ourselves to our weapons and neglected our behaviour.

If, then, we would gain a grasp of the controlling factors of progress, we shall find that they fall into two great groups—those external to the man himself, and those which depend upon the higher forces that find expression through personality. But we shall find also that most of the influences of greatest force are products both of the world around us and of the world within.

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We will discuss first the great factors of history in which the outside forces have been dominant, though often greatly modified by man himself.

Take, first, geographical conditions. The diffusion of man over the earth, from his original home in Java or elsewhere, has depended at every stage on geographical conditions, either those now existing or others, often very different in character, which existed in earlier geological periods. The formation of islands and of island continents, such as Australia and North and South America, has profoundly affected history by isolating groups from contact with the main mass of humanity and condemning them to a retarded development. The Blacks of Australia are living representatives of the early Stone Age; the civilization of the New World, at the time of the Spanish conquest of America, seemed as exotic as though it belonged to another planet; and even the slight isolation from Europe of Ireland sufficed to keep it outside the Roman Empire. But, as man acquires sea-craft, the ocean has become his servant, the bearer of his commerce, and the instrument of his sea-power.

Rivers again have been the very pioneers of civilization. Egypt was the gift of the Nile, Babylonia and Assyria the product of the two great rivers Euphrates and Tigris. In both cases the rivers have flood seasons, which carried the waters and their rich deposit of alluvial soil over a wide stretch of country. Mud is usually thought of as dirt, as "matter in the wrong place." But here was its era: it fertilized the land and allowed a settled agricultural life to develop; it supplied easily-made bricks with which to build; and, on its incised, pillow-shaped pieces of clay, literature began. The alluvium was, in fact, the

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mother-earth out of which Sumerians and Egyptians wrought the fabric of civilization. When the civilization passed, the dust out of which it had been reared returned to the dust, till modern excavators unearthed its buried treasure.

Or take the influence of the desert, vast and monotonous, its dry atmosphere brilliant with stars beyond the imagination of the dwellers under our humid skies. No geographical conditions have proved more uniform in their controlling power over man. The Bedawin of Eastern Palestine pitch their camps and herd their sheep as in the days of the patriarchs. They extort the same blackmail; they sweep off the harvests in the same ruthless fashion as the Midianites of the time of the Judges.

Mountains again have often divided races more effectually than oceans; and have directed the lines along which armies could move and the migrations of peoples could take place. But, further, they have provided sanctuaries to the smaller peoples, whose contribution to human progress has sometimes been in inverse proportion to their size. Though the commerce and the armies of the ancient world passed her doors along the Philistine plain, the children of Israel in their hill-country dwelt apart, uncorrupted by luxury and too poor to tempt the rapacity of foreign conquerors. So the Vaudois found a refuge from persecution in their mountains :—

> For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
> Our God, our fathers' God;

and the Swiss, like a rock in a stormy sea, stand secure even in the War that surges round them to-day.

. . . . .

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We may follow up these general points by a brief reference to the effect of external conditions upon our own history.

> This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea
> Which serves it in the office of a wall,
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happier lands :—
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
> (*Richard II.*, Act ii., Scene i.)

How far is England the product of her geographical position ?

(1) An island.
(2) On the edge of a continent.
(3) Lavishly provided with harbours.
(4) At the centre of the land surface of the globe.
(5) Its western coasts washed by the Gulf Stream.
(6) Richly endowed with coal and iron.

Surely here might have been the Fortunate Isles of the Greeks.

Now no one will deny the importance in our history of all these factors.

Britain, because of her insular position, was never fully Romanized ; and when English, Danes and Normans came, in settling here they isolated themselves from their kindred over sea. Settling in an island, with its complete physical unity, they were helped by this to achieve that organic unity among themselves that made them a nation at a much earlier period than most of the other peoples of Western Europe. And, once the unity was achieved, they had a great advantage over a continental nation, such as the Dutch, in defending themselves from foreign aggression. Further, when the introduction of the mariner's compass and the maritime discoveries of the fifteenth

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century opened up the ocean as the highway of the world's commerce, England found herself admirably placed and fitted with harbours for trading with the Indies and the New World. Still later, her use of coal and iron gave her manufacturing supremacy.

But it would be a mistake to shut our eyes to other factors of national history of a higher order. We have not accounted for England when we call her the product of an insular position and a humid climate. The external conditions of position and climate and natural resources are only the raw material with which man has worked, limiting him in certain directions, securing him freedom of action in others, and by their help or hindrance to his physical and spiritual development either stunting or fostering his life. The man himself has been the master of his destiny.

Now the distinguishing thing about man, which marks him off from the animal and vegetable life of the world, is his possession of a higher kind of life than the physical, giving him sensations and consciousness beyond those of the present moment. He is aware of a past and a future ; he has memories ; he has hopes : the past and the future are both in measure living in him, and, morever, he can enter, in some degree, into the lives of others around him. He is a being of larger dimensions than those of space and time ; there is a world within him belonging to a higher order of life—that mysterious world which we call his Mind. In such phrases as "to call to mind" or "to bear in mind," we use the word in its original Teutonic meaning of "memory" ; and it is probable that in the dim ages of the past the first great achievement of the Mind lay in its power of retaining side by side with the sensations of the

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moment other sensations which belonged to the past. The Greeks were not far out when they made Clio, the Muse of History, the eldest daughter of memory. The historical method of approach, which is becoming more and more used in the investigation of fields of knowledge, is based upon the validity of the experience of the race, when properly tested and examined, to serve as a foundation upon which man can build to-day. Experience has taught mankind many lessons, and has undoubtedly been in every age one of the controlling factors of human progress. It has helped man, at each stage of his contact with the circumstances of his life, to adapt himself to his surroundings and to develop great institutions, such as Kingship and Slavery, the Family, the City and the State, which for the time being gave stability to his achievements. Out of it have grown Custom and Law and Government and Conservatism, all most excellent things in their way. But the magnitude of its success has again and again invested it with an authority which has paralyzed mankind with the dead hand of the past. How often a custom or institution, originally good, has corrupted the world. Take Slavery which seems to have begun in the laudable practice of setting to work your captives in war instead of killing them out of hand. Or Kingship, which by imperceptible stages led on to ruthless military empires. Or the rigid open-field customs of the Village Community in the Middle Ages, which petrified the progress of agriculture for centuries. When a thing is established it may cease to move. John Stuart Mill is certainly right when he tells us in his *Essay on Liberty*, "The despotism of Custom is everywhere the standing hindrance to human advancement."

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We are so accustomed to the idea of Progress that we continually need the reminder which Sir Henry Maine gave us more than fifty years ago in his great book on *Ancient Law* that progressive civilizations are quite the exception. Egypt stagnated under the tyranny of a customary life regulated by a priestly caste; China, with its worship of ancestors, under the narrow-minded bureaucracy of learned mandarins; India, under custom developing in its decrepitude into the caste-system: in them all the mind of man became atrophied for want of exercise and opportunity. When we speak of progress, we are thinking almost entirely of Ancient Greece and Rome and of modern Western Civilization. How is it that in these three great instances the Mind of man has carried forward humanity into new worlds of achievement, builded on the past, but not limited by it?

Civilization, as we understand it, began with the Greeks. In their city-states they achieved it in its modern meaning of a life which allows the development of human nature in its rich diversity. "Greece," it has been said (Livingstone, *The Greek Genius*, p. 247), "stands for humanity, simple and unashamed, with all the variety of its nature free to play." In the process of making a life of this kind, the Greeks discovered for all future ages Freedom, Knowledge and Art. They founded politics; they created science and philosophy; in the glowing phrase of Prof. J. A. Smith (*The Unity of Western Civilization*, p. 79), their works of art have "haunted the mind of Europe like a passion." The Greeks, when they blossomed out of barbarism, were a primitive people, with the directness and freshness of children, looking with both eyes open into a young world. They

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had reached the age at which a boy seems to his harassed parents an unceasing note of interrogation. They were like the Elephant's Child in *Just So Stories*, "who filled all Africa with his 'satiable curtiosities. He asked his tall aunt, the Ostrich, why her tail-feathers grew just so, and his tall aunt the Ostrich spanked him with her hard, hard claw. He asked his tall uncle, the Giraffe, what made his skin spotty, and his tall uncle, the Giraffe, spanked him with his hard, hard hoof. And still he was full of 'satiable curtiosity." Their keen, fresh minds, coming into contact with the stationary civilization of Egypt and the East, rapidly attained to its level and surpassed it. They aimed at achieving, in the noble words which the historian Thucydides puts into the mouth of Pericles, "a life of refinement without extravagance, and knowledge without unmanliness." Their freedom for self-expression involved an unqualified faith in human nature and gave them scope for exploiting all its possibilities, good and bad, in a way that the world has never known before or since, except perhaps during that other great outburst of humanism that we call the Italian Renaissance. The exhilaration of personality which attended these two creative periods shows what can be done by the untrammeled mind of man working on and reshaping the resources of knowledge.

Possessing unrestrained liberty, each individual became a possible centre of progress or of decadence. And the service of Rome to mankind lay in its application to this intensely active but unstable world of human achievement of the older conserving principle, which reduced the exuberant growths of Greek life to order and expressed and stereotyped them through Law and organization.

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But this conserving genius of Rome found itself at work not only on the new regions of human experience discovered by Greek humanism, but also on the new knowledge of God revealed through Christianity. If the modern world is debtor to the Greek and Roman, it is also true to say that its highest debt is to the Jew. The Hebrew race, poor and uncorrupted on the hills of Palestine, turned from the Greek pride of life to the fear, and afterwards in Christianity to the love of God. It became progressive in religion as the Greek became progressive in human achievement. It developed a spiritual eye. "Not all at once," says Kent in his *History of the Hebrew People*, "but by a long and painful process were the barbarian nomads developed into a nation with a message and a mission to humanity." Faith in God was the true corrective to the Greek faith in human nature. The outstanding figures in Hebrew history were not heroes of the Greek type, but patriarchs and prophets who had become men of faith. Life to them was more than an enjoyment of hoarded human experience or an adventure in fresh fields of human achievement; it gained a vision and a goal—a reaching-out to a Kingdom of God, whose righteousness was the one standard to which human conduct should conform.

Above the authority of the past and the sensations of the present the will of God lifted itself as the supreme law of life, universally binding upon all men, and drawing them into one family. The Catholic Church became the heir of this great hope and preserved it through the long agony which attended the downfall of the Roman Empire. With Roman thoroughness it built up on the ruins of civilization a new spiritual empire—Christianity organized and Romanized—and this empire of the

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Church dominated for centuries the new and barbarous peoples who had overthrown Rome,—armed, as it was with superhuman weapons, the terrors of hell and the hopes of heaven.

. . . . .

This brief review of the great factors springing from the mind of man which controlled history up to the dawn of our modern civilization shows us three main factors of progress : the conserving and organizing forces expressed through Rome, the free play of life in the present coming to us from Greece, and the hopes of larger experience and fellowship inspired by Christianity : or, in other words, the stored-up knowledge and experience of the past, freedom of thought and action in the present, and a vision and ideal calling us on to fresh endeavour and progress. We may now consider, in conclusion, how these forces have been at work in our modern history.

. . . . .

Modern History is the product both of great changes in circumstance and great movements of thought. In the deluge of barbarian invasions which overthrew the Roman Empire the Church was the ark of civilization. When the waters abated, civilized life very naturally fell under the control, partly of her higher life and partly of the rooted customs of the races who had survived or had replaced the old. But civilized life, in ages of rapine and brute force, could often barely hold its own against adverse conditions. When Alfred tells us of his attempts at reviving learning, "amid the various and manifold troubles" of a kingdom perpetually harassed by the heathen host, he is describing the handicap under which all efforts at progress suffered. It was only as the

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heathen invaders of Europe settled down under the yoke of the Church that civilization began to revive. Then, from the tenth century onwards, came centuries of great enrichment of life—mental enrichment through the study of Roman Law, the rise of Universities, the re-discovery of the thought and knowledge and art of Greece and the popular knowledge of religious truth through the Bible and the Reformation ; enrichment in circumstance through the growth of towns and through the internal peace which came from strong systems of government, as well as through maritime discovery and the wider knowledge of nature which came with scientific progress. Fresh regions of life, fresh regions of mental and spiritual activity opened before men. There was a new birth, a Renaissance of humanity, continually heightening human capacity and achievement. England, aided by her insular position, both individualized and nationalized herself at an earlier period than most of the rest of Europe. She included a happy mixture of robust races, obliged to live together and to endure one another. She had achieved political liberty by the exercise of a vigilant conservatism, distrustful of all intermeddling with accustomed ways of life, except for good cause shown. But her differing types had to work together within the geographical unit imposed upon her by nature and so, amid perpetually jostling interests and arguments, they acquired a wonderful faculty for appraising values and disregarding theories. A common will emerged, illogical, unimaginative but intensely practical, which directed the country along that resultant of convergent forces pushing each in its own direction that we call the middle course. The national character known as John Bull arose, progressive almost in

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spite of himself. Our friend John Bull has only gone under that name for some two hundred years, but he was growing up in the centuries that preceded. His strongest characteristics were a stolid conservatism, a somewhat insular outlook, a genius for compromise and practical solution of the problems that puzzled his mind and the possession of a rather spasmodic conscience. He did things first and sometimes tried to understand what he had done afterwards. He accumulated, as we know, a vast empire, on which the sun never sets, in a prolonged fit of absence of mind. His faults have been chiefly due to lack of education, not to lack of good intentions. He has often over-appreciated his comfort but has disliked extremes, and been willing to live and let live. His great desire has been to get the obvious necessities of the moment done. He has always been conscious that he was a bit of a fool, and has consequently had a healthy suspicion of superior persons and has not allowed success to turn his head. He has plodded along with all the greater tenacity because he has known that the world is full of much more brilliant people than himself. He has proved an easy man to get on with, for he has a large tolerance, little imagination, and few theories. But he has a well-grounded belief in his own capacity, a gift for governing himself and a love of success, tempered by an honest desire to play the game. He would be all the better for a larger share of the "'satiable curtiosity" of the Greek mind and its perception of beauty, and a keener desire for education and self-improvement. He has plenty of self-reliance and a rare fund of self-depreciating humour. He lives his own life, and is surprised at other people wanting to know him, but when you have got

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through his reserve you find him a good fellow at heart. When he feels there is nothing else for it, he is capable of great resolves and sacrifices, and will in the end do the right thing. But, if he is to prove equal to the tasks of the new age, he will have to take himself seriously and wake up.

It is his habit of vigilance where his freedom is concerned which gives the best and perhaps the only guarantee for his further progress. For progress, as we have seen, depends on a happy blend of qualities which are seldom found together in the same individual. Just as man himself belongs to the past, the present, and the future, so all the living elements of past, present, and future should co-operate in his growth. Some survive from former generations; others are the dominant forces of the hour; others are new births, nascent with all the promise of the future. But for them all, freedom is the best atmosphere —a freedom which allows a great variety of temperaments and capacities to serve the commonwealth. There is always room in a State for a live conservatism and a live liberalism, though there should be none for the mere traditionalist or doctrinaire. But especially must we find room for the men of vision and ideals, and beware of stoning or silencing our prophets. For progress is essentially movement towards a higher goal than humanity has yet reached. Civilization should be dynamic with mental and moral growth —the mind of man developing the resources of knowledge in an atmosphere of freedom, the soul of man continually discovering and practising fresh truth.

WM. C. BRAITHWAITE.

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"THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE."*

COUNTERPANES are heavy things. We roll them off at night as a nuisance. The old woman next door has a patchwork quilt, but we have never coveted that. Patchwork was our first sewing task, piece by piece painfully seamed together. When it appeared later as M.H.U. work, it was not popular. So many odd bits were left from cutting out at home; so many Indian orphans were demanding patchwork in their turn to learn sewing on. The needful touch of romance was not wanting. When a boy and girl grew up and married, the first piece of furniture in their home would be the quilt. Tacked in England, sewn in India, stuffed finally with cotton, it would be the warm heart-centre, so to speak, of a new household.

And yet how hard it was to persuade serious-minded M.H.U. workers that preparing patchwork was worth while. Like Naaman, they asked for something greater.

A quilt is made of two pieces of material, the upper one decorated, with a layer of cotton or wool between. The whole is run or backstitched together with a quilting pattern; diamonds, fans, delicate traceries of feather, flower and leaf, all in tiny stitches. There are only some ten varieties of quilting pattern in use, and the stamped Marseilles or Marcella coverlets, made by machine, evidently were meant to copy the raised effect. There seems to be no date for the invention of

* *Quilts, their Story, and how to make them*, by Marie D. Webster. Illustrated in colours. Published by B. T. Batsford, Ltd., London, Doubleday Page & Co. New York. 10s. 6d. "The first book to deal with this subject."

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such work. We find it wherever needlework is found. The knight had his quilted coat. The Chinese and Japanese quilt their padded garments, and put one over another for extra warmth. The heavy hangings of leather that serve as doors in foreign churches are quilted. Mary Queen of Scots sat sewing in her prison-hall of Hardwick: "all day she wrought with her nydil," and her quilt is still shewn there. Bess of Hardwick, the wife of her gaoler, sat and sewed beside her, for she loved it too. In an old castle of the Pyrenees, amongst other forgotten glories in a lumber-room, there lies an unfinished quilt, hastily rolled into a drawer. The design was almost solid needlework; the needle still sticks in one of the peacock blue flowers of the decoration; was it the French Revolution that disturbed the patient worker?

This book, with its wealth of lovely pictures, shows us quilts new and old, the latter mostly dating back about eighty years. Some were built up of wonderful pieces, collected by degrees, exchanged and shared; bits of mayors' gowns, ancient uniforms, brocades, and family dresses; anything that was likely to last well, and gave the right colour. The design they were to make might be a stereotyped one, or a flower from the garden, conventionalised; designs were collected like the pieces, compared and discussed. Now and then an original-minded worker would bring in a change.

An old lady, famous for her quilt-making, said: "Here's my 'Radical Rose.' I reckon you've heard I was the first human that ever put black in a Radical Rose. Thar hit is, right plumb in the middle. Well, whenever you see black in a Radical Rose you can know hit was

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made after the second year of the Civil War. Hit was this way, ever' man war a talkin' about the Radicals, and all the women tuk to makin' Radical Roses. One day I got to studying that thar ought to be some black in that thar pattern, sence half the trouble was to free the niggers, and hit didn't look fair to leave them out. And from that day to this, thar's been black in ever' Radical Rose."

The names given to well-known patterns and their variations run into nearly five hundred, many of them amusing flashes of household humour. A long list appears in this book. Of course it is an American book. Quilting Bees are American. But even Quaker households which did not favour fiction, knew of them through Mrs. Beecher Stowe's books, in the days of Victoria. It was the making of a home in a new land, that led to American quilting; the need for neighbourly help, that led to Bees. And now the old quilts are shewn at county fairs, and new ones more made than ever.

A good deal of history, a good deal of poetry, a good deal of practical suggestion for needlework comes into this Story of Quilts. It sets you noticing the common things of the house for yourself, and pondering their story. There is beautiful old quilting in England, too. And here are two quaint sayings for a finish. One is unkind to careful menders: "A hole may be thought to be an accident of the day, but a patch is a sure sign of poverty." The other is an old Arab proverb, recommendable to quilt-makers, and to some others: "Slowness [deliberateness (?)] comes from God, but hurry from the devil."

JANE E. NEWMAN.

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THE GARDEN OF PERSIA.

I.—The City.

The border between Turkey and Persia runs north and south through a chain of mountains. Here from time immemorial there have been Kurds ready to swoop down like vultures upon the careful people of the plains, who appear to them an easy prey placed there by divine appointment.

And on the plain to the east, the fertile strip of country between the mountains and the lake of Urumia,* there lives a mixed population. We find Moslems of Sunni faith, Moslems of Shiah faith, Christians of at least five different churches. These constitute the elements of confusion which make this Garden of Eden into a slaughter-house whenever the reins of government are sufficiently relaxed to allow the forces making for fanaticism to have play.

In the autumn of 1914 an invasion of Kurds and Turks made the country people uneasy. On January 3rd, 1915, when the Russian army was hurriedly withdrawn from North-West Persia the Kurds came down unchecked, and the place was ablaze.

Here is one picture :—

January 4th, 1915.—The prosperous village of Geotapa has been surrounded. It is one of the most vigorous and prosperous Christian villages of the plain. Christians from far and near have fled to Geotapa for protection, and the only place for safety is in the churches at the top of the hill.

[*Pronounced Ooroòmia, with the second syllable accented.]

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In the centre of the village the ground rises considerably, and on the top of the hill the people have built not a fortress, but two churches. Here the Christians hold council, and with an eye for military strategy they soon see that the church on the summit commands every other roof of the village. And everyone is soon packed within the four walls of the yard.

The Kurds are getting closer. Already it is a question of hours. In the end the whole community must fall into the hands of a foe who has no scruples.

And then just before dark the well-known figure of Dr. Packard is seen racing his horse up the last steep—for all the world like the saviour of fiction, but solid and true, and hot from a prolonged conference with Kurdish Chiefs. They have been loath to let these people escape ; the sense of capture is a good new taste, and to kill a thousand or two Christians would be for them a pleasant as well as a holy act.

But at last they have pledged their word to the Missionary, and a long procession of Christians files out of the churchyard and across the frosty plain to the gate of the city. At nine o'clock Dr. Packard knocks at the great door of the Mission Yard, and to the astonishment of the gatekeeper he walks in, followed by some 1,500 weary souls whose lives he has that day purchased for the price of their arms and their homes.

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And that is just one day, almost the first day—and soon the Mission buildings were thronged with Christians who knew that under the American flag they could claim security from Turk and Kurd. But even extensive Mission buildings,

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added to and enlarged for the emergency, cannot hold an infinite number of people, and the entreaties of the Americans only drew forth this reply: "Let us die by the hand of God and not of the Kurds." And alas! they did die by the thousand before relief came. The medical report tells of the struggle with measles, dysentery, enteric, and typhus raging in a great crescendo through the city yards: and of wounded mutilated victims receiving attention in what had once been the "hospital" outside the city, where the dense crowds of refugees made the word "hospital" too flattering a term.

The Rev. E. W. MacDowell, who took over the work of sanitation in the city and did it most efficiently, "was trying to get some sick people out of the big school-room, when he saw a tired and weary woman, with a baby in her arms, sitting in one of the seats, and said to her, "Where do you stay?" She said, "Just here." "How long have you been here?" "Since the beginning" (two months), she replied. "How do you sleep at night?" "I lay the baby on the desk in front of me, and I have this post at the back to lean against. This is a very good place. Thank you very much." (March 16th, 1915. *The War Journal of a Missionary in Persia.*)

From where I write I can just see the Presbyterian Church which for several months was crowded beyond belief.*

* By an actual count carried out on January 22nd, 3,300 people were living night and day in the Church building: these premises, by outside measurement, cover 4,400 feet, so it is a simple matter to calculate how much room each person had. It is practically a "one-storey" building, as we understand the term, but no doubt storeys were improvised out of the scanty church furniture and with the help of any blankets which they may have possessed.

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The main Mission buildings group themselves round a garden, and through that garden flows a stream of water in a stone channel. It is a lovely homelike spot now in the quiet June day. But how the refugees fought for that water! Special guardians of the channel had to be appointed, always alert, always ready for a scuffle to insist and ensure that no one goes too close to the channel. . . . This is town water: it has come from my neighbour on the west and goes through to my neighbour on the east. Of course, the water may be had for drinking if they like. But once let them get to the culvert and they will do all manner of things. Clothes will be washed in the stream and much will go back into the channel beside the water which came out of it.

But I do not want to leave an impression only of sordid misery and dirt, though I fear those things were in the picture constantly for the brave people who went through the siege. In addition to the stream-watchers, there were also men who were appointed general night-watchers for the whole premises. One night they were all found asleep, and next day they were tied to trees with a placard over their heads, "Unfaithful watchmen," as a warning to others.

And the danger was no imaginary one. All the annexed buildings were made to communicate with the main block by ladders running from roof to roof, so as to avoid the necessity of going out into the street; and at any moment of the day there might be a raid, or the fear of a raid, and poor refugees from adjoining houses would come pouring over the ladders to seek the protection which they felt to be more complete in the central building. Our hostess (who was also doctor to the 12,000 in the city yards) told me that at any

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time she might come in to find her drawing-room filled with panic-stricken refugees. In one of the genuine raids across the premises the Russian Orthodox Bishop, Mar Elia, was taken prisoner by the Turks. At the first alarm he managed to escape from his brother's house on to the roof of one of the American buildings, and lay down there all day out of sight. When evening came he put his head up out of the cover of the parapet and was seen. He was chased again and was eventually caught by his pursuers while coming down a ladder. This constituted one of the many flagrant breaches of neutrality of which the Turks were guilty, for he was actually captured on American property. The ransom that had to be paid for his release has at present been advanced by the Mission.

With so large a population crowded into so small a space, the traffic through the chief gate needed a great deal of watching, and the post of gate-keeper was a responsible one, needing nerve as well as judgment. Day after day there were suspicious people wanting to get into the Mission, and yet the stream of supplies inward, and of other burdens outward, had to be maintained. The death-rate during part of the time reached 39 a day.

But I was assured their courage never failed. Some of the Missionaries died, and the staff of 18 was at one time reduced by illness to 5, but still—though it looked very serious—they never despaired.

And at length, on the 24th May, 1915, the Russians entered the city, and the Missionaries had to begin the sad task of driving their poor weary flock out into their homes.

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And those homes are on the plain, and that is another story.

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II.—The Plain.

Urumia has been called the garden of Persia, but that is the faintest of praise.

It is true that in Tabriz there are gardens producing a yellow rose which grows wild in Urumia. But the plains are filled with purple iris. And that is the best idea I can give of the two places. One is the sandy rocky country that can be made to grow a rose or two in gardens: that is Persia. But the other is a land of a thousand streams, of still waters and green pastures: that is Urumia.

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Our memory of Urumia is a picture of ever-unfolding beauty. For a whole week we rode from village to village. Here in the shade of an avenue of poplars we could walk our horses, and then out in the open again canter across a pasture where the forget-me-nots were bluer than the streams through which we waded stirrup-deep at every turn. Here would be a buffalo quietly lounging in a pool after his day's work. Yonder, above the mud huts of the ruined village, a stork would hover with an air of gentle leisure. And always far away behind the moonstone colours of the plain, the snow mountain of the range stood up in clearest blue for our eyes to rest upon.

But Urumia is not Paradise. It is not even the Garden of Eden, for foul shapes of sin have lurked here without hindrance.

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Below the surface of brilliant colour lies the black ruin of a whole people. Throbbing through the melodies of sweetness there is a haunting lamentation of anguish over the past and a melancholy foreboding of what is still to come.

Love and Mercy and Gentleness saved the yards of the Mission Station from the despair which might have overtaken those brave people in the sadness and squalor which surrounded them last year. And even now sin and hate have darkened the fair face of Urumia, beautiful maiden of the plains.

. . .

At NAZI we slept two nights in the house of a Protestant Syrian. We climbed up a ladder to our room, and were told that the Kurds had greatly damaged the building. One of the biggest timbers had been removed, and the floor of the upper room moved ominously as we walked across it. The plaster of the wall was slashed in many places where the axes of the Kurd had hacked at imaginary treasure hidden in the walls.

This had been a very comfortable house, and our host had not been poor: but he had lost everything and was full of gratitude to the Americans for saving the lives of himself and his family. His little boy had been born in the Mission during the first days of the "siege." And now all that they had was at our disposal, and much hospitality that they could ill-afford was provided by his wife and mother. "We do not get English visitors every day" was the reply to our host's remonstrance.

In this village there had once been 70 Christian homes, and now more than half the houses have been destroyed. Every family mourns some loss.

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Five people were shot. Seventy people died. This represents very fairly the average village of the plain. Now the inhabitants are struggling along as best they can, and though they have none too much food themselves, they admit that their neighbours in Cousi are even more destitute.

At Cousi we could only spend a few minutes. We asked how many people used to live here and how many had died or been killed. The answers gave almost exactly the same figures that we had received at Nazi, but the destruction of property had been much greater. Out of 500 rooms only fifty roofs had been left. The Protestant Church was in ruins. And cattle were being herded within its four walls by the not too scrupulous owners, who turned out to be refugees from the Mountains. We asked who was responsible for the damage, and were told that the Persians (*i.e.*, Moslems) destroyed the village in January, 1915. The complaint of hunger was made by the spokesman in a quiet way that had no clamour in it.

Leaving here, we hurried on, only stopping to give our horses a drink of the cool river, and waiting ourselves for a few minutes under the shade of the wild olives.

Baalu.—This was formerly a large village and surrounded by some of the most fertile vineyards of the whole plain. But it was a Sunni village (*i.e.*, of the Sunni branch of Moslems: most of the Persians are Shiahs). Some years ago the Russians believed that Turkish intrigue was being nursed here, and shot five of the suspected inhabitants. When the evacuation came in January, 1915, there was a great retaliation, the Moslems from this village venting their wrath upon Christians far and wide. Then, when the tide

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turned again, and the Christians came back, every house was laid low—and the vines are ripening there in luxuriant riot, almost as if nothing had happened to the village lying ruined in the midst of them.

ISMAILAGHA.—The inhabitants of this village have had a roving life. In 1893 they were living up in the Mountains, and their Patriarch, Kasha Ona, was even then their chief. Since that time they have been repeatedly harassed by the Kurds, and after every few years, just as prosperity was in sight, a fresh raid has come and driven them down nearer to the plains. In August and December, 1914, they had two fresh visitations of Kurds: on one of these occasions the visit was so friendly that, at first, suspicion was disarmed. One after another the Kurds came in and sat down and drank tea and chatted. Then suddenly the meaning of it was made plain, and there was a great rush to escape. By a miracle the aged Kasha Ona got away, and he and his people fled to the Urumia Mission for protection. From August to November they were at the Mission Station, and again from December, 1914, onwards. Of the 530 inhabitants 32 were killed and 138 died in the Mission yards, Now they are back in their homes, feeling the pinch of hunger, but struggling along somehow, probably borrowing money and food if they can.

Superimposed upon this distress there are more than eighty families of Mountain Christians (Nestorians) who have taken refuge in this village: such is the confusion everywhere. Nestorians and Protestants, Catholics and Orthodox, all in varying degrees of advancement and faith—with ever at hand the black prospect of massacres and raids by their Moslem enemies.

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SUNDAY, JUNE 4th.—We are to go with our host, the Rev. E. T. Allen, on his Sabbath journey, and our horses take us through a hundred happy streams away to the southward. Shortly before reaching our first halt we pass a caravan of men and beasts, whole families on horseback and donkeyback, with their few belongings strapped on somehow.

They were moving south, too, and we ask who they are. The answer is, "Refugees returning home," and then after a moment, "Moslems." We rub our eyes: "Moslem refugees? Why did they leave their homes?" Our host then explains that some of these villages were inhabited by Moslems (of Shiah faith) who were too friendly with the Russians, and in one or other of the Russian retirements the Sunni invaders made it so hot for them that they, too, have had to leave their homes and join in the motley throng of refugees. Now that the country is safe again they can return, but their desolation is greater even than that of the Moslems of the plain—and in many cases that is great enough.

At ALIABAD we met in the church the whole surviving population of the village and had a simple service with them. The congregation brought in a few mats from their homes and we worshipped together for about an hour. Out of thirteen Protestant Churches in the district this was the only one left with a roof remaining. Everywhere else the congregations have been meeting under the shade of trees or in borrowed premises.

At DISATEKA we had a quiet rest by the river and feasted our eyes on the wild olives and willows. We also feasted from the table—or rather the

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floor—of a hospitable Christian. He had once been very prosperous, and was now faced with the prospect of having to begin all over again in his old age and start to borrow money for the digging of his vineyard.

As we sat among the little company we asked if any of them had sheltered at the Mission during the previous year. They replied, "Every one of us."

So that wherever you go on the plains the peasants look upon the Americans as their saviours, and the hearts of the Missionaries naturally go out to this people in all the difficulties of a new life, which is so like their old life and yet so pathetically different. And the difficulties *are* exceedingly great. Life is a constant struggle, The food is limited. Capital is destroyed. The anxieties of the past year, added to the loss of kindred, of homes and of property, have aged the men before their time.

So we finish our thirty miles and splash our way home on tired horses. The Love, Mercy, and Courage of the Mission Station will be abundantly needed before the plain of Urumia will be the glory she appears to the outward eye. The tragedy and glory of the Mission yard is intimately linked with the glory and tragedy of the plain. The sunlight strikes low among the dark stems of the silvery olive trees and throws into sudden contrast the white poplar trunks, each with its dark tuft of leaves.

There is need for Love, Mercy, and Forgiveness before this beautiful land can forget the lives of its men and the purity of its women which have been trampled in the mud, and before it can clear

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away the stain which brings such uncomfortable thoughts to mind at every village street.

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But lo! above the slopes of olive, above the village hill against the sky, I see the Belfry of the Church of Geotapa like a lonely iris crowning the glory and the sadness of the plain.

GEORGE LLOYD HODGKIN.

(Member of the Lord Mayor's Caucasus Unit.)

Persia, 18-vi.-1916.

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THE SEED AND THE FLOWER.

God sowed a seed, and there came a flower.
Holy is God, and the world His flower.

THERE was a poor man who had a field, wherein he laboured all day. He had a daughter, an only child, and he loved her. At sunset, after his work, he looked at the field; and twilight fell upon him looking, and the stars came out. God's flower hung over him open, and he knew it not. But he called his daughter from the house, and laid his hand on her head. And he said, "The field bears well: I will buy thee shoes and stockings." So she made merry in the darkness; and he saw God in her.

At dawn there came an army out of the East, and laid waste the field. They set fire to the house and the goods, and used the daughter foully. Anger strengthened the man against his enemies, and he killed three of them. But the rest struck open his head, and threw him away. When they had done, they went; and the girl died.

The man lay all day, knowing nothing. But in the evening he looked up, and saw the sky. And a bright star comforted him with peace; so that he cared not for his pain, thinking of God only. But when he turned a little he saw the girl, and remembered. He crept to her and kissed her hair. And he made a vow.

Therefore when his wound was healed up, he made haste to be a soldier. He went with his companions to the great war, mindful of his daughter. He rejoiced in killing the enemy every day, till he was drunken with the blood of them.

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It happened that he came on one dying, that was an enemy. The enemy said, "Stay with me, I pray thee, while I die." He went up to him slowly to stay with him, frowning upon him. But the enemy said, "Kneel, I pray thee; hold my hand." He kneeled and took the hand of the enemy, awaiting death. The enemy said, "I have two boys, and my wife loves me." They were silent. And the enemy died.

The man left him for the crows and the ants, but he went away grieving. And his spirit flagged, and he lay down. He saw a host of ants on the ground killing one another; but beside him was a great and old tree, whose leaves were innumerable. The wind stirred all the leaves of the tree, making one great sound. The sound gave peace to the man, and he slept.

He woke in the night, and the stars were innumerable. The murmur of the leaves seemed the song of all the stars. And the earth sang also, and life everywhere; and the armies sang, and the dead sang. And he heard his daughter, leading all. Therefore the man listened until the dawn, and until the sun rose. And he stood up before the sun, and made a vow.

He went to his comrades and said, "Brothers, it is a shame to kill; it were better to die. Let us go over to our brothers, and make peace." But they said, "Wilt thou persuade a million? Nay, we must guard the land." But when they were told to attack, the man would not. An officer saw him, and urged him. But the man said, "Brother, it is a shame to kill; it were better to die." The officer was grieved, and killed him.

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God sowed a seed: it adventured after beauty.
The Goal of all Souls is the beauty of that flower.

There was a young man of noble blood, who would not kill. An enemy rose up against his people, and all his friends became soldiers; but the young man stayed at home grieving, and walked alone in the fields. But the enemy devoured the cattle and the harvest, and slaughtered the people; and the young man had no peace with himself, for he doubted. So he went on to a mountain to question with God. He saw the cornfields and the cottages, and the city far away. And he said, "Though I lose my soul, we must save the people."

So he went down with a heavy heart, and became a soldier. He took men into battle, and men were killed. But after the battle he went aside and threw himself on the ground, and wept for the killed, and for the wounded. He cried, "Oh, God deliver me from killing, for my soul sickens."

But again he went into battle, and the slaughter was great. And when it was done, he stood among the dead thinking. He said, "What is death? What evil is in it? Death is deep sleep, and pain is a dream. Where is life, there is strife; and thence grew the soul. And the goal of all grief is God."

Many time afterwards he took men into battle, forcing himself. He thought of the people and the cause only, and would not see the dead. He did deeds of valour and kindness, and was beloved.

One day when he led his men to attack, a man would not. And he urged the man to attack; but the man said, "Brother, it is a shame to kill; it were better to die." The officer feared lest

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others should be corrupted, and the cause lost. So he killed the man: but he grieved.

The officer went into battle, and they gained the victory through him. The enemy were slaughtered in thousands, and driven headlong; and the young man became a great commander, honoured of all soldiers. But he lived for the cause; and he grieved.

It happened on a dark night that they brought in his friend dead. So he went out into the wind and the rain, to think about his friend. The rain beat upon him, and there was no clear sky; yet he remembered the stars, desiring them. There was a great wind that bent down the trees; and the leaves and little branches were torn off, scourging his face. He cried aloud to God, saying, "What wilt thou of me? It is far better to die than to kill."

In the morning they brought him a young man of the enemy, saying that he was a spy. But he looked into the eyes of the young man and found no guile in them. The young man said, "Slayer! My work is to make peace between the peoples. The peoples curse war: they curse thee." But the officer told them to release him, and said to him, "Brother, since it is a shame to kill, it is far better to die." And the officer went outside, and killed himself.

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God sowed a seed, certain of the flower;
But man must doubt till the bud burst.

There was a young man of intelligence, a skilled iron worker. He quarrelled with his masters, so that they threatened him. But he urged his companions to stand by him, for he said, "the right is with me"; and they stopped work and stood

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by him. After a month they came to him and said, "We are weary;" but he answered, "The cause is just;" and they departed. After another month they came again and said, "Our wives and our children starve;" but he said, "The cause is just;" and they departed. But after another month they came and said, "We are beaten." He said, "Though ye die, the cause is just." But they went back to their work, deserting him.

The young man wandered from city to city, seeking work and the truth. And it happened one night before dawn that he read deeply in a book; but he grew weary of its wisdom, and opened the window; and he looked up among the roofs and the chinneys, and saw a star. He thought, "The stars are thrown hither and thither for no purpose; men are thrown hither and thither, and there is no God." And he thought, "The stars clash not, but men clash; I will make order in earth as in heaven."

But two great armies came out of the East and the West, and the young man was taken away to be a soldier. But he considered while they took him and said, "All peoples are one: it is foolish to make war: I will not." They were angry with him, but he would not be persuaded. So they took him to work in the mines where they could compel him. He laboured under ground all day, and the darkness entered into his soul. He said, "The rich contrive war, lest the people should rebel. Perish the rich, robbers and murderers."

The young man escaped from the mines, and went between the peoples making peace. But the enemy seized him as a spy and took him before an officer; and the young man cursed the officer, in

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the name of the peoples. But the officer set him free, and said, "Brother, since it is a shame to kill, it is far better to die. "Then the officer killed himself, and the young man was glad. But the soldiers wept over their officer like children, because they loved him. The young man was ashamed.

He escaped through both armies into the borders of his own country. And he was perplexed because of the officer, and because of God. Now he sat by the roadside thinking, and looking into the blue sky for God. There came a number of carts, wherein were folk and their goods; and the last cart lagged sorely, for the horse was old. An old man and a girl were in the cart, and the girl drove. The young man went along with the last cart and asked, "Who are all ye?" The girl looked at him, and he saw that she was holy. But she turned her eyes from him and said, "The enemy came upon us." His heart smote him because of them, so that he cried, "Cursed be the enemy." But she said, "Who art thou that cursest?" He answered, "I am a man of peace." She looked into his eyes, saying, "Art thou so?"

The young man went away perplexed, grieving for the old man and the girl. All day long he thought about her, and at night. And he dreamed that he stood among the stars, ordering their courses, and the officer came to him, penitent because he had led one star astray. Therefore he cursed the officer, and sent him to hell. But the girl rose before him, reproaching him; and she said, "His blood is upon thee, and the blood of my father is upon thee. Thou hast killed them in thy self-righteousness. Thou little soul, who playest at God."

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In the morning the young man became a soldier to fight for the people. He was stripped of his pride, and became humbler than the humblest. And when winter began he went into battle, and fought gladly.

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God sowed a seed: slowly buds the flower:
God will pluck when he wills.

There was an old man past work, whose daughter tended him. They sat in the doorway of their house in the evening; and the old man talked about his prime, and the girl sewed. But one came running by the house who cried, "The enemy, the enemy!" The old man rose up in anger and said, "God strike them!" But she led him into the house and made him ready for a journey; and she took the savings from the chest, nine gold pieces, and knotted them in a handkerchief, and hid them on her. Then soldiers of the enemy came in riotously, seeking entertainment, and when they saw the girl, rejoiced over her. But she stood before them and said, "Friends, all that we have is yours, but my father and I are not yours, but God's." They saw that she was holy, and they were ashamed; but they told her to go away thence with her father and their household goods, for there was to be a battle. So she harnessed the old horse to the cart, and set her father in the cart, and gathered the household goods together, and packed them in the cart. Then she climbed up beside her father and drove away.

Upon the road next day they met a young man who was not a soldier. She knew that he was indeed no coward, but a man of peace. And in her heart she honoured him for it, and remembered him.

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They continued on the way five days till they came to the place allotted to them. They were given ground and a wooden hut, and there they dwelt. The girl made the house pleasant for her father, and tilled the ground for vegetables. She hired herself out to labour in the fields, for all the young men were at the war. But they that worked with her looked askance at her; for she said, "Would that all were men of peace."

With winter came great cold and the snow; and the old man sickened toward death. He said, "God punish the enemy, who brought us to this." But she answered, "Alas, they are God's children and He loves them." And she said, "Rememberest thou the young man of peace?" He said, "Though the rivers pour blood into the sea, and the peoples die off like autumn leaves; though all lands be wrecked; yet shall the earth be filled full with men of peace."

He laid his hands on his daughter, blessing her; and he said, "God has need of such as thee, my daughter, my darling." Then he died, and she was alone weeping. She laid him out fairly with clean linen, and sat with the dead till dawn, thinking about death.

On a spring evening as she came home through the fields, the young man stood before her who had said, "I am a man of peace." He said, "Because of thee I became a soldier, for my heart smote me. Because of thee I put off my self-righteousness, and fought gladly. But it happened that I chased a man with steel and he tripped. And my hand would not strike him, because he had tripped. A great horror of killing came over me, so that I fled like one mad. I have done with soldiering for ever, though I die for it. That I might tell thee, I have sought

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thee very many days." Now the girl wondered at his words; and she began to love him. And they two wandered about among the fields, loath to part; but at last they came into her garden, and stood still among the green things. She said, "See the stars, God's children also. Surely they love, and kill not." But he told her about the stars, that they are great suns and worlds; and she said, "They that dwell in those worlds, what of them?" She lifted up her hands to heaven, greeting those peoples; and she said to them, "Brothers and sisters whom I know not; do ye work and weep and love? Then I love you. Do ye hate and kill and make war? Still I love you." Then were they two silent a while before the majesty of the stars, and the mystery of one another. He said, "I knew not what God might be, till thou didst show me. He is the majesty of all the stars, and he is the soul of one girl."

Men came seeking him who arrested him as a deserter. They said, "Brave men are dying, and thou lurkest with a harlot." The young man broke loose raging, and hurt them. But they overpowered him and killed him, and took away the body.

The girl stood still in the pathway of the garden, among the green things. She lifted up her hands again to the heavens, and to the peoples therein; and she cried to them, "Weep with me, weep with me, ye peoples. They have taken my friend." But she wept not. She stood looking from star to star, amazed at death. A great terror and joy seized her because of the near prescence of her friend.

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God sowed a seed. It shall not fail,
Though in autumn the leaves wither.

The earth was a battlefield, and the cities heaps of ruins. All men were fighting: there were none to work. The armies were hungry and very tired, and still they fought. Women and children lay dead in the open unburied, yet more babies were born. Pestilences ate the peoples; the earth was foul.

Fiercer and fiercer grew the war, and neither side could conquer. The peoples began to rebel, and confusion grew. Yet in all lands were men of peace, working against war; and women of peace, who would not bear sons for the slaughter. Soldiers began to mingle with the enemy and be friends with them between the battles; yet at a word of command they would go back to kill. Everyone said to himself, "War is Hell; there is no good in it." But to his neighbour he said, "We suffer in a great cause." And so war devoured all things and all evil grew.

There was a woman on a battlefield, tending the wounded. The sun burned them and there was no water. They began to rave, but nothing could be done. The woman was busy over them, but all the while she thought deeply, wondering that men endured so much for war, but for peace they dared nothing.

Now a great mass of men ran thither, chased by the enemy; who slaughtered them as they ran. The woman stood up against them compassionate, but she could not restrain them. They all swept past her raging, and she was left with the newly fallen. But after a while the enemy returned bringing prisoners. They would have seized her; but a holy anger came over

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her, so that they dared not. She cried, "Friends, ye all hate war; why must ye fight? Are ye mad, that ye can love and yet kill? Or are ye cowards, that ye dare not throw down your weapons? The whole world wants peace, and the whole world is afraid. See the battlefield, your work! Are ye glad of it? Ye hate it, ye hate it, for ye are men, not wolves. Ye have wives and mothers and sweethearts, and children trust you. How can ye kill under the blue sky in June? Oh, we have all lost sight of God, and so we have no joy. Yet God is in everyone that loves; he is in everyone's heart. Throw down your weapons, throw them down. Better die than kill. Better die men of peace, than live making war. If ye dare, others will dare, and others and others; and so war must end."

A crowd gathered round her to listen, and each man knew that she spoke the truth; for in everyone's heart a voice answered her voice, the God in each speaking. A murmur rose from the crowd, so that all knew that all approved. And they began throwing down their weapons; and suddenly all shouted for joy. Then the women urged them to scatter over the country-side to speak for peace. And she said, "Most will be killed, but it is for peace."

Suddenly their enemy attacked them, and they let themselves be overpowered. Most were quickly destroyed, but they died praising peace. The enemy were amazed, and faltered in the killing; and soon they also threw away their weapons, and became men of peace.

All that mixed host spread abroad to persuade men to stop war. Many were martyred, but they died in joy. And the peoples were ready to hear; so the word spread. At last it was agreed

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that on a certain day all war should cease, and all weapons be gathered together and destroyed. And on that day it was done. Each man took a vow, holding the hand of one that had been an enemy. All the armies marched home, and in their homes was joy.

Then men began to build again what had been destroyed, and to set on foot the great works of peace. Everywhere there was sorrow still, and the misery that war had made; but there was hope. Men began to quarrel and to grasp what was within reach; but a new spirit also dawned. The souls of men had been chastened for the beginning of a new age. It shall be an age of knowing God, and an age of joy.

The woman went back to her village and made a home for herself. She grew green stuff for market, and kept fowls. She went to market every week, carrying a full basket. Her neighbours' children loved her and gave her a pet name. And often at night she went into the garden to look at the stars, and to ask them about her friend who was dead She named the stars according to her fancy, knowing them so well. She grew to hear the music that is the song of all the stars. And she knew her friend, and he was God. Then in the time when joy had come back into the world, she died.

God sowed a seed, and there came a flower.
Holy is God, and the world His flower.

OLAF STAPLEDON.

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A GARDEN MEDITATION.

"By the breadth of the blue that shines in silence o'er me,
By the length of the mountain lines that stretch before me,
By the height of the cloud that sails, with rest in motion,
Over the plains and the vales to the measureless ocean,
(Oh, how the sight of the things that are great enlarges the eyes !)
Lead me out of the narrow life to the peace of the hills and the skies."

A QUIET day spent under the shady trees in my garden gives fresh food for thought and does much to "lead out of the narrow life." The dumb creation (surely a misnomer) is seen at its best and understood most, like some other things, when we are still and wait patiently in the presence of Nature and of Nature's God.

How peaceful, we say, is Nature! Here at least we are far removed from strife, and may forget for a time the warfare which is raging amongst the higher creation.

"When thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget,
Go to the woods and hills, no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

The humming of the bees, the singing of the birds, bring a sense of harmony to the soul; the springing daisies on the grass, persisting in spite of the mower's best efforts, suggest a lesson of courage and perseverance; while the distant hills veiled in mist speak of the mystery which surrounds the future, holding our eyes from penetrating beyond that dim horizon which is "but the limit of our sight." The sturdy trees tell of endurance through many a winter of cold and storm, and

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of new life constantly springing forth in the midst of decay, sustained by the life-giving sap the vehicle of that living power that worketh within bringing greenness and blossom out of death and destruction. All Nature is surely full of promise and of hope, and of heavenly aspiration.

Now an aeroplane whirring overhead like a ponderous dragon-fly breaks the silence, recalling our thoughts suddenly to the earth plane with its unrest and strife, bringing visions of men going forth to slay their fellow-men, of brave lads dying in thousands on the battlefield, of broken homes and bleeding hearts. . . . We ask wherefore —and whither? Our heart echoes the poet's exclamation,

> "Where every prospect pleases
> And only man is vile!"

But does the contrast always hold good, or is there after all a hidden "root of bitterness" working for evil in man and beast alike? Let us observe a little more closely Nature and its manifestations.

A few crumbs thrown on the grass attract my feathered friends. A young robin barely fledged pecks gingerly at them, unsuspecting in his innocence, when suddenly an older redbreast darts from the bushes, rudely hustles the little one away, and remains proud master of the field. This little scene is of frequent occurrence, and it is evident that Master Robin has established himself in his own mind at least as lord of this happy hunting ground to the terror of his feathered companions.

My eye wanders to the sill of a window where a tempting repast is spread—where thrushes, chaffinches, and tits of many kinds vie with the sparrows and starlings in selecting the daintiest

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morsels for themselves and their little ones. On the wall above a nuthatch clings, waiting his time. Suddenly he swoops in amongst the sparrows, opening his mouth with many vociferations, and having successfully routed them, seizes a nut in his long beak and flies to a tree near by, where he proceeds to crack it by wedging it in the fork of a branch and energetically beating it with his bill. Like our friend the robin he, too, has his special rights on that window sill, and woe be to all usurpers! That there are formidable foes who sometimes dispute his right we may gather from the fact that he often spends some minutes clinging to the wall or the rafters, anxiously waiting their departure. Fear reigns in his little breast—a fear of his bird-kind greater even than of the superior animal, man.

On the bank where the birds love to come for their morning bath two sparrows are in fierce conflict. But woe betide them! At this moment a black cat concealed in the bushes, seeing her opportunity, springs upon the combatants and has soon one of them in her clutches. Such an action is not without its parallels in the world of men and nations.

Yesterday the gardener brought me word of a sad tragedy enacted in my neighbour's garden. The black-and-white dog, taking his daily walk with his old master, broke into the fowl-run, and before help could arrive had killed several chickens, scattering the rest in all directions. The mother-hen had beaten the feathers off her breast in her efforts to defend them. Surely this is no legitimate warfare—not even civilized sport like killing a fox! It is murder in cold blood—a raid on valuable property, and to-day the poor dog atones for it with his life!

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Once again our quiet meditation is disturbed by voices of strife. This time the language is intelligible, being that of the higher animal, though only its discordant tones reach us. But it is easy to fill in the story. One boy has a cherished possession—a knife, perhaps picked up by the roadside, or an apple pilfered from a passing cart. Another boy has cast envious eyes upon it and in an unguarded moment appropriates it. Angry words pass, followed by blows, and after a trial of strength the marauder is despoiled. The spirit that makes for war has been manifested—the "root of bitterness" springing up in bird and man alike. It sets us thinking on the Apostle's words in Rom. vii. He had discovered the "lower nature" as a law within him 'leading him captive to the law everywhere at work in his body—the law of sin.' "I my true self am in servitude to the Law of God, but with my lower nature I am in servitude to the Law of sin" (vii. 25). In Gal. v. he enumerates among "the doings of our lower nature" "enmity, strife, jealousy, outbursts of passion, intrigues, dissensions." "If you are perpetually snarling and snapping at one another, beware lest you are destroyed by one another. . . . Let your lives be guided by the Spirit, and then you will certainly not indulge the cravings of your lower natures. . . . The Spirit, on the other hand, brings a harvest of love, joy, peace, patience towards others . . . good faith, meekness." (See Gal. v. 15-24, Weymouth trans.) War cannot exist where this harvest is being brought forth. It is the outcome of that "life and power which takes away the occasion of all wars."

To the lower creation there is no sin in yielding to the animal propensities which are the law of their being. But man has been called to life on a

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higher plane, and in obeying them he becomes subject to the law of sin.

Some of us are too content to live on the lower plane, to allow the animal nature to have the mastery in our lives. We are not walking in that "newness of life" of which the Apostle speaks in Rom. vi. 4, "that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father even so we also should walk in newness of life." Some are endeavouring so to walk—striving after a life of peace and goodness, but it does not come for all their striving. There must be first the yielding to the uplifting force, that indwelling power which alone can raise out of the self-life. This has been beautifully illustrated by the old allegory of "the restless wave that envied the silver cloud floating softly in the quiet sky. The wave lifted itself in mighty effort, lashed itself upwards in vague fury upon the rocks, always to fall back disappointed to the same level, until it learned the lesson at last that it could only become a cloud by yielding to the sun's powerful attraction upon the chemical forces within it, and being lifted by evaporation, in lighter purer substance, above and out of its old self. Like as the wave is raised from ocean level into the sky by the glory of the sun, "even so," that is, by the inspiring power of the indwelling Divine nature blending with the Universal Soul, must we also walk in newness of life."*

Before leaving the garden let us once more learn of Nature by noticing the wonderful adaptations everywhere exhibited, and how wisely through them the Creator has provided for her needs.

**The Power that worketh in us.*—BASIL WILBERFORCE, D.D.

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This has been impressed upon me by observing the birds, with their wondrous division of labour and variety of methods, yet all intent upon the one useful work of ridding the garden from insects, whilst at the same time gathering their own daily bread. Each does the work in his own way and with his own tools—not one could do exactly the work of another. The aphides that infest the fir trees are being cleared by the tits of various species, whole families of the long-tailed variety making frequent raids through the tops of the tall trees. A bird of similar habits, the tiny gold-crest, sometimes shares the spoil, his shrill wiry note betraying his presence as he flits from twig to twig, whilst a pair of little willow warblers are gaily hunting on the rose bushes and sweet peas on the border beyond. All day long a pied wag-tail, the mother, I judge, of a considerable brood of nestlings in the vale below, never wearying of her labour, makes constant visits to the lawn, her little feet running faster than the eye can follow them, sometimes fairly toppling over in her haste in pursuit of the flies and gnats which abound during this hot season. When she has filled her long bill with a sufficient number of crushed insects she is off again with skimming flight, shortly to return, sometimes in company with her mate, when together they repeat the fascinating performance. Commend me to this bird as an example of tireless and joyous diligence in duty (surely prompted by love) absolutely regardless of all distractions!

On the cedar tree above my head the little creeper is busy doing his work in quite a different way, but just in the way for which God has adapted him. With his short feet clinging to the bark, his brown speckled plumage scarcely

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distinguishable from it in colour, he creeps like a little mouse in short jerks up the trunk and branches, with his fine bill extracting minute insects from their crevices. We notice that whilst the nuthatch, although equally at home in all positions, usually hunts head downwards, the tree-creeper almost invariably creeps upwards, his stiff-pointed tail feathers being admirably adapted to support him in this position.

One more bird puts in a claim for recognition—the industrious little flycatcher who sits patiently on the roof of the summer-house yonder, like an observer on his watch-tower, all through the hot afternoon, making short circuits in the air after his prey, sometimes with a young one perched beside him or following him in his flights. A bird of this species has been observed to feed its young ones no less than 537 times in one day!

There is one tribe of insect-hunters less frequently to be seen in the precincts of the garden, viz., the swallows. Down in the vale below numbers of these birds are skimming the surface of meadow and stream, and, as evening draws on, the swifts scream round the house chasing one another in the joyous ecstasy of their flight.

In closing our meditations on this August evening, having turned aside for a few days of rest to learn of the birds and the flowers, we cannot shut out the remembrance that two years ago on this very day the powers of evil were let loose and the conflict began in which our nation is still engaged and which is devastating the world. The fervent prayer arises that before another summer comes round with its golden corn, its growing flowers and happy birds, all telling of life and joy and usefulness, peace may again reign

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upon the earth and a new dawn arise of "*goodwill amongst men.*"

* * * * * *

We have listened to "the vesper-hymn of the thrush while the twilight lingers," the birds have all gathered to roost in the trees, and now as the dusk draws on, the soft flutter of little wings is again about us, as the bats flit silently by over our heads, reminding us that the time for departure has come. These, too, "seek their meat from God" and tell of an unslumbering Nature, and of an unslumbering Providence who has "made everything beautiful in its time." "O Lord how *manifold* are Thy works! *in wisdom* hast Thou made them all, the earth is full of Thy riches." As we turn in to rest we will take for our evening hymn the words of the poet :—

"By the faith that the flowers shew when they bloom unbidden,
By the calm of the river's flow to a goal that is hidden,
By the trust of the tree that clings to its deep foundation,
By the courage of wild birds' wings on the long migration,
(Wonderful secret of peace that abides in Nature's breast!)
Teach me how to confide, and live my life, and rest."

E. MABEL WESTLAKE.

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THE DEEPER MEANING OF THE F.F.M.A. JUBILEE.

FRIENDS think so little of special times and seasons that to many it may seem as if undue emphasis were being laid upon the fiftieth anniversary of the starting of foreign mission work by the Society. Is there any special significance in the fact that fifty years ago, on October 4th, 1866, Rachel Metcalfe sailed for India, and thus inaugurated the modern missionary movement among Friends? Perhaps not. Yet it is worth while sometimes to take a careful look back upon a piece of past history, and seek to win from it a fresh inspiration for the needs of to-day. Such an effort will be of value to-day not simply because we happen to be at the jubilee of the F.F.M.A., but also because the time in which we live is one in which the lessons of these fifty years will be of quite exceptional helpfulness.

This is not the place in which even to summarize the history. It can be studied in *Friends Beyond Seas*, and in other articles and publications prepared for the purpose. Such study is needed if the full force of the points here mentioned is to be brought home. The statement of them alone, however, may help to convince us of the value of such a study, and to give meaning and point to it when it is undertaken. Let us, then, gather together a few outstanding points that have been gleaned in going over the whole field.

1. *There is an intimate relationship between the life of the Church and its missionary activities.*

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This is no mere theory. Those who argue that it would be better to leave alone persons of other faiths or types, and to concentrate on our own admitted needs, are maintaining a theory destroyed by the facts of history. When the Society first came into existence, it was missionary through and through. Its halcyon days were days of missionary activity and expansion. Its dark days came when the missionary spirit had waned. The last fifty years have seen a concurrent growth in missionary effort and in vigorous life at home. Even our own short history shows us how much we are at fault when we calculate spiritual things on the same basis as material. The motto that stands out from a survey of two hundred and sixty years of the Society's life is: "What I kept I lost: what I spent I had; what I gave I have."

2. *The guidance of the Holy Spirit has actually been given to those at home and abroad who have been responsible for the missionary enterprise.* The early days of the Christian Church recorded in the Acts of the Apostles are not an isolated experience. They have been repeated in very recent times, and may always be repeated when men and women "attempt great things for God and expect great things from God." The Spirit still says: "Separate me this or that one for the work whereunto I have called him"; He still constrains to one service, or prevents His servants from entering upon another. We have the clearest proof, in the experience of our Society, and in its aggressive work on behalf of mankind, that we can rely upon the leadership of our Master, and that He does not disappoint His servants who so trust Him. Often through extreme difficulty, often faced with most perplexing situations, often

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when the way seemed quite blocked, the light has been given that has been proved by events to be worthy of trust, that could safely be followed.

3. *The venture of faith is justified in the event.* Looking back on the past, it is frequently difficult to see how big a venture of faith has been needed in a certain set of circumstances. When once trodden, the path seems to have been the only possible one to tread. We look to the future, and everything is uncertain. The demand on faith seems very great. No one can study the history of missionary work among Friends without seeing how great were the ventures of faith that had to be made. Prudence constantly called a halt. Weak and unknown people were called on to act in ways that the strongest leaders might have feared. They simply believed in God, and it worked. The impossible was accomplished. Money came in, doors opened, difficulties melted away, faith was vindicated. We may well ask ourselves whether the future is really any more difficult to us than their future was for the missionary pioneers of our Society. At least we know we have the same God in whom to put our confidence.

4. *A divine purpose for our Society, greater than we can see, is gradually being unfolded.* Those who initiated the missionary movement little realized whereunto it would grow. They were being used to lay foundations for a greater building than they could plan. Through the dark ages of the Society the life never died out. A study of its history impresses one with the sense that it was being preserved until the tide of life rose again, kept for a service to the world that, it may be, we are now being called upon to render. Few things impress the student more than the majesty of this divine purpose very gradually unfolding itself

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to one and another. Each took his part in carrying it out, some unseen, others seen. All the while, as we study their lives, we are conscious of being in the presence of One who is working out His own thoughts. For what yet greater ends has our Society been thus prepared ?

5. *There is need of adaptability and freedom from the bondage of tradition, if we are to be the medium of working out the divine will.* The truth handed down from the fathers is a priceless possession. But what has come to us is not a mere tradition, an order of life, a form of expression. Our most precious heritage is a free spirit—given liberty to work freely. The past may fetter rather than inspire It actually prevented Friends, on several occasions, from going forward. It nearly throttled the missionary spirit that finally expressed itself in the formation of the F.F.M.A. We may not throw over the past merely for the sake of change, but, when the flood time comes, it will not do to insist on its being confined to old channels. At such times the more readily we can adapt our methods and forms of expression the more fully shall we be used of God. The hard struggles through which the F.F.M.A. was born should bring a lesson for this time of change.

6. *Every act of individual faithfulness has its place in preparing for better things.* Many individuals who were used in starting the F.F.M.A. might have thought, and were, indeed, strongly tempted to think, that it would not be worth while for them to do their insignificant "bit." It was, however, just through the faithfulness of each one that so great a change was wrought. One here and another there—at first unknown to one another—were following the leading given and

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taking the risks involved. Old and young, learned and ignorant, men and women, rich and poor, each had his own contribution. All the fragments were taken by the Master Hand and woven into one perfect whole. The complete consecration of each one helped to awaken a like spirit of consecration in others. Waiting till others were ready to begin, too, would have simply meant missing the golden opportunity.

To-day "new occasions teach new duties" to the Society of Friends. The F.F.M.A. has become responsible for very large work in five fields, and still larger opportunities open. The peculiar situation created by the War brings added responsibility and enlarged possibilities. These fifty years have seen vast changes. They have been preparing the Society to face a new situation in this country and in the world. The experience of missionary work is not given to the Society for nothing. Quakerism is called to be a missionary religion to-day in a fuller and larger way than ever before in its varied history. Can we rise to the call of our generation? The answer must be made by *us*—not by our distant or our immediate predecessors.

Looking back on the missionary history of Friends we can gather up these outstanding lessons. We can see ourselves called to a missionary endeavour far beyond our apparent strength; but we need not be dismayed as we realize that, in spiritual things, lavish giving leads not to exhaustion but to enrichment. We may be in the utmost perplexity as to the immediate or the distant future; but we can count upon the guidance so richly given in the past when we have faced great tasks. We may feel that faith is too feeble for the great adventure; but we may take

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heart when we contemplate its victories in our own history. We may feel our Society wholly inadequate to the task, yet be confident that a divine purpose is being worked out, even now. We may fear to embark on a course unfamiliar and even contrary to the well-tried traditions of the past, but still see that new wine must have new skins, nor be afraid to adapt our Society in response to the new demand and the new life. Chiefly, while we shrink from committing ourselves to that which lies ahead, we may with joy remember that we are each one but responsible for his own loyalty, and that our faithfulness in that which is least will stir up faithful service in others, and become a definite factor in bringing in the Kingdom of God.

What the future holds for our Society, what rich service to the world it may yet be hers to render, we can none of us tell, any more than our fathers could predict the widespread activities that have been possible through the work of the F.F.M.A. The thousands of scholars in our schools, the tens of thousands of patients who visit our dispensaries and hospitals, the men and women who have found their spiritual home in the Society, and who have come into an experience of life through her missionary activity, stand as a witness to the power of faith, courage, quiet persistence and consecrated personality. Beyond all this, there is the contribution that Friends are thus making to brotherhood and goodwill between widely diverse races, to raising up self-reliant Christian communities in these lands, to calling out the best contribution of spiritually-minded people brought up in different religious systems, and helping them to find the fulfilment of their deepest yearnings in Jesus Christ. The full sig-

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nificance of these results can never be revealed in statistics and reports. The inner life cannot be set forth in tables and diagrams. But these are the things that are most worth.

If the deeper meaning of the Jubilee is to be clear to us, we need to participate ourselves in the missionary spirit, and to enter into inner sympathy with those who need so greatly the word of peace and power. What we desire beyond anything else for the Jubilee is that, wherever it is considered and studied, there may be a fresh outbreak of enthusiasm for those great truths for which we stand, a fresh attempt to bring them to men and women in this and other lands, a fresh devotion to Him from whom they derive and in whose life alone they find their full expression.

HENRY T. HODGKIN.

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FOREIGN MISSIONS AND THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

In any consideration of the attitude of the Society of Friends towards Foreign Missions we must remember that the Society arose as the farthest swing of the pendulum in the Protestant revolt against the abuses of Romanism. It was also a further dissent from the prevailing Calvinism of its day; and thus partook of the nature of a double negation. Although the attitude of dissent may be a temporary asset to the reformer, it is liable to affect the permanent value of his work. A witty Roman Catholic has said, "The Quakers are right in all that they affirm, and wrong in all that they deny." This, exaggeration though it be, hits a weak spot in our armour. Friends have suffered in the past from an understatement of the affirmatives of their belief, and an undue emphasis upon negations.

The success of George Fox as a religious leader was largely due to the strength of his positive statement of the Gospel. During the latter part of his life he had to deal with a distortion of this teaching among his own followers, which led to quietism and the numbing of evangelical zeal. Fox himself remained clear and outspoken, insisting that the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ should be preached to all kinds and conditions of men; that God had given to all some measure of the Divine, which made them accessible to the gospel of grace; and that their condemnation could only be as they resisted the light within, in the day of salvation granted them. He has a

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true claim to be called a pioneer in Foreign Mission work.

Whilst the early Friends taught in theory of a universal and saving Light, and entertained a world-wide conception of Christ's salvation, as a matter of actual fact, they had as a whole scarcely grasped the idea of a non-European church at all. Any really vigorous attempt to influence non-Christian races seems to have been made within about fifteen years of Fox's entry upon his ministry.* The persecutions and imprisonments following the accession of Charles II. probably partly account for a less widespread effort. On the adhesion of Penn and Barclay with their more trained and scholastic presentation of truth, we do not find much sustained enthusiasm with regard to the non-Christian world; though considerable extension of effort took place in Europe, and Penn's ideas for the Indians were never fully carried out. Friends had a real and living message for their time, embodying two leading ideas, Freedom and Holiness in daily life. They carried the idea of Freedom much further than the Puritans had done, not without some risk of anarchy. But they materially helped to formulate the idea for the British race, and through them for all peoples and time. The nursery ryhme, "Q. was a Quaker and would not bow down," is a popular tribute to the facts.

The Decrees of the Councils and the Shorter Catechism alike awoke feelings of injustice and misrepresentation of the grace of God. In their idea of Redemption, Friends included more than the mere forgiveness of sins. As they preached

* See Vol. II. *Christian Discipline*, pp. 52, 53.

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it, it meant the deliverance of soul, intellect, and body. "The true faith," says Pennington, "the faith of the Gospel which saves the sinner from sin, and makes him more than conqueror over sin, and the power of darkness, is a belief in the nature of God; which belief gives entrance into, and causes an abiding in, that nature."

From a very early period, possibly as the result of persecution, Friends seem to have acquired a measure of aloofness and spiritual pride that has tended to make them look down on others, and to receive even those who have sought their communion with an element of suspicion. For a century and a half, Friends, as a whole, omitted to grasp what Fox had clearly seen, that it was the Lord's intention that the gospel be preached to all nations. They remained thoroughly British and insular in their relationship to other races; and in consequence, the Christian goodwill in their attitude to non-Europeans was the benevolence of *patronage* rather than the true benevolence of *brotherhood* and fellowship. The mere desire to see accessions to our particular community does not of itself prove right religious feeling. Our Lord severely censured the Pharisees, who compassed land and sea to make one proselyte. But the revelation of God, as "our Father," involves the idea of the family of God, containing babes as well as those of more mature growth.

Throughout the world, religion is associated more or less with the great *mysteries of human life*. But Quakerism, in its legitimate desire to avoid sacerdotalism, has to some extent failed to give expression to this relationship. In the gospel narrative we find a seven-fold development in our Lord's life upon earth, which seems to gather round the chief stages of our common humanity.

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The story of Bethlehem, the presentation in the temple, give us a picture of hallowed motherhood; we read of the unfolding of the religious bud in the Syrian boy of twelve, who, with his first appreciation of the Passover ceremonies, feels he must be concerned with the things of his Father; the silent contemplative carpenter of Nazareth identifies himself with the national need for confession and repentance, and in this co-partnership with sinning humanity receives the supreme seal from his Father in Heaven; we read of the tender Love that attracted little children and frail womanhood; of the mediatorial intercession that made him both Priest and Sacrifice for his fellowmen; how, after the farewell supper, he invited into the tragic communion of Gethsemane the three closest of his chosen friends; how He transformed death in the repulsive form of a Roman execution into the supreme victory and revelation of Eternal Love.

In this incarnation, this identification with the ignorant and foolish, lies a mystery which seems at the root of all religious progress, and which the servant is called to some extent to share with his Lord. Has not our presentation of Christianity suffered from a certain aloofness and failure to share in the common needs of humanity, and does it not require a more practical exposition of our theory of Immanence? Have we not also shown a denominational tendency towards the abstraction of a "Saving Motive," which has occasionally led to a matter-of-fact cold Unitarianism, and stripped our devotions and "good works" of some of the poetry and romanticism of the true religious life, which is needed to appeal to the many-sided and complex nature of our fellow man, and so hindered our missionary

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efficacy; and whilst we have been ready to help the body, have we not been dumb, or stumblingly awkward, in ministering to the soul?

An Indian missionary thinks of the three ways of salvation outlined by Indian religious thinkers; which they name the way of Works, the way of Knowledge, and the way of Love (Bhakti). Our Quaker theology and practice has for the more part been on the lines of the way of Knowledge. Now Knowledge has a tendency to pride, sometimes disguised under an affectation of humility; and it is the way of Love that has most profoundly impressed the Indian peoples through various forms of the Vaishnava faith, although in books prepared by scholars one naturally reads more of the way of knowledge. At the root of the modern Protestant missionary movement we find the Moravian Brethren and the Wesleyan revival. Foreign Missions have arisen out of Home Missions.

In the Quietism of the eighteenth century there was little power to win or to keep. The person of Christ is the central Fact and doctrine that wins souls for God. We must "preach Jesus," and Jesus identifying Himself with Humanity. The word "Gospel" is sometimes used rather to represent a dogma than a living fact. Such a shrewd observer as Meredith Townsend said, "We want Christian fanatics for Asiatic preachers. At present we go to tremendous expense in making bad imitations of European middle-class talkers." We, too, need a sane fanaticism, which is prepared to ignore that veneered and much over-rated product of modern civilisation, "the man in the street," and to appeal to the real man underneath.

With the wider intercourse with many who previous to the War had little acquaintance with

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Friends as a corporate body, we may anticipate an increasing number are likely to gravitate towards Friends, and ultimately advance our views of Christian truth both at home and abroad. The twofold message of the work of Christ, which Alexander Maclaren so well described in his address on Evangelical Mysticism, needs the careful statement of the trained theologian, as well as the simple testimony of the unlearned. Sacerdotal Christianity misrepresents God as approached by a system of magic and rite. Friends are greatly needed to declare the truth that God is found in all places and at all times; and as He approaches us through the channel of our humanity, so through our humanity we may approach Him, without human intervention of any sort.

Notwithstanding the generous contributions now made towards Foreign Missionary work, when we remember that the Society of Friends has no salaried ministers to support during their period of service, or maintain when superannuated, I rather doubt whether the rank and file are any more truly convinced of the necessity for missionary work abroad, than the ordinary Christian public. Do not Friends largely share the regular British idea that the world in general will somehow "muddle through" without their help; though they may not express it quite so baldly? There is little conception of "hastening the day of God"; and, stated in general terms, the more any section has claimed for itself special attachment to the views of the early Friends, the fewer missionaries has it contributed to the spread of Christ's kingdom throughout the world at large.

Wise advice is given in the Book of Christian Discipline to those who are going abroad to remember their responsibilities to those in the

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lands they are going to. This needs emphasising by the officers of our meetings. I have been disappointed at the total lack of interest shown in our missionary labours by fellow members resident in India, and greatly cheered by the interest shown by a few. Whatever may be the opinion of scholars as to the last two verses of Matthew's gospel being the actual words of our Saviour, as He Himself spoke them, there can be no doubt that they correctly summarise His teaching as a command to His disciples to give His message to the World, which we, as a portion of the Christian church, must obey. If Friends are content to cherish sound doctrine for themselves, but make no effort to convey the truth to others,—surely the words "I was an hungred and ye gave me no meat" apply quite as much to spiritual truths as to temporalities. Once admit the brotherhood of man, and the Fatherhood of God, and we are committed to the missionary cause.

Our experiments and ventures amidst the various nationalities on our mission fields may possibly help Friends at home to a nearer solution of the problems connected with our free and open ministry, and an efficient pastoral care without officialism. But so far, we cannot say that any of our ventures have been entirely successful. The spasmodic efforts of the travelling prophet, whilst encouraging existing congregations, rarely build up new ones, which need more continual supervision and pastoral care. The foreign missionary, as a rule, arrives in Europe weary and jaded for his period of furlough, so that he can rarely give his best to the Society at home; yet his presence gives some gentle and healthy stimulus to the meetings where he is

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found, and should do something to give a wider outlook to the congregations with whom he comes in touch.

The recent movement for a closer connection between the Friends' Foreign Missionary Association and the Yearly Meeting is timely and sound, so long as it does not interfere with the greater elasticity and rapidity of movement of the F.F.M.A. What I have said of the insularity of early Friends I personally think is still true of London Yearly Meeting. We do not think of *Friends* in Madagascar, China, or India, but of "mission converts." As a matter of fact, some of these are much more truly Friends than many of our birthright members. We must get rid of this false aspect, and enlarge our vision. "Am I not a man and a brother?" said the old picture of the Anti-Slavery days. Friends replied, "Yes —but scarcely suitable to be a Friend." It may still come as a shock to some, to be asked to include Asiatics or Africans, so rich in faith though so poor in this world's goods and knowledge, as are many who may be found in our missions.

In the reconstruction that must inevitably follow the War, we must see that we utilise the latent talents of our young people, not only in *social* but in *spiritual* revival at home and abroad. The personality of workers is a great asset to the church. True, she is built on the One Foundation of Jesus; but Apostles and Prophets continue the sacred edifice,—not on wind-swept niches or dusty shelves of unread volumes, but in an apostolic succession of the Lord's calling.

. . . . .

Owing to its failure to appreciate the need of Foreign Missions, our Society has been one of the

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latest to take the field. Its entrance upon the work, to any extent, has also had something of the nature of a disturbing element in all fields which it had occupied, on account of its position towards Water Baptism.

The Roman, Greek, Anglican, and various Protestant churches, however they may differ as to methods and other matters, agree that entrance into the status of membership in the Christian community can only be through water baptism. What are they then to say to a missionary body that declares this non-essential? The clergyman who may approach Quakers in England in a most friendly way in order to obtain financial help for his work abroad, may observe a very different attitude towards a militant Quakerism that he considers interferes with the harmonious prosecution of the same work. Is it right for the Society of Friends in the face of the organised opposition of non-Christian religions, to countenance anything which may give an impression of want of unity, to those they seek to win?

The following illustrations from India show how this may appear to others. The late Hon. Kali Chharan Banurji told me that as the result of the visit of Henry Hipsley, Russell Jeffrey, and William Brewin to India, a number of the students at the Christian colleges in Calcutta were very much attracted by Friends' views. This was so much the case that when the Christo Somaj independent Bengali church was founded, they considered for some time whether they should take up the position of Friends as to the sacraments, or follow the custom of the Presbyterian church, with which they were mostly connected. They finally decided to retain the sacraments, on account of their general observance by other

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bodies of Christians. When our three Friends had left Calcutta, the celebrated Dr. Duff said he wished he could have burnt the books they had distributed and left behind. Our Indian members, who remove from our district, are sometimes refused Christian burial by the European missionaries of other societies. They complain that the Europeans are so much more "unchristian" in their attitude than their Indian fellow-Christians.

So long as Friends were working in separate districts with but few converts, there was little reason for open expression of dislike; but as the community grows, and Quaker converts remove to other districts, and converts from other societies remove into ours, the problem of difference increasingly has to be faced. In spite of these differences and exceptions, it is most cheering to recognise the brotherliness and fellowship which characterises the greater part of our intercourse with those who differ from us on doctrinals. The true Unity, when gathered under the leadership of the great Head of the Church, is felt and recognised.

It is inevitable that there should be differences both in religious opinion and practice, or there could be no growth in the church, which is a living organism. Isaac Pennington very clearly shows how we may maintain distinctive views, and yet enjoy the unity of love. "How sweet," he says, "and pleasant it is to the spiritual eye to see several forms of Christians in the School of Christ; everyone learning their own lesson, performing their own peculiar service, and knowing, owning, and loving one another in their several places and different performances to their Master; to Whom they are to give an account, and not to quarrel with one another about their

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different practices. The true ground of unity is not that a man walks and does just as I do, but that I feel the same Spirit and Life in him." Our missionary message then is a personal call to Faith, Repentance, and Love, centred round the person of our Lord and Saviour. Faith believes God, and in God; Repentance is Faith acting by Works to become God-like; Love is the present and future tense of Repentance and Faith. Wherever there is a sincere love of Jesus Christ and a desire after holiness, there is at once a bond of union, however great may be the divergence of opinion as to the temporary or permanent value of rites and ceremonies, or diversities on points of doctrine. Even the gulf between Anglicans and Free Churchmen, the Bishop of Bombay has suggested, may be bridged on the basis of mutual acknowledgment of priestly and prophetic orders, as a step towards closer federation.

There is a very decided approach on the part of the most thoughtful missionaries, in different fields, to the attitude of the early Friends towards people of the non-Christian religions. It is recognised that even if these have not had the blessing of the Hebrew revealed Scriptures, or the teaching of our Lord and Saviour, they have had a measure of light granted them, which has led to a widespread ethical feeling as to what is right and wrong for humanity. Too often the so-called "religion" of those addressed is the main factor in hiding or distorting this deep sense of what is truly religious. The priests have become, as William Penn described the clergy of his day, the "common eclipse between God and the souls of his people." Underneath, and in the rarer utterances of religious leaders, is the testimony to the action of the Divine light, breaking in upon the darkness.

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We appeal to the inner light, claiming the possibility of a *personal* perception of truth, that is not solely dependent upon the acceptance of tradition. There is always a certain unity, not only between professing Christians, but between all those who are truly seeking to follow God after their lights. The foreign mission effort needs to avail itself of this unity, and, as Peter preached Christ to Cornelius, so show them the higher way, using their experiences in the past as stepping-stones to a better time to come.

There is a very wide agreement that we have overdone preaching by contrasts. After this War it will be a very much harder thing to convince non-Christians of the great superiority of the Christian faith to that they already possess. If baptised people can be guilty of what has taken place in Europe, and in Asia and Africa, why be baptised? Nothing short of such a spiritual gospel of actual holiness as our Lord Himself preached, will content the true seekers in every continent. The method of preaching by contrast, and pointing out how black everything is that is not of our faith, has a tendency to alienate just those people we most desire to gain. There is a very evident need for a winning and clear positive presentation of Christian truth, free from all rite or magic, under whatever name. We can use the points we agree upon, or which are partial approaches to the truth, as stepping stones to the higher truth, and avenues which lead up to God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Friends are now a constituent part of the Christian church as a whole in some of the most central points of the world's missionary activity. The teaching and views of the Society have therefore to be taken into account by leaders of

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other Christian churches, who would otherwise never even have thought of them. The experience of our Indian Christians who have accepted water baptism under pressure from European missionaries, in order to put themselves in fellowship with surrounding Christians, and with considerable protest as to its needlessness, has had some effect in modifying sacramentarian ideas. Such people, on leaving us, and having been brought up in a form of Christianity free from rites of this sort, are staggered to be told they "are not Christians." They have lived in a Christian atmosphere as Christians, and sought to follow Jesus. They have recognised the genuine Christian character of their fellow members, and been fed and instructed on the words of Christ, and have known the influence of the Holy Spirit in their midst. They know that whatever may be said to the contrary, they *are* Christians. This witness counts for something in the total progress of the Church.

The missionary work of the future will be carried on in the East with an increasing accompaniment of the "national" spirit. We need to emphasise the Catholic and Universal nature of Christianity, and to recognise the brotherhood of all as a balance to an undue national bias, at the same time realising the separate contribution to Christian thought as a whole which each family of man can bring. Our position as to war is so mixed up with the problems involved, that we certainly need to think out very clearly the status of the "Kingdom of Heaven," the earthly State, and human Personality. The subjects now being considered by London Yearly Meeting should be a real contribution to this end. The fact of Jesus Christ is the great solvent of these problems.

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We may feel this and yet not find it easy to show a way out of the actual difficulties of the situation.

In all human progress there are two tendencies at work, those of momentum and inertia. "Good people" are just as subject to these influences as others, and we have constantly to shake off the conservative element of "good people" and elderly people, in order to maintain a living equilibrium in those higher ascents towards the truth, which Jesus told His disciples would be made possible to them by the Holy Spirit. We have seen with surprise the attitude taken by many Christian preachers towards "conscientious objectors" in the present war; though the attitude of the ordinary citizen making no pretensions to religion, has been just what one would expect. The claims of "service" have been brought before our generation in a new and startling manner. We may be permitted to discover God as our Father in an hitherto undreamt-of way, as His Spirit reveals to us the glorious nature of the Kingdom of Jesus as a common and fraternal service to our fellow man; and a fusing of the old habits and customs, regulations and bigotries under the constraining influence of the Law of Love. Such a vision of a new heaven and a new earth is sometimes permitted to the reformer and patriot; as when Mazzini roused Italy with his teaching of the *Duties of Man*, contrasted with the current and strife-begetting doctrine of the *rights of Man*. The larger the number of us to whom this vision is permitted, the greater is the hope for the future of Mankind.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

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A TOWER BY THE SEA.

THE Tower by the Northern Sea stands guard over a gateway of the great old castle on the rock, the "royal city" of days long before the Conquest. All comers or goers must pass through the ancient archway right under the dwelling-place of the Lady of the Tower. One is glad that it should be so. The place is full of memories of women who have played a brave part in the centuries gone by—of Bebba, who thirteen hundred years ago gave her name to her Burgh,—of Countess Matilda of Northumberland, of Philippa of Hainault, and Margaret of Anjou, each of whom in her day held the Castle against fierce enemies through long weeks of siege and stress. A wonderful peace broods over the place to-day. The guns no longer stick their ancient muzzles out through the embrasures towards the sea,—they are discreetly disposed side by side behind the battlements,—but away in the offing a line of mine-sweepers remind us that peace is not yet. Moreover, the sharp basaltic fangs of the Farne Islands and the rocks along the coast to the north, are no longer protected by any guiding lights, and the great mass of the Castle itself looms black against the night sky, looking out with blinded eyes upon the sea.

There came indeed a dramatic moment late one evening when, groping our way to the door at the foot of the stairs in reply to an urgent summons, our candle flickered on the bayonets and fierce brown faces of a couple of khaki-clad

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figures. Why had they come? In these strange days one never knows! But they were not so fierce as they looked, and had only come to warn us of a streak of light from an upper window. When we had obediently plunged our parlour into obscurity we leaned out and exchanged friendly good-nights, after which there was the tramp of departing feet, darkness, and silence.

It is not always silent at night-time in the Tower, for even in September the wind can rage fiercely, and cast itself howling against the casements, and shriek in eerie fashion down the chimneys. Anything less strongly built than this house on a rock must surely tremble before such an onslaught, but here a gale outside only makes one feel more snug and secure.

It is not surprising to read of the great damage done in ancient times by the winter storms to the buildings in the Castle precincts, and that Constable after Constable was obliged to pay large sums of money for re-roofing and repairs. All the fierce north-easterly gales which come sweeping across the sea spend themselves in fury against this solitary out-standing rampart of rock that defies alike the centuries and the storms.

When morning comes and the wind has lessened, you may climb the winding stone stairs to the roof and thence look out over a wonder-world all about you. Sheer seventy feet drops the Tower wall below, and above there are the piled-up masses of stone which make the King's Hall and the Keep and all the other great buildings that crown the rock. Was there ever such a place for watching the changing pageantry of ocean and sky? You feel at times as if you were standing on the very roof of the world. Some-

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times you look out on a blue sea—almost the "wine-dark sea" of the south,—with crisp lines of white breakers clear cut against the pale sand. Sometimes it is just a waste of tossing, surging waves and flying spume blurring the horizon, under angry grey skies. Sometimes it is all a wonder of pearly lights and magical reflections in the still, far-reaching sands, where earth and sky and sea melt together in one indescribable peace. And between the Tower and the sea there are the ever-shifting sand hills,—gleaming white in the sunshine, but pink or purplish after rain,—and tufted everywhere with long coarse grass, dun-coloured and silver, rippling in the wind like "clouds of anchored smoke."

Every hour brings its new surprises of beauty. And all who live in the Tower must needs catch something of its spirit of wonder and of love. It is all in keeping that, awaiting guests in the airy parlour over the gateway, we should hear the little maid come demurely in to announce—not the expected member of the Government, but—a rainbow! After all, it is not fair to keep these good things to yourself, and we all share our sunsets and moonrises with anyone in the Tower whose window for the moment is less fortunate than our own.

The Privy Councillor, who actually did arrive with his wife soon after the rainbow, entered joyously into the spirit of the place, and exchanging a rain-soaked coat for an "emerald gaberdine" of his hostess', forgot all about the affairs of state for a time round a real north-country tea table. A table, this, which has no tiresomely fixed habits, but can be pushed right into the oriel window at supper-time, just because there is a great moon rising over the sea, and one

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does not want to lose a minute of her loveliness. She will shine in at one or other of our windows all night, it is true, but she will lose that exquisite flush as she sails further from the earth.

As we pace the flat roof of the Tower when night is almost come, we can take our choice at each battlement between the pale globe of light with its trail over the quiet silvery water, and the more startling enchantments of the sunset that is still going on behind the dark mass of the Castle itself. There are strange lurid cloud shapes, and streaks of blood red and orange and purple, beautiful, but restless, and full of storm.

The wondrous space and light and freedom of it all, so far from the pettiness and cruelty of the world,—it makes one's heart contract sometimes with a sudden sick remembrance not only of the men of all nations dealing out death to one another on the other side of the water, but of the men in cramped prison cells for conscience sake, here in our own "free" England. And then one lifts one's eyes to the small island across the sea where S. Cuthbert for eight solitary years "fought his little battle for the Lord," and one realises that the battles which matter most are the unseen ones, and that the stedfast hearts in prison are "at the front" for England and for that greater Kingdom which shall endure for ever.

Up in these mighty spaces, on the solid rock which has stood through such ages of storm and change, one gets a steadier view of proportions and values, and a fresh glimpse of the things that remain, and which cannot be shaken.

In the Tower we are dwelling under the shadow of the great square keep where so many fierce and heroic souls have lived and died. But for

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us it is full of memories of one of our own best-loved Quaker saints and prophets. One likes to remember that right in the heart of that stern old building, in the strongest fastness of all, there is still, as in the days of the twelfth century chronicler, "a spring of water, sweet to the taste and most pure to the sight, that has been excavated with astonishing labour." The work of those who have gone before, to procure us water sweet and pure, even "with astonishing labour," has not been in vain, and out here in the freedom of great spaces and under the glorious changeful sky, we remember gratefully not only those in the Larger Life, but the men who are this very day keeping our well springs pure, at so great a personal cost.

ELIZABETH FOX HOWARD.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

THE minds of Englishmen turn to-day with varied feelings towards the problems and personalities of the great American Republic. Some are filled with anger, some with perplexity, others still cherish a great hope of relief and healing. But no one can remain indifferent; and the thought of the outstanding figures and issues of the present may send us back with renewed interest to the men and story of the past. And when we trace out again the progress of the great conflict through which the United States passed in Lincoln's day, there are very specific reasons for our interest. We are conscious that we are confronted with some of those same deep questions that are stirring our minds to-day in such revolutionary fashion.

What is the State? What is the basis of its true life? To what extent have the States of the world built themselves upon this basis, and to what extent have they abjured it? What is the position of those who cannot accept its rulings? What if a man refuses? What if a province refuses? What legitimate weapons of pressure or coercion can a government use, and which is it wise to use? How can a great moral issue best be handled? Where do compromise and negotiation come in, if it is a struggle between right and wrong? Can a statesman be right in acquiescing in wrong?

**Abraham Lincoln*, by Lord Charnwood. Constable & Co.

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One or other—perhaps all—of these questions besets each one of us to-day and meets with various response. Some men cannot see the wood for the trees,—and some cannot see the trees for the wood. Some fasten upon marginal difficulties and fail to gain a broad and massive view of truth. Others think they have plucked the heart out of the mystery and perhaps neglect the concrete cases that cry for elucidation.

The story of Lincoln's task bears at every point upon these problems. Some readers indeed may find in the book before us a welcome distraction from the absorbing tragedy of our own day, but nevertheless its relevance to our own perplexities is clear. Whether it will deepen the perplexity or by the very simplicity of its issues bring clearer light, each must test for himself.

To Friends indeed the period is one of absorbing interest. Not only does it involve the last terrible act of that drama of American slavery in which the Society had played a humble but essential part, but in the war days there came the great summons to fight for a noble cause, soon followed by the imposition of compulsory service : and two of our great testimonies seemed in conflict.

The biography before us is one of the series of *Makers of the Nineteenth Century*, and is written by Lord Charnwood, better known, perhaps, as Godfrey R. Benson, late Liberal M.P. for the Woodstock division of Oxfordshire.

The only other recent English life is that by Henry B. Binns in the series of *Temple Biographies*, but there is no need here to press any close comparison between the two. The present volume is somewhat the larger, and aims at being a more serious contribution to the library of statesman-

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ship. Its predecessor gives us a fuller and fresher picture of the man himself, makes us understand better Lincoln's astounding rise from obscurity in Illinois to his supreme position and a task which, as he said, was "greater than that which rested upon Washington," and gives us more taste of the actual text of his trenchant speeches—which Lord Charnwood is apt to allude to in tantalizing fashion. This book, on the other hand, opens with a valuable chapter on the "Growth of the American Nation," which helps the reader notably to appreciate the intricacies of the political situation from which the conflict was to spring. Here we see how the early emancipation movement died down, and how slavery took on a new lease of life with the growing strength of the cotton industry. The Industrial Revolution has many sins upon its conscience. In the Southern States machines were invented for cleaning the cotton of its seeds; in Lancashire the demand grew apace. The export of cotton from the United States leapt from 192,000 lbs. in 1791 to 6,000,000 lbs. in 1795; slavery became more and more the mainstay of the Southern social system, and slave breeding was found to be a most profitable form of stock-raising.

Here, too, we follow in outline the story of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, and its repeal in 1854, and see something of the significance of the policy of Clay and Webster and Calhoun. "The desolated, ruined South," said a soldier in 1865, "that is Calhoun's real monument." Lord Charnwood is clear and impressive in his presentment of Lincoln's central belief that slavery was morally wrong. This may seem a patent common-place, but it was not so to the abolitionists of his time, and its significance needs emphasis through all

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the complexities of opinion in those critical days. The Southerners must have seen it; hence their dismay and anger at his election, which cannot be accounted for by any immediate threat to the slave system to be found in the Republican programme. And this fundamental fact in the President's attitude must be kept in mind through all the controversy as to the time and mode of emancipation.

Lincoln was a very remarkable blend of deep and unbending moral conviction, with an acute opportunism which felt the national pulse, grasped the possibilities of the moment, and was ready for all conciliation and compromise that did not undermine his central position. It is a strange instance of the working of the democratic mechanism that Lincoln was chosen at all by his party as their champion for the great contest of 1860. The choice was an amazing one—how amazing it is difficult for us to realize who know him as revealed in the years of his Presidency: and the reason for the choice is stranger still. The obvious man would seem to have been Seward: he was the recognized leader of the party, an able and experienced statesman, a man of high standing in the Senate. Lincoln was a comparatively obscure lawyer from Illinois, an uncouth figure, one who had never administered any concern much larger than that post office that he once "carried round in his hat." But Seward was rejected because he was thought to be such an advanced Republican as to be likely to frighten the weaker brethren—and if Douglas was to be beaten, the party must be united. Thus it came about, as our author says, that "to please those who liked compromise, the Convention rejected the man who would certainly have compromised, and chose one who

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would give all that moderation demanded and die before he yielded one further inch. . . . At this critical moment the fit man was chosen on the very ground of his supposed unfitness." (Seward's loyal service in the Cabinet of the man who had ousted him is a happy feature in the years that followed.)

Lincoln was of course no abolitionist, until he thought the political and military situation called for a sweeping measure; but no one could have condemned and abhorred slavery more thoroughly in his heart. The immediate point to gain was that there should be no extension of the system to new States. To secure this would be in itself to pronounce judgment. To quote his historic words :—

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become lawful alike in all the States, old as well as new—North as well as South."

For this ultimate extinction he would have been content to rely patiently on gradual advances in the process of time, just as in the matter of the liberated black population he would, if he had lived, have admitted them to full citizenship by slow degrees.

Lord Charnwood gives fair and generous treatment to the Southerners in spite of the utter badness of their cause. They were not all slave-hunters and slave dealers. They knew, in President Wilson's phrase, "that their lives were

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honourable, their relations with their slaves humane, their responsibility for the existence of slavery amongst them remote." The best amongst them despised the slave dealer. "Your children," said Lincoln, "may play with the little black children, but they must not play with his,"—thus putting his finger on their own virtual condemnation of the system upon which they lived. As he again wrote to his friend Joshua Speed in 1855 :—

"You say that if Kansas fairly votes herself a free State, as a Christian you will rejoice at it. All decent slave holders talk that way and I do not doubt their candour. But they never vote that way. Although in a private letter or conversation you will express your preference that Kansas shall be free, you will vote for no man for Congress who would say the same thing publicly. No such man could be elected from any district in a slave State. . . . The slave breeders and slave traders are a small, odious, and detested class among you ; and yet in politics they dictate the course of all of you, and are as completely your masters as you are the masters of your own negroes."

Prominent Englishmen were very slow to grasp the issue at stake when war came. Some said that the real cause was the Southern desire for Free Trade. Cobden, like Bright, saw more truly. He points out to his constituents that in the report of the Committee of Thirty-three, which strove to avert the catastrophe, there is no mention of tariff or taxation, but only slavery, although the Southern claims were fully considered and set forth. "This is a war," he went on, "to perpetuate and extend human slavery. It is a war not to defend slavery as it was left by their ancestors—I mean, a thing to be retained and to be apologised for,—it is a war to establish a slave empire,—a war in which slavery shall be made the corner-stone of the social system,—a war

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which shall be defended and justified on scriptural and on ethnological grounds."

Of the great Southern generals Lee and Jackson, our author is, of course, fully appreciative. Lee the cavalier, the genius, the man of natural dignity mingled with a rare sweetness of disposition; Jackson the humble-minded Puritan, of transparent honesty, blending as only a deeply religious spirit can, an assured confidence with his humility, and strength and tenacity with great tenderness. It is singular to recall that Lee not only opposed the policy of secession, but denied that a State had any right to secede. It was out of sheer loyalty to his own State of Virginia that he placed his sword at the disposal of the South, and came so near to bringing victory to a cause in which he disbelieved.

This is not the place to follow in detail the chapters on the progress of the war, with all its customary tale of baffled expectations of an early end, its features of long-drawn inaction and failure, the difficulties in the choice of untried men, and the final victories when the right commanders—Grant, Sheridan, Sherman,—were at last given their due position. There are many things we might wish more fully treated. The story of the naval blockade is a matter of international significance and present-day importance. The same might be said of the working of compulsion. The chief criticism one would feel disposed to offer is the need of more detailed maps of the main theatres of war, if the otherwise clear narrative is to be closely followed.

But to the author probably, and to the present writer certainly, the interest even of the war story lies chiefly in the understanding it gives of Lin-

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coln's mind and character as he threaded his way through unfamiliar intricacies of administration and kept in view his great aim of holding the North together for the fulfilment of their task. These years of testing served to train him in the application of his principles, to purify and develop where this was needed, and to demonstrate his greatness, not by any brilliant strokes, but by slow and patient and watchful strength. His was not a flawless character: dubious incidents could be told which seem to show an undeveloped moral sense in certain matters in the world of politics; but the time of trial proved his firm hold on the deep things of life, and his capacity therefore to become ennobled, not coarsened and deadened, by the sternness of experience. "Through four years of unsurpassed trial his capacity had steadily grown, and his delicate fairness, his pitifulness, his patience, his modesty had grown therewith. . . . This man had stood alone in the dark. He had done justice; he had loved mercy; he had walked humbly with his God."

There were some who never saw in Lincoln anything but an ungainly, ill-dressed, Western attorney, well meaning but ill adapted to his great office; and many others who failed to appraise him justly till the arduous voyage was done, and the captain struck down by a tragic fate in the very hour when the peril seemed past and the harbour won. But the greatest amongst his countrymen knew. A very qualified but not untrue judgment was expressed by one whom Lord Charnwood quotes in the following passage:—

"An acute literary man wrote of Lincoln, when he had been three years in office, these remarkable words: 'You can't help feeling an interest in him, a sympathy and a kind of pity; feeling, too, that he has some qualities of great value, yet fearing that his weak points may wreck him or

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may wreck something. His life seems a series of wise, sound conclusions, slowly reached, oddly worked out, on great questions, with constant failures in administration of detail and dealings with individuals.' It was evidently a clever man who wrote this; he would have been a wise man if he had known that the praise he was bestowing on Lincoln was immeasurably greater than the blame."

But such men as Lowell, Walt Whitman, and Motley had no doubts as to the quality of man to whom the crisis was entrusted; and the members of his cabinet, though in some cases they came, it might almost be said, to scoff, remained to revere and to know him for their Chief.

Before we leave our subject, it will be only honest to face without reservation the main problem of this great struggle as it presents itself to Friends in the light of their condemnation of all war. Could the war have been avoided? Was it not a righteous one? Did it not achieve good ends in the preservation of the unity of the great Republic and the emancipation of the slaves?

There never was a war which might not in a sense have been described as inevitable if you considered only the last few days before the storm burst. By that time the forces are all but uncontrollable; deeds are done in the certainty that war is coming, and such deeds secure the fulfilment of their own prophecy. The question addressed to pacifists, "What would you have done?" should be accompanied by a statement of the stage at which they might be allowed to intervene. It would be easy to point to weakness and poorness in the attitude and statesmanship of the North. Their politicians had often been of an unstable and even shady quality: no deep stirrings of heart on the great moral question had been really revealed so as to impress the mind of the South. The crisis was from one point of view

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a sudden one. Years of political truckling to the Southerners were not a preparation for a stern moral stand on an issue which was not only of grave moral import, but which went deep down into the structure of society.

Then as to the ends achieved by the war. It is, of course, no justification of any war that it is waged for righteous objects, nor that it accomplishes a proportion of good. The means adopted must still presumably be judged; it is still to be decided whether other methods would have gained the same ends without the attendant and consequent evils, and whether these evils are not of very serious account. In the case before us we know not only the terrible facts of destruction and slaughter and agony, but also that the wholesale and mechanical treatment which the negro problem received by reason of the stress of military and political reasons in time of war and in the days when the aftermath of war beset men's minds, has left the coloured question in the States as a terrible legacy even to this day. Accepting the position of affairs when Lincoln took office, however, and assuming that the customary view is true as to the State's central power and the possible methods of coercion upon which it may rely, it is hard to see what other course was open to him than the one adopted. There is, in fact, only one ground of dissent, and that is that the wholesale slaughter of men is not a weapon which should be at the disposal of States, no matter what the apparent necessity. Most men would admit that there are methods of gaining seeming success which no need whatsoever can justify. War, too, must join this list. The method of competitive carnage must be excluded from the resources open to Governments in time of stress.

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This much it seemed necessary to say, so as not to appear to shirk the difficulty. But it is not a spirit of criticism that is suggested by the personality of the great President, but rather of humble admiration and hopeful gratitude that such men of clear conviction, pure purpose, and spiritual mastery should arise and bring their gifts to the service of man.

F. E. POLLARD.

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THE WREN.

In the following lines I have attempted to present in English dress, a poem by a Welsh working man (John Davies, 1830-1893), who wrote under the *nom-de-plume* of Ossian Gwent. The original Ossian was the far-famed bard of the Highlands, and Gwent is the name of an old territorial division and corresponded nearly to Monmouthshire. This Ossian was a pattern-maker by trade; he remained unmarried and in comparative obscurity till the end of his life, which was chiefly passed at Rhymney, Mon. His subjects refer largely to nature, the seasons, flowers, and birds. They are not mere descriptions, but show that the writer's mind warmly responded to the grace and simplicity of natural objects. The poem entitled *Y Gwlithyn* (the Dewdrop), which introduces a conversation between the dewdrop, a rose, and a blade of grass, is marked by a style of such consummate beauty that it comes near to being a masterpiece of literature, but it is a lyric very difficult to translate into English verse, and want of finish is its outstanding fault.

Two or three other pieces by the same author are to be found in a shilling volume, *Translations of Welsh Lyrics*, by Edmund O. Jones, and published by myself.—J. E. S.

New retreating, now advancing,
What doest thou
O'er the tinkling streamlet dancing
On thy bough.
Do the breezes sweet wafts playing,
And thy bosom's soft down swaying,
Lissom fingers lightly laying,
Cheer thee now?

Yet perchance wild waters sounding
Many a song,
Swiftly rushing and, rebounding,
Hasting on,
Have at length thy ear enchanted,
And to join their dance thou panted,
By their silvery chorus haunted,
All day long.

While the glistening verdure springing,
At thy feet,
Like a message swiftly ringing,
Ever meet!

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Broken lines of beauty tracing,
In their tangled interlacing,
Vernal wonders deftly gracing,
Thou dost greet.

Birdie watching, quickly peering
Toward thy nest,
Nods thy tail, for nothing fearing
Thou canst rest.
There with moss and feather lining;
Covered from the sun's clear shining,
By the friendly woodbine's twining,
Lies thy quest.

A short tuft of green grass growing,
Forms thy door
And a rose, red petals showing,
Smiles before.
Of her tender young ones thinking,
Stayed the Wren from backward shrinking,
Love her warm heart still is drinking,
Evermore.

JNO. E. SOUTHALL.

Newport, Mon., 8mo., 1916.

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E. RICHARD CROSS.

I.

From firmest base to farthest leap,
Because their love of Earth is deep,
And they are warriors in accord
With life to serve.

THE North Riding moors are bounded everywhere to the south by a characteristic chain of wooded headlands, rising so suddenly and precipitously out of the sea of heather as to suggest a former age when a salt tide washed the crags. The second link in this chain, running from sea to sunset, the rugged edge of a high table-land of virgin moor, still bears the name of Cross Cliff. Many a friend, who cherishes amongst his most fragrant memories the recollection of great walks with our lost comrade, has followed with him this curving edge inland as far as the old Whitby coach road, and looking sheer down across the green dale and over the stretches of purple moor to sea and sky, has only noticed here and there any sign of a homestead hinting at the ancestor who gave the ridge his name.

The Crosses had been for generations substantial yeomen farmers in the neighbourhood, and Richard was born "under the shadow of a furze-clad hill" where the moorland descends into meadow at Scalby, three miles from Scarborough and the sea. His brother has pictured their happy childhood "roaming together over hill and dale. Brambling, nutting, trout-catching! Richard dominant, absent-minded, and with a somewhat headlong carriage."

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Anyone who listened to E. R. Cross's sympathetic interpretation of the open-air school of the peasant-reared Lord Clifford, whose daily teachers were woods, hills, and the silence of the sky, realised that he was conscious of a debt to his environment and repaid it with life-long affection. Like Wordsworth and his hero again in this, "Love had he found in huts where poor men lie." He learned from the shrewd and sturdy Yorkshire farmer, as the poet had learned from the Cumbrian dalesman, to respect the essential dignity in human nature.

Before he was twelve the family removed to Scarborough and the boys were sent to the Grammar School. Richard wanted to go to Oxford, but in those days this course seemed too dangerous to a pious Nonconformist parent. So he entered the legal profession, was articled to Joshua Rowntree, and thus began a life-long friendship.

Both men shared a loathing of injustice and oppression. A striking instance of the way they went to work together to frustrate it in the case of a village Hampden has been published by E. R. Cross,* although he modestly omits from the story all reference to the enthusiastic assistance of the articled clerk.

He went up to London to study for his degree and graduated LL.B. at the beginning of 1886. In those thrilling days of the Parnell forgeries and the Home Rule split he threw himself into the stormy currents of politics. He went to field nights at the House, heard Gladstone, and voted for Home Rule as representative from Scarborough at the National Liberal Federation. He kept up his general reading, went regularly to ethical

**Joshua Rowntree.* By S. E. Robson. Chap. II.

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lectures, attended concerts and theatres, and began to write for magazines—all this in addition to reading for honours and making an exhaustive study of law.

In 1886 he was admitted a solicitor and entered into partnership in Scarborough with E. J. Birdsall, beginning in a small way without a clerk. During the early months he studied for the degree of LL.D., but before he had time to take it, clients had discovered the soundness of his law and the wisdom of his advice, and the leisure for academic study was gone. In 1889 he married Sarah Halliday, of Bramley, who entered into his varied interests and never failed in a welcome for any of his ever-widening circle of friends. Their three homes in Scarborough and the one in York all radiated an atmosphere of political and social activity, of friendship and of fun.

In the year following his marriage, the Town Clerkship of Scarborough became vacant. E. R. Cross had a high sense of the value of institutions, and the progress to be made by improving the quality of public service. He applied for the office in the hope of having a wider scope, and only failed of election by a narrow majority. Next year he was elected to a seat on the Town Council, but resigned four years later.to apply for the position of Clerk to the Magistrates. He was elected in 1895, and held the office until 1913, when he was compelled by his connection with the firm of Rowntree & Co. and the ever-growing volume of his public work to remove to York.

Henceforward his life was one of almost daily travelling, with an amount and variety of work which would have overwhelmed most men. In the train, after a glance or two at the paper, out

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would come his work, and he stuck at it till either it or his journey was done. For many months his labours on the Land Enquiry Committee (instituted by Mr. Lloyd George) were incessant, and kept him constantly travelling to and from London ; every week he had to be there to attend to the work of *The Nation* ; and the local enquiries, conferences and negotiations of the Liquor Control Board took him literally from Land's End to John o' Groats. Nor did these new responsibilities induce him to do more than restrict, without abandoning, his previous spheres of usefulness.

It was after a twelvemonth of such restless and unceasing activity that at the beginning of August, 1916, he went to spend a holiday at Buttermere in the Lake District, the land of his adoption. He began, as was his wont, to climb all over his favourite fells. After a week of unbroken sunshine even he admitted he was tired, an admission which surprised no one but himself. He spent the anniversary of his wedding-day quietly with Mrs. Cross on the peaceful shores of the lake. In the evening many old friends gathered on the terrace overlooking the sunlit mere, and shared with him the rich harmony of his last sunset. Next morning, in a sultry interval between rowing away some departing guests and meeting some fresh arrivals, he went alone to bathe. Hardly had he touched the water when (it is thought) he slipped away unconscious under the deep blue lake to his long rest, after half a century of ceaseless and ungrudging toil.

II.

It is tempting to speculate on the probable course of E. R. Cross's career if a certain Scarborough magistrate had not changed his opinion

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in the fortnight that elapsed between the first meeting, when there was a tie for the vacant Justices' Clerkship, and the second, when he was elected by a majority of two. To his fellow Liberals of the Town Council his appointment seemed a loss as severe to national as to local politics, but though the new clerk scrupulously withdrew himself from the warfare of party, he was, in fact, only left the more free to cultivate, on the model of his teacher, John Morley, a detached and philosophic statesmanship.

What he probably did forego was his chance of rising into prominence before the public eye as a political leader or publicist. Private legal practice alone would hardly have held him for twenty years in a small provincial town. But if the Magistrates' Clerk deliberately sacrificed his own reputation, he found what he sought: scope for his public spirit, and a training ground for his genius. It suited his real modesty to do his work behind the scenes and give others the credit.

His intellect rose to the task of working out the greatest common measure of agreement among differing opinions and putting it into practical shape, with a push forward in the moral direction. These qualities were fully developed in the licensing work of the Bench. He made a practice of preparing for the guidance of the magistrates careful memoranda of the powers and duties entrusted to them by law; he induced the licensing justices to undertake a systematic inspection, and compiled for them a detailed record arranged in districts of every licensed house in the borough. This led, not only to many minor improvements being enforced, but to the reduction by more than 21 per cent. of unnecessary licences, a process which worked slowly until it was accelerated by the

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passing of the Compensation Act in 1904. He watched legislation closely and worked out the probable effect of fresh proposals before they became law.

After the Inebriates' Act, 1898, was passed he took infinite pains in getting its provisions adopted by neighbouring authorities. During his tenure of office Scarborough acquired the reputation of being at the same time one of the fairest and one of the most progressive licensing authorities in the kingdom.

This could hardly have been accomplished if the Magistrates' Clerk had not succeeded in winning the confidence of the Bench, and impressing "the Trade" with his impartiality. Many reforms, otherwise impracticable, were carried through by agreement. The solicitor for the Trade used to say that no one in the country knew more about licensing law than he and his friend, the Magistrates' Clerk.

His sound law and level judgment were only equalled by the pains he took in getting up a case and the persuasiveness with which he stated it. No decision on which he advised the Scarborough Bench was ever upset on appeal. His peculiar faculty for seeing "the other side" and his fairness in doing justice to it, led in his private practice to his success in settling cases out of court. The place of honour he held in the legal profession is shown by his election in 1911 to the Presidency of the Justices' Clerks' Society.

One cannot spend seventeen years in a Police Court without getting to know the dregs of human nature, and a man who had so firm a grip of facts as E. R. Cross, and who looked them so unflinchingly in the face, could be under no illusions.

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Yet never, perhaps, did a happy warrior turn his necessity more effectively to glorious gain. He came through his training with a strong faith in the strength of human nature, and that amazingly sympathetic knowledge of its weaknesses, which made him so safe a guide in any question of practical politics.

> " Unsoured
> He knew Earth's sons . . .
> . . . . But of love deflowered
> His wisdom was not, for he knew Earth well.
> Thence came the honeyed corner at his lips,
> The conquering smile wherein his spirit sails."

III.

" The history of Temperance Reform in its legislative aspect for the last forty years is a gloomy record of disappointed hopes and baffled efforts. If the old story of internecine warfare and the sacrifice of the practicable in order to assert the vital importance of the unattainable is to be once more repeated, another still more melancholy chapter will be added to those which have preceded it."—E. R. Cross on " The Coming Licensing Bill " (1908).

These words point to the secret of the writer's success. His strength lay in the fact that in the first place he never would sacrifice the practicable to the unattainable, and that secondly, while he always had a shrewd idea of the practicable, he never for an instant lost sight of the ultimate goal.

His best work was done in collaboration. He poured his mind into a bowlful of other minds, and the result was that something definite and practicable crystallized out. How much he contributed to the resulting product cannot now be measured, but it is safe to say that he will never get full credit for the value of his work. Without him, too often nothing would have been precipitated, and all the high ideals and good intentions would have remained in solution. This gift of

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his was to find its scope and prove its value in the wider field of action which opened to him at the beginning of the century, and for which his previous career, with all its usefulness, proved to have been only a training. His close association, which then began, with certain trusts established to "search out the underlying causes of social weakness in the community rather than to remedy their more superficial manifestations," gave him the opportunity to turn to national advantage his powers of mind and ripe experience. Hence came his connection with the *Nation* and his contribution, more valuable than has ever been disclosed, to the work of the Land Enquiry and the Liquor Control Board, and to the general direction of Liberal policy.

Of his influence in the *Nation* it is impossible adequately to speak, for here, as so often, his task was to direct, to inspire, to collaborate and confer, rather than to write. One can only quote what J. A. Hobson wrote of him in that journal after his death :—

"How much the *Nation* owes," he says, "to one who, from its beginning in 1907, has been its Chairman of Directors, and the valued counsellor and friend of its writers, can only be understood by those brought into close relations with a personality of so much goodness and strength. And yet this work of helping to steer our journal through the dark and perilous waters in which we toss was but one of the multifarious labours, public and private, on which Richard Cross spent himself so lavishly."

The Land Enquiry Committee was appointed in 1912 by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to obtain "an accurate and impartial account of the social and economic conditions in the rural parts of Great Britain," and of the "nature and working of the existing systems of ownership, tenancy and taxation and rating of land and

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buildings in urban districts and the surrounding neighbourhoods and their effect on industry and the conditions of life." The Committee spent two years in making an exhaustive investigation and compiling their reports, in which they indicated also the principal reforms in their judgment required.

Another member of the Committee, Seebohm Rowntree, points out that this was the first piece of social investigation on a large scale undertaken by E. R. Cross, and that he may have made some mistakes in method,

"but in counsel and judgment upon proposed schemes of reform he was supremely good. In all our months of deliberation upon exceedingly difficult and complex questions he was always a tower of strength. His legal knowledge and training, added to his personal qualities, enabled him to keep a clear head through bewildering and perplexing discussions, and although he was always keenly progressive, he never failed to see both sides of a question. He was extraordinarily fair."

From his boyhood Richard Cross had been impressed with the urgency of Temperance Reform. First his father, and then Joshua Rowntree, had filled him with their energy and enthusiasm for the Temperance Movement. He once stated at a public meeting that he considered Temperance and Trades Unionism to be the two greatest movements of the nineteenth century.

When the dislocation of economic life caused by the War called for the creation of a special body to control the sale of drink, at least one man was ready for the task.

The action of the Liquor Control Board has been partly restrictive and partly constructive. On its constructive side it has organised the provision of canteens for munition and transport workers and introduced a system of State control of the Liquor Trade in four separate areas. Restrictions vary with the requirements of the neighbourhood, but,

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speaking generally, its programme is to reduce substantially the hours of the sale of alcoholic beverages and especially of spirits: to provide for the reduction of alcoholic strength of spirits: to prohibit treating except with a meal; to prohibit the sale of liquor on credit; and to abolish, in effect, the bona fide traveller. While reducing the hours of sale of liquor, it has extended those for sale of solid refreshments and non-intoxicants.

That these drastic measures were accepted with so little friction was due in no small measure to Richard Cross's powers of persuasion and fairness in dealing with "the Trade." His skill in drafting contributed largely to the fact that there has hardly been any litigation arising out of the interpretation of the Board's orders. If it is too early as yet to test the success of the policy adopted, at any rate the returns which are now being published show a surprising decrease in excessive drinking and the Board's experiments will be invaluable material for framing the reforms that it is hoped may come with Peace.

IV.

"The best hope, indeed the only hope, for the peace of mankind is to be found in the gradual growth among the peoples of all countries of the conviction that for nations, as for individuals, co-operation is a higher law than antagonism: that the life and well-being of each separate state will be fuller and richer if it learns to subordinate its selfish interests to the wider interests and well-being of the human commonwealth to which it belongs."—E. R. Cross, April, 1915.

It was entirely characteristic of E. R. Cross that, having joined the Society of Friends with a frank reservation as to belief in the unlawfulness of all war, he should have set to work, not to emphasize the points in which he differed, but to collaborate in practice up to the limits of his agreement. On the issue of the Czar's Rescript

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to the first Hague Conference he addressed meetings, pointing out its significance and its possibilities. When the South African war broke out in the following year, he agreed with the majority of Friends in judging that particular war to be a crime. He jeopardised his position as Magistrate's Clerk at the time of the Scarborough riots owing to his share in the invitation to Mr. Cronwright Schreiner to speak at a private meeting and to be his guest. It was his conviction that "War will only be abolished step by step and little by little, as those who are possessed by the Christian ideal seize by the hand every occasion of incorporating a fragment of their ideal into the practice and conduct of their nation."

The particular fragment of his ideal which his sagacity seized upon as the next practical step, on which he concentrated his legal acumen, and advocated with all the force of his persuasiveness, was the abolition of the right of capture of private property at sea. He addressed meetings, wrote articles, and interviewed ministers of state and authorities on international law on this subject, and it was a bitter disappointment to him when the British delegates were instructed to vote against abolition at the second Hague Conference. Addressing a meeting just afterwards, he spoke with unusual warmth in pointing out how the attitude of Britain on this question had really been the pivot on which the failure of the Conference had turned. Still his buoyant and energetic nature spurred him on to hope and to work. His reading of history in showing him "how slow and painful have been the steps by which the reign of law has emerged from the chaos of conflicting antagonisms" had given him patience, and his study of the evolution of civil law through

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the process of a gradual dropping of inconsistencies provided him with a parallel for the building up of international law.

He worked first on the Peace Board of his Quarterly Meeting, and subsequently on the Yearly Meeting Peace Committee. In 1909 he prepared, at the request of this body, a pamphlet on his special subject, which was widely circulated among members of Parliament. In an able speech, based on the economic as well as the historic and moral arguments, he again introduced the subject at a Peace Conference of the York Quarterly Meeting at the beginning of 1914.

During the last critical week of July, 1914, he worked hard to strengthen the hands of those who wished to avoid the European catastrophe. After the outbreak of war a careful study of the negotiations convinced him that England had taken the only course open to her, and that the best hope for the future peace of the world lay in the victory of the Allies. But he did not stop there.

"Affairs did not excite him," writes the Editor of the *Nation*, "rather when they became turbulent was he stirred to give them the best that his intellect, which was singularly ingenious and adaptable, afforded. Feeling sank inward, and became activity of soul."

The form which this activity of soul took then has been described by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson :—

"Shortly before the war began Mr. Cross joined a small committee which had been formed with a view to considering what practical international organisation could be devised to prevent the recurrence of such a war. His services to this committee were invaluable : in the first place by his strong political instinct for what is practicable, and his ability and suavity in putting arguments : and in the second place by his skill in drafting. I doubt, indeed, whether without his assistance the committee would ever have produced their draft treaty.

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The treaty is an agreement to submit disputes between nations, if they are 'justiciable,' to an international court of justice, and if they are non-justiciable, to a Council of Inquiry and Conciliation to be constructed for the purpose: any use of force before such reference and before judgment given by the Court or report made by the Council to be met by the joint forces of the League. This is on the lines of the American League to enforce Peace, and our draft had some considerable influence on those who drew up that programme.

Mr. Cross was in complete sympathy with the League. He supported the present war, but he put some of his best thought and effort into planning an arrangement which might prevent future wars by substituting the method of arbitration and conciliation for that of force. And in this matter, as in so many others, the work he did behind the scenes was of more importance than much which appears prominently before the public."

V.

"We live by admiration, hope, and love."

Born in the year in which Tennyson published his most popular pastoral, Browning his *Dramatis Personæ*, Swinburne his most perfect poem, *Atalanta*, Newman his famous *Apologia*, Meredith his *Sandra Belloni*, and Carlyle a fourth volume of *Frederick the Great*, when George Eliot, having produced her first half-dozen masterpieces in as many years, was seriously trying her hand for the first time upon drama and verse; when Matthew Arnold, having written *Thyrsis*, was working at his *Essays in Criticism*; when Dickens, Thackeray, Mill, and Froude were still writing, it is no wonder that Richard Cross with his receptive mind, his retentive memory and his ear for rhythm was carried away in his boyhood on the spring-tide of Victorian literature.

At the age of twenty we find him the energetic secretary of a Mutual Improvement Society during

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a session in which the attendance increased 70 per cent. We are not surprised that the "Evenings with Great Authors,"—which included Tennyson, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Kingsley, Tom Hood, Burns, and Gray,—had been the popular feature of the session, and the young secretary, in presenting his report, after modestly referring to its success, defends its extension on the ground that "religion means the honest exercise of all the faculties, and that no church fulfils its functions unless it provides facilities for the culture of the minds as well at the hearts of men."

Twenty years later he wrote :—

"To one whose life, hurried and care-filled though it has been, has always been enriched and sweetened by the consolations of literature, it is not an easy matter to say what book has influenced him most."

Most of his friends would have suggested Wordsworth's poems or John Morley's prose. Everyone who ever climbed with him the Cumbrian fells, inspired ground both to poet and critic, or tramped with him over his own Yorkshire moors, remembers how the inevitable and apt quotation from Wordsworth was sure to come bubbling out ; and members of societies to whom he talked on literary subjects, and the friends who heard his rare Sunday addresses learned to listen for Wordsworth's "healing power."

Of John Morley, Cross wrote :—

"He owes more to Wordsworth than a mere literary impulse. He has imbibed from him piety in the older sense of the word, and reverence for the past, for duty and for institutions."

This applied equally to the writer, if we add that he also imbibed the secret of turning sorrow into delight and of "Joy in widest commonalty

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spread." He sums up comprehensively his debt to Wordsworth in saying :—

"It is because Wordsworth leads us by the magic of his art to the springs of all true life, and shows us the highest forms of imaginative suggestion, the joy of which is to be found in nature and in the primary human affections, in calm obedience to the law of duty, in solitary communion with our own souls, that he is secure of a lofty and permanent place among the guides and consolers of mankind."

He had read widely in the great English classics, while Plato and Augustine, Dante and Pascal are the other names in the commonwealth of letters to which he oftenest turned. George Eliot and Matthew Arnold made an intimate appeal to him between boyhood and manhood. He was always ready to acknowledge his debt to the minor poets and novelists, and used to speak with peculiar affection of a little brown volume which, at the age of eighteen, he picked up by chance for eighteenpence, containing the poems of J. R. Lowell,

"who took me into an atmosphere of faith and hope, when the creed I had inherited seemed to be crumbling beneath my feet, and whose kindly humour has seldom failed to drive care away from my heart."

He once had six months of enforced leisure in the interval between going into practice in Scarborough and getting work. The University Extension movement was then in full swing: he threw himself into it, and under the influence of lecturers like Professors Moulton and Grant he developed his critical faculty.

A keen judge of literary style, he always wrote a vigorous, direct, and well-balanced prose. His earlier essays were modelled on the high-sounding, mannered periods of the mid-Victorians, but with age and experience he gained simplicity and a lighter touch. He took as great pains in per-

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fecting his language as in ascertaining his facts. His humour characteristically took the form of gentle raillery, exposing in a fair and friendly way the weak spots of his idols. Arrogance is the only thing which makes him at all caustic.

E. R. Cross never kept a good writer, any more than a good story, to himself. His method of interpretation was to take the poet and, having given the necessary data, to let him tell his story in his own words. Thus his essays on Matthew Arnold and Wordsworth, on Lowell and on Keble's *Christian Year* are largely made up of quotations; similarly, when dealing with the prose of Morley or Newman, he gives the writer's characteristics of style and treatment and thought, and illustrates them copiously from his writings.

He made his appeal equally to the serious student and to the uninitiated, by his faculty for making the ancient as well as the modern writer "speak to their condition," His delight in the discovery of a new poet was quite irresistible. No sooner had he begun to read and to love the poems of Francis Thompson than he journeyed up to town on purpose to find out from those who had known this unique personality the salient facts of his life, so as to present his poems with an intelligent appeal.

His estimate of his favourite American poet holds good of himself. "It is," he says, "this openness of mind, this eager preparation for the reception of new truth, which is his distinctive quality."

> His was no lonely mountain peak of mind:
>
> . . . . .
>
> Broad prairie rather, genial, level lined,
> Yet also nigh to heaven, and loved of loftiest stars.

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VI.

"The best things any mortal hath
Are those that every mortal shares."

Of home influences E. R. Cross's brother tells us :—"Father was a fine-fibred, religious, and public-spirited man. Mother read us *Pilgrim's Progress*, gave up her life for her boys, and prayed that they might grow up useful men." Their father joined Wesleyans in early manhood and was well known throughout the country-side as an able local preacher, an ardent worker in Sunday School and Band of Hope. It was his character rather than his creed which left its impress upon his son. He died when E. R. Cross was nineteen, and the son bore testimony :—

"To him the distinction which some men make between the sacred and the secular was to a large extent an unmeaning one, for he strove in the daily round of business, in politics, in family life, and in social relationships 'to do all to the glory of God.'"

E. R. Cross grew up to be a constant seeker after truth. At twenty he had carried off the Second Sermon Prize offered by his Mutual Improvement Society, but even then the tenets of his inherited faith failed entirely to satisfy him, and he came under the influence of such writers as Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, and John Morley, who, while setting up the highest ethical standard, failed to reach "the haven of a perfect and positive faith."

His year of study at London University was characterised by as eager a search for light on religion as on politics. For a time he found illumination in Positivism. "I am a Wesleyan on Sunday morning and afternoon," he wrote to a friend at home, "and a Positivist at night." He had been pressed, in spite of his "heresy," to

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take a class in the Sunday School and declined on conscientious grounds, but with his characteristic instinct to help as far as he could, he agreed to teach a class of smaller boys.

Shortly after his marriage he ceased to attend chapel and was gradually drawn towards Friends. While outside the roll of membership of any Christian Church, he was always ready to take part up to the limits of his agreement in any religious effort. He shared the interest of some of his friends in the movements towards Biblical Criticism and Social Service. His sincerity, his spirit of co-operation, and his gift of interpretation had won him a unique place in the Scarborough Meeting even before he applied for Membership in 1898.

E. R. Cross has been called a "Quaker in his quietude and sweet reasonableness of mind." Though he spoke all too rarely in Meetings for Worship his words never failed to stimulate thought and devotion and to create an atmosphere of harmony. In his Sunday evening addresses, which were carefully written, he brought to bear his wide reading in history and his study of the progress of thought. His essays on the prophets Micah and Amos, on Saint Augustine's Confessions or Diognetus's Epistle, on Cardinal Newman's prose, the *Christian Year* of Keble or the Christian poetry of Francis Thompson, are all good examples of his method of approaching his subject from a literary standpoint and interpreting his message in the writer's own words.

His attitude towards sin and suffering was marvellously tender. He felt the story of the woman taken in adultery to be a beautiful illustration of Christ's differentiation between sin and sinners.

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On the Sunday after the death of a fifteen-year-old cripple who had quietly fulfilled his ministry of love, of patience and of cheerful courage, he said, "I envied his father and mother the gift of their delicate boy." And he concluded :—

"Let us ask of Him for those that mourn and for ourselves in the sorrows that must surely come upon us, not that the mystery of suffering may be removed, not even that it may be explained, but that it may be given to us in it and through it, to become partakers of the divine nature that we may learn the secret of Jesus and know the fellowship of His sufferings."

A characteristic idea in his addresses was the fellowship of friendship. Christ's method, he said, had been to form personal relations with a few men and women, drawing out of them their capacity for love and reverence. But

"we crowd our lives with business, with public duties, with organised philanthropies and leave ourselves but little time to get to know and to love our fellow men. Some of us seem as if we scarcely had time to know our own families. We want more and more to give up treating persons as if they were things and to feel the interest, the importance, the mystery of the lives that are round about us."

This mutual helpfulness was not to be limited by any mere clannishness. He felt the cultivation of the Universal Spirit to be one of the best Quaker traditions and its preservation most vital to members of a small society, the spirit of co-operation should cover the entire human family and lead to collaboration with the Divine.

He liked to quote the noble words in which, amidst the confusion and darkness of a dying world order, St. Augustine called upon all who bore the name of Christians to co-operate in the divine work of giving light to the world.

"Let us not leave Thee alone to make in the secret of Thy knowledge the division of light from darknesss."

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VII.

"Richard Cross had exactly a genius for friendship. His friends were in his mind, whether present or absent. He needed them, and they felt that he needed them. Richard Cross was generous in his friendship. He accepted his friends at their best and at better than their best. He wished for them what they themselves wished, unless their wishes were for less than he expected of them. His wishes were for his friends' sake, not for his own, nor even for those things in which he strongly believed and for which he as strongly worked."—A. M. Daniel.

Those who knew Richard Cross best all agree that he was more loyal to his friends than anyone they had ever known. Whatever the pressure of work, he gave the impression of having time to devote to his friends' interests. He would come straight from breakfasting with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and show as much interest in the opinion of a schoolgirl as if she were Mr. Lloyd George himself. To him lay opinion really was important. In the give-and-take of friendship, with all that he freely gave, he had the happy knack of making his friends feel they had something to give too, were it only, perhaps, the loan of a cycle-lamp or a match. Before he came to live in York, and when he was constantly passing through, he would drop in at one friend's house to telephone, at another's to look up a quotation, or he would sit down with half-a-dozen sheets of the host's notepaper to make notes for a meeting at which he was just going to preside. He hardly had a mere acquaintance. All who knew him at all felt his death as a personal loss. Someone who had only recently known him wrote :—"I feel a real friend gone, and more than that, one of the people one counted on to make life better."

The thing his friends miss most often, perhaps, is his laughter. Another comrade, who has fol-

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lowed him out of this vale of tears, wrote :— "You know how he would burst out with a great laugh, as something funny occurred to him, and stick his head on one side and tell his joke and infect you with his merriment."

He had a fund of good stories, old and new, which he told well but not too often. His folk-talk was inimitable. He revelled on his last holiday in a new Yorkshire novel, which he read out with emendations to a hilarious house-party. On those long walks across the moors he seemed, Antæus-like, to drink vigour and mirth from the tread of his native heath. Always a little ahead of the walkers, he had a way of drifting into conversation with some passing native, and on coming back he would retail, with nothing lost, the humours of the dialect. "He had a very quick sense of the ridiculous," writes one of his oldest friends, "and there are places on the moors which I always associate with the bursts of laughter that greeted his sallies and his stories."

As a conversationalist he shone because he never talked for the sake of talking, but was quick in repartee, and drew out all his friends with his genial banter. To his own mind the issues were always clear, but to others to whom the issues were mixed or different, he was always charitable. It was possible to differ from him without heat, even on questions of the war or women's suffrage.

It would be possible to fill many pages with the affectionate tributes of friends, but one more must suffice. Professor A. J. Grant, who knew him intimately for more than a quarter of a century, writes :—

"His character was so sincere and open that nearly everyone who speaks or writes of him will say much the same

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thing—the clear mind, the cool judgment,—both at the service of a heart warm and passionate for all good objects,—these cannot be mistaken. There is a line of Dante somewhere: Chi vede e vuol dirittamente ed ama.*—and ever since I heard of his death these words have kept recurring to me as singularly applicable to Richard Cross.

I know how he would have detested all exaggeration in the praise bestowed on him, and I have that thought constantly before me as I write. But under-statement may be as insincere as exaggeration. Let me say, then, that I have never known a better man or a more useful citizen. It was often a comfort to me in these tragic times to think of him working so effectively and unostentatiously for temperance, righteousness, and peace. Despair was not possible while such as he were in the world. He was taken away when he was most wanted, and the outlook is, to me, appreciably darker for his absence. He would himself have been quick to protest against any sense of despair: he would have quoted Wordsworth on the duty of hope, and would have said that despair was a form of cowardice. It is the best tribute to him to think of him as representative of countless others, who work in his spirit and for his aims, and, remembering that company, to face the future with courage and with hope."

* One who sees and wills justly and loves.

MARION WILKINSON.

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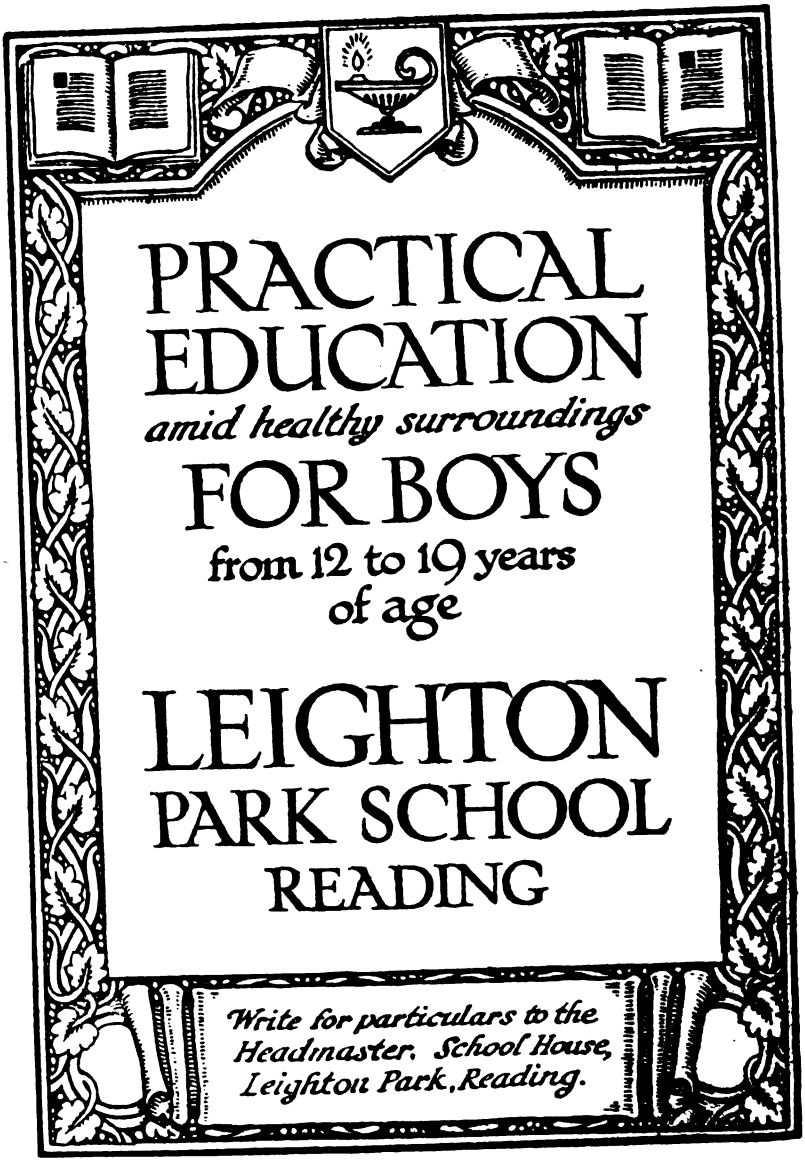
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